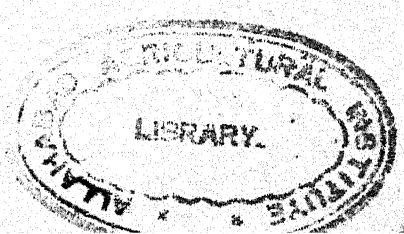
BE YOUR AGE!



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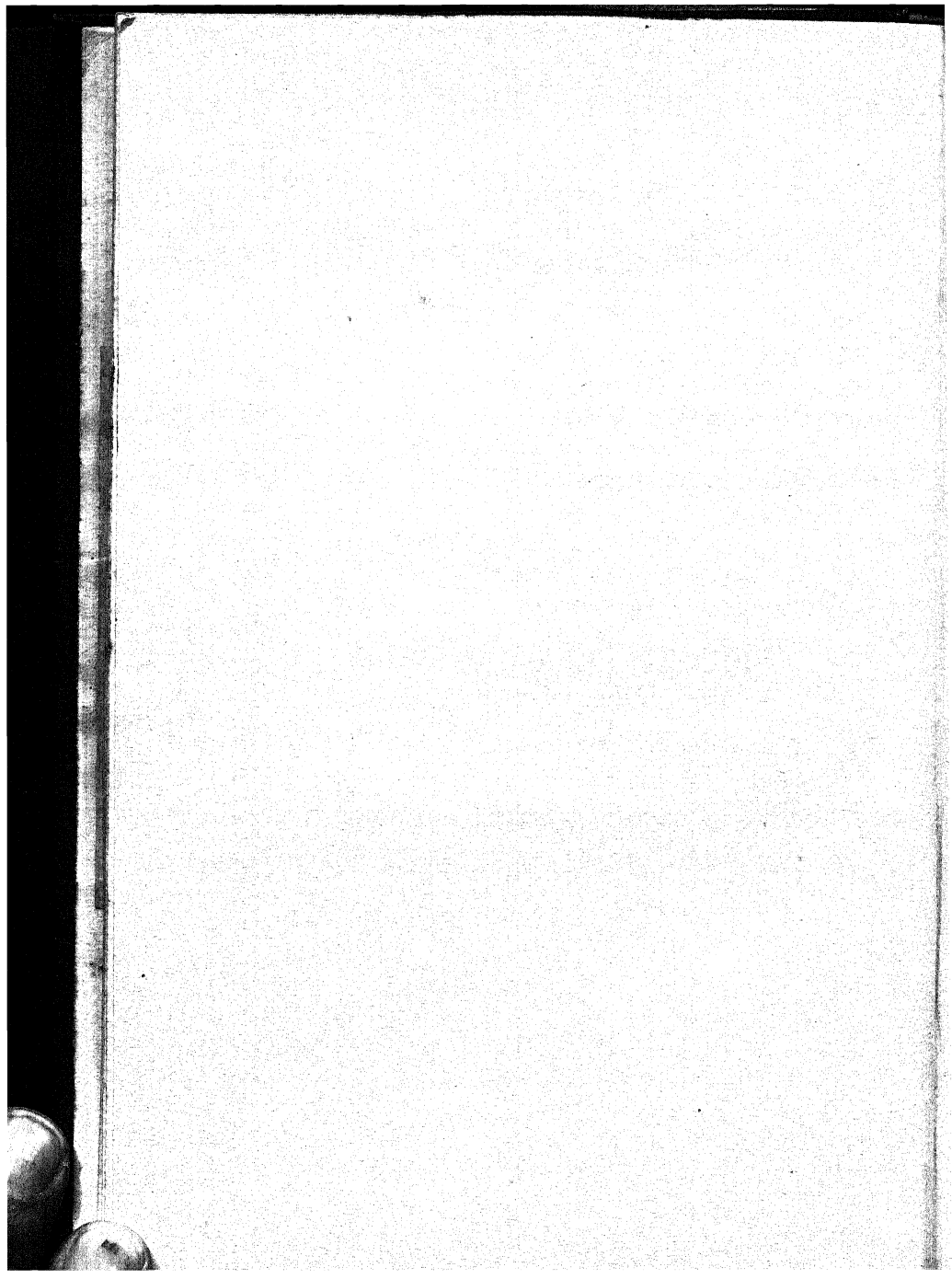
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HOW OLD ARE YOU?

THE answer used to be simple. You just pointed to the candles on your birthday cake. But now we are asked to reckon our age by something more than the passing of the years. How old are we mentally? How old emotionally? What is our social age, our occupational age? How old are we physically, counting not the feet and inches of growth nor the grey hairs and the wrinkles around the eyes, but the wear and tear on the organs and the tissues and the endocrine glands? If the years of a man's life are normally fourscore, but at forty-five, through high-pressure living and careless diet, he has so worn out the heart or the digestive system that it will last only ten years longer, he may as well reckon his age, for all practical purposes, as seventy. But if a man dies in his late thirties, as did Irving Thalberg, the film magnate, having had at twenty-one a position and opportunity which a man of forty might envy, and having reached, before middle age, wealth, fame, great creative achievement, and happiness with a beautiful wife, he has had a good life and a long life, however you count the birthdays. Of course the ideal would be to begin young and last long. Such men, in one single span of years, from the cradle to the grave, live many lives. So the answer to the problem: "How old are you?" can't be got just by simple arithmetic. One must solve it by calculus.

The idea that age might be counted by something besides the calendar has appeared here and there among the observations of poets or philosophers, but it is only within this generation that people, as a whole, have got their minds on it, because of the active way in which the schools have been testing the "mental age" of our children. "A man that is young in years," said Bacon, "may be old in hours if he has lost no time." "What is time?" asked Longfellow. "The shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries—these are but the arbitrary

and outward signs—the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul."

About twenty-five years ago all these thoughts about time and age and what is man's life anyway were seething in the head of a hard-working, lively-minded professor of Psychology at the Sorbonne in Paris, named Alfred Binet. Binet took an interest in everything, including all those quacks whom professors usually disdain. He watched handwriting experts and wondered whether they could determine the sex, age, and intelligence of their subjects. He listened gravely to the phrenologist picking out bumps of imagination, worship, and what not on somebody's head, and then went home and measured heads himself, to see if there was anything in it. He got a palmist to examine a lot of different hands thrust through a curtain and to determine from the lines in the hands what the intelligence and experience of their possessors were. In all his peregrinations among quacks and charlatans, Binet was haunted by one great question. He wanted, he said, to find out "how we can measure the richness of inspiration, accuracy of judgment, and the general ability of the mind?" He died in 1911 at the age of fifty-four without really answering the question, but his vivid mind has thrown off sparks in all directions which have lighted up the psychological laboratories ever since.

One idea of Binet's particularly caught everyone's fancy. It was the idea that age might be definitely measured by something besides the passing of the years. There might be some way to measure what the years had done to you —whether you had moved on with them to a higher level of ability and experience, or whether they had left you behind somewhere, stuck fast in yesterday. In this sense age was something not to fear but to desire, and we all began to wonder not only whether we were looking old for our years, but whether we were not feeling and thinking in too young a way. Even the youngsters began to survey their elders with a critical eye, and demand that their souls and their behaviour grow up to their greying

hair. "Oh, Papa, be your age," said daughter witheringly.

"Be your age"—it is easy to say that. But what at any given birthday is one's age? We grow physically; we grow mentally; we grow emotionally; we grow socially; and all the time society itself moves on. We must change and adapt ourselves not in relation to a fixed standard but in relation to something which itself is changing. Take, for example, the ideals of social behaviour which are usually a bone of contention between young people and their elders. For the elders there is a change in the attitude to noise, recklessness, drink, sex, dress, display of the person, which is a normal growth, from youth to age. Life teaches you that some experiences aren't worth what you pay for them, and that excitements which are pretty when they are new get tawdry if you try to live with them for a long time. But this normal growing up is complicated for every older person by the fact that the social picture itself changes. There is, for example, the idea that being out late at night is very immoral, that social situations which are safe for young people before ten p.m. become very unsafe afterwards. However we rationalize this, it is mainly a notion left over from times before electric lighting. In times when lights were few and expensive and so generally put out early, naturally the later hours of the night were dangerous because they were dark. But nowadays any place that is lighted up at all may be just as open and safe at two o'clock in the morning as at eight at night. Yet even this question is not so simple, because there are good reasons for being in fairly early at night, since jobs and schools usually begin at eight or nine in the morning, and one needs eight hours of sleep. To detach the real reasons for fairly early bedtime from the prehistoric horror of the hours of darkness left over from the centuries before Edison is just one detail in which one must match one's personal growing up with the growing older of society itself.

Along with normal change and growth there is also deterioration. The older person may be at war with the younger simply because part of him is dead. He is no

longer interested in life, laughter, love, and beauty. Maimed and paralysed emotionally or mentally, he may bitterly resent in another the joy of life which he has lost. With all this, there is the unequal rate at which we grow old. In general our bodies are about ten years ahead of our minds and emotions and general social capabilities. This is perfectly obvious in youth. Physical sex matures about fifteen. But, in our present civilization, genuine emotional and social ripeness for marriage does not come till about twenty-five. So with physical growth. The child gets his adult stature about sixteen. He or she looks like a man or woman. But, apart from activities in which physical freshness is the main requirement, genuine adult capacity for work and complete self-support are not to be expected for about ten years. So with people growing older. The emotional and sexual life is often most intense and deeply urgent in the forties, when many people have already lost the physical lures of love. Real intelligence and social competency may develop at a greatly accelerated rate after fifty, but they are baulked by tissues and muscles already ageing.

So it isn't easy to be your age. It requires a lot of adjustment between one kind of activity or personal and social need and another, and it requires a very much clearer picture of the personal and social possibilities of the different stages of growth than has yet been available. Yet more and more we are aware that infinite misery, misfortune, and social maladjustment of every type are caused by not being one's age. We carry forward out of childhood emotional attitudes of dependency, and we can't get a job in maturity. We carry forward out of adolescence ideals of modesty, maidenliness, virginity, and find ourselves baffled in seeking or holding a mate at thirty. We keep on going along in an apprentice job which was suitable at twenty-five, when we are forty-five, and find ourselves thrown out of the job and on to relief. We quarrel with our grown-up children and face a loveless old age because we are still trying to treat them as we did when

we were young parents and they our babies.

Those who adjust themselves sufficiently to avoid obvious disaster are still secretly strangled or irritated by the tight bands of childhood or youth, thwarting every new impulse to life, tying every new experience to old memory patterns, keeping alive in our consciences the scolding image of mother long after she has been laid away in the body. There are, for example, a number of emotional reactions which have no place in grown-up life, because adult intelligence or experience should forestall them. They are shyness, acute embarrassment, jealousy, envy, self-pity, a strong sense of inferiority, and three-fourths of all anger and worry. They are the feelings of a person small or helpless among many bigger people. They should vanish when one is physically just as large as the next fellow, and supposedly as socially competent. Yet many people are hampered in all their grown-up relations, and make themselves and other people very miserable, because they keep these childish attitudes long after they have outgrown their rompers.

The two greatest sources of misery are maladjustments in love and sex, culminating in the agonies of unhappy marriage or the frustration and loneliness of no marriage at all; and difficulties in earning a living and managing money. Both of these arise out of the failure really to grow up. In the case of sex the individual is usually hampered by ideas or attitudes to sex dating from the time when the physical impulse began to be urgent but sexual experience or marriage was undesirable because of youth or social and economic dependency. In his economic difficulties he is usually carrying into the period when he should be able to stand on his own feet attitudes or expectations suitable to the childish period when someone else fed and clothed him and told him what to do. And all the while, the main trouble is that while the mind and spirit lag, the flesh and tissues keep on ageing, and tend to age faster and faster the more the mental and emotional life is checked, because anything that checks the physic energy tends to check the

secretions of the glands which feed the tissues and keep them young and fresh. So the more childish your mind and spirit are, the faster the body seems to grow old. Hence really growing up and staying young become one and the same problem.

Because being your age is so important and so complicated, I have tried to gather together in one book whatever is now known about it. It must be confessed that the knowledge is now very uneven. Some things have been minutely studied, while others just as important have been neglected. For genuine, scientific data about growing up there are three sources: the mental age tests, first devised by Binet for testing the mental development of children, but elaborated by Terman and others in the Stanford-Binet tests and supplemented by a number of other tests of the same type now regularly used in school; the observations and experiments of psychologists who have developed Freud's idea that all emotional and nervous difficulties are "infantile fixations", that is, they are the attempt of the individual to keep and apply in grown-up life attitudes developed in the conditions of childhood; and the various observations and tests of physicians on the rates of growth and development in childhood, with much less complete observations of the weight, blood-pressure, rate of metabolism, etc., in older persons. For childhood, this type of observation is fairly complete. Up to sixteen, one can tell just about what to expect in the growth of the individual. Beyond that it gets pretty hazy. But it also gets more and more important. If a person of twenty-five, for example, reacts mentally, emotionally, and socially like a child of twelve, psychologists know pretty well what to do with him. He is abnormal and needs treatment. Usually he can't manage himself very well in sex, in earning a living, and amidst such dangers and temptations of adult life as alcohol and motor traffic. But it isn't so easy to say that a person of twenty-five who isn't getting along very well is stuck at the age of twenty. We are not nearly so sure what the difference between twenty and twenty-five ought

to be. The further we go on in life, the more puzzling it all becomes. There is, for example, the great crisis of the forties. It is almost as definite as adolescence. For women, child-bearing ends then. For a tragically large proportion of men and women the possibility of holding certain kinds of jobs ends then also. Forty is the age-limit of employability in a great many kinds of industry. At this time old age definitely sets in for many, and for a few it magically doesn't. It is only the beginning of a much wider and more brilliant life. For most women the lures and charms of sex are gone, but for a few romance of real splendour is just beginning. This crisis of middle age is now a burning question. It affects us all, because we are helping to pay for the enormous burden of relief, carrying along the hundreds of thousands who cannot carry themselves. Neither medicine nor psychology yet offers us anything like the help in bringing ourselves up to the age of sixty that it offers us in bringing our children up to the age of sixteen.

Yet a great deal of work is being done. With the agonies of the divorce courts and the cries of the jobless and the homeless in our ears it is being done fast and furiously by a great many agencies. Many industries have investigated age and earnings and the personal qualifications and disqualifications of advancing years among their own employees. One of the companies which has done so is that of Mr. Henry Ford. The life-insurance companies have made studies of physical age and the factors which hasten or delay it, and so also have organizations like the Life Extension Institute.

From all these it is possible to get a pretty fair picture of what we should expect of ourselves at different ages. All that is necessary is that someone should turn it into simple straightforward advice for you and me. This is what I have tried to do in this book. I have put together a great many statistics and questionnaires and tables of everything from blood-pressure to earnings, and have tried to make one single helpful human picture of it, clothed in

CHAPTER I

Out of the Awkward Age

THE day Eileen was seven was a great day in her young life. She contemplated this gift of a whole new, round, shining year for a long time, and then she said solemnly, with a sigh of satisfaction: "Oh dear, isn't it nice to be seven when you have been only six!" But unfortunately Eileen's ideas of age grew with her years. Thirteen was so long she could hardly bear it, and fourteen filled her with despair. Tripping along the street and glancing at the newspaper bills' display of some war-scare head-lines, she remarked: "What a lot of trouble there is in the world —Hitler and Mussolini, and being fourteen!"

Now at last Eileen is reaching an age that suits her. Fifteen has not been so bad. It has brought her a permanent wave, and a lipstick in her purse, and a long evening dress, and the pleasure of telling two or three boys that they may not kiss her—and now sixteen opens absolutely glamorously. For the first time in her life Eileen is willing to be the age she is.

Eileen's brother Bob thinks sixteen is too young to be satisfactory. He admits that girls of that age are easy to look at and probably that consoles them for being young. But for boys, "it's not so hot". He never really began to live till the other day, when he was eighteen. Fourteen, he admits, is ghastly. That age, he says, is just like a sickness. You've got to grit your teeth and go through with it.

And what are the satisfactions of being eighteen? Well, for one thing you have your growth. You don't feel ridiculous, always sprouting out of your sleeves and trouser legs. And now that you are big, the other fellows let you alone. They don't keep bullying you and making you fight

whether you like it or not. And you don't feel absurd when there are girls around. You begin to know what to do, and stop doing things that you knew were crazy but you couldn't help it. But the greatest change is the attitude of grown people. On the street, at social gatherings, they just treat you naturally as if you were anybody, listen pleasantly to what you say, answer you respectfully, and don't act as if you were some wild animal likely to bite. And then, there are other things. You may drive the car sometimes, and take a girl out alone, and not only have some money, but spend it the way you like.

And he admits, shamefacedly, it's nice to be able to smoke a cigarette and even taste a glass of beer without everybody's looking as if you were a precocious bad boy. He confesses that smoking is not very good for you, and one thing that makes him know he is really grown up is that he has already got over thinking it's smart, and is limiting it. Why? Oh, he can't afford it—much—would rather save his allowance and take girls out to the pictures; and if you always have cigarettes about, the rest of the crowd "bag them off you", and you are always broke. As for beer, he hates it. He just wanted to try to see what it was like. That is the point. You have got to the age when you can really try things yourself and make up your own mind about them, and when you decide not to do a thing, it's you, and not your father or mother that is telling you.

Undoubtedly most of the young people who have grown normally and completely into the joys and privileges of sixteen and beyond feel this way. If they are stable, well-brought-up children, well fortified with principles and standards for grown-up social life, healthy, accomplished, helped by their parents to be moderately good-looking and well dressed, and provided with enough social opportunity to feel not too uneasy in the world—this first maturity is a very happy time. Almost simultaneously they arrive at three kinds of maturity. They get their physical growth; they get their mental growth, so that they are able to think

out most immediate problems of living as intelligently as any grown person; and they cross the sexual border between childhood and the rich terrain of grown-up living and loving. Life lies ahead, all new and fresh and glamorous. No disappointment of this age can be so large as its hope; no failure that will not yield to the lusty singing energy of new effort.

But there are large numbers of young people whose later teens are thoroughly miserable because they have not been properly prepared for them. Sometimes the new social liberties which are proper to this age and which cannot be denied them without peril to their future development are used to fasten on them bad habits for life. Sometimes when they are serious and high-minded, but miss for some reason the normal fulfilment of youth in joy and even foolishness, they pay for it in a sense of loss through life, in social awkwardness, in emotional inhibitions, and sometimes in late and disastrous social flings. How many of our foolish cocktail-drinking, jazzing, sexually experimental middle-aged contemporaries are trying to make up for the denials of an over-strict and sometimes over-ambitious youth?

To be really sixteen, mentally and socially, is an achievement. The mental age of sixteen is that of the "superior adult". Most people cannot yet reach this point. Their mental age is between thirteen and fourteen, and their general social development corresponds to this age. Long before we had our present methods of testing mental age, the great psychologist, G. Stanley Hall, observed that the capacity for developing beyond twelve or thirteen was probably a late achievement of man, and represented most of what we now mean by civilization.

"The child from nine to twelve," said Hall, "is well adjusted to his environment and proportionately developed; he represents probably an old and relatively perfected stage of race-maturity, still in some sense and degree feasible in warm climates, a terminal stage of human development at some post-simian point. At dawning adolescence this old unity and harmony with nature is

broken up; the child is driven from his paradise, and must conquer a higher kingdom of man for himself, break out in a new sphere, and evolve a more modern story to his psycho-physical nature. Because his environment is to be far more complex, the combinations are less stable, the ascent less easy and secure; there is more danger that the youth in his upward progress, under the influence of this 'excelsior' motive, will backslide in one or many of the several ways possible. New dangers threaten on all sides. It is the most critical stage of life, because failure to mount almost always means retrogression, degeneracy, or fall. One may be in all respects better or worse, but can never be the same again. The old level is left for ever."

The first sign of this new grasp on life is that the child takes over from the parents the complete management of his physical person and intimate habits. For fourteen years mother has been telling Johnnie to wash his hands, and now for the first time he actually does it of his own accord. Simple lessons in grooming and self-management are begun at birth, but they don't make much impression for many years, partly because the child's body and his relations to the outside world are always changing. There is nothing solid for good habits to stick fast to. One may even have more teeth to brush to-day than one had yesterday. But the day that Lilian reaches her final physical size, she should have found out how to keep that schoolgirl complexion, and Bill should be fostering the kind of masculine skin of which a girl in an advertisement says:

> His face was cool and smooth as ice;
> And, O Louise, he smelled so nice.

The advertisement about the young man who lost his job because his collar was wilted should not be for Bill, nor should Lilian need the soap-maker's admonition about "under-things".

It is not quite pleasant to be reminded on every hand through advertisements and so on, that most people are in these lowly matters not yet sixteen. Some people pass

it off with a laugh, but it is no laughing matter. A whole generation of middle-aged persons, quite competent so far as their mental abilities go, are losing their jobs, and sinking into premature and discouraged old age because they never learned and remembered through life the obvious details of personal and physical self-management that should be settled at sixteen.

The two prime causes of that kind of personal deterioration which later on threatens to lose your job, your husband or wife, and the respect of your children, are bad habits of eating, leading to overweight or premature physical degeneration of some sort, and lack of interest in personal grooming. If youth has some luck in the way of rosy colouring and hearty digestions, it may get away with over-stuffing for some time. It may even be cheerfully sloppy and be forgiven. But the years of tolerance quickly pass. Usually they are ended on the day you leave school and go out to look for a job.

Fortunately, however, young people of sixteen or thereabouts have received a reminder of the wrath to come in the shape of that humble but pernicious little disease acne. *Acne vulgaris* the medical treatise calls it, and vulgaris it is. Some morning at this age the loveliest peaches-and-cream complexion is likely to wake up looking like measles. "What has happened to your face?" asks Mother. What has happened? Does life hold a darker moment?

Medical science, which can now bring dead men back to life, and keep others who might be dead alive in an iron lung, has been singularly helpless before this trivial ailment. Doctors struggle with it, and skin specialists take fees from sufferers, and the sum total of their wisdom is just about what any sensible person can achieve without them.

But this ailment is a blessing in disguise, because it causes youth to stop on the very threshold of grown-up life and to consider those very bad habits of eating which we have inherited from our ancestors, and which, unchecked, lead to all the physical demoralization they see before them in their elders. Young people to-day feel very strongly about

this. They will refuse a piece of cake with a moral determination they direct neither to beer nor to cigarettes. "Two things I will not have," says Eileen—"pimples and bulges." They fear the gluttony of their elders as their elders, in many cases, feared drink. They consider obesity a badge of shame. Every now and then some elder gets very exercised about the supposed ruin of the young by the fad of dieting. I have seen nothing but dieting among them for years, and not only do I know of no case in which it did harm I know of no case in which it did not do good. It is the basis of temperance and self-discipline. It ought to make other kinds of physical discipline easier for them in the years to come.

It used to be necessary to warn young people against sweets and cake and too many sandwiches after school. Large numbers still eat inordinately, in season and out, and pay for it in inertia, in low positions in school, in colds, and susceptibility to any germ in the neighbourhood. But more and more the intelligent, smart, graceful, socially competent young people follow a monastic plan of food temperance. No sweets; no heavy or greasy food; nothing to drink except fruit-juices and water; plenty of milk; plenty of vegetables. Every calorie is counted, and every ounce of food analysed for vitamins. And the symbol of all this virtue, the reward for which they strive, their crown of beauty and of hardihood is a snappy waist-line and the freedom of their faces from the troublesome blossoms.

As for the effectiveness of all this effort, I never saw a case of acne which could not be greatly improved by systematic food temperance, especially with regard to sweets. Not only is the outbreak decreased, but the general effect of careful eating, the increased freshness and brightness and vitality of the whole person, tends to take the mind of the beholder away from any slight sprinklings of red that there may be behind this bloom.

Among those innumerable clippings about what to do with their precious and ever-endangered skin which the young of both sexes seem to have in their private collec-

tions there is a great deal about soap and water and cold cream. It is all to the good, and more power to them. Almost any systematic discipline of skin cleanliness and grooming suggested by the advertisements works magic if regularly applied.

Just as we have enlarged our conceptions of temperance in our day to include the extra piece of pie and unnecessary buttered scone, so we have enlarged our notion of real cleanness. It does not mean just a little soap and water. It means cleanness in the internal plumbing, and fresh air in the lungs, and crispness, and neatness in one's clothes, and order among all one's belongings.

Probably there is no impulse or liking for any person, however casual, which does not immediately go beyond sight and hearing, and impinge on the senses of smell and of touch. There is something immaterial, undefined, something we don't choose to notice and are too polite to bring into consciousness, in the physical atmosphere of this other person, and either we like it or we don't. Success is built and marriages are happily consummated on something so intangible that no advertisement for mouth-washes or soap really touches it. It is not alone in the skin you love to touch, nor the faint suggestion of the new and ravishing perfume, nor the face we shaved with a particular cream. It is the result of all those little disciplines which make you a really clean person inside and out, fresh and blooming.

All these things are very important to young people. And undoubtedly the more sensitive ones suffer a good deal from the depressing lack of consideration of their elders. Eileen was telling me with gratitude that the girls all loved one teacher because she dressed so nicely. "I think," she said wistfully, "that one of the first ways of being considerate of other people is to dress nicely. And the next way is to be as pretty as you can!" This desire of youth to be a Beautiful Person in a Beautiful World is the prophecy of something a little lovelier in human living than the world as a whole has yet attained to.

Youth is the time when the wonder of personality first

blazes upon our dazzled senses. Three days ago Henry, aged seventeen, still thought that hair was just something that grows on top of your head; but last night at the dance, Lucy's hair, shining, fragrant, curling in little tendrils, dropped for a minute to his shoulder, and this morning—oh well, thank God, we have all been seventeen!

Every detail of the person begins to be important at sixteen, and to-day this importance is causing a reconsideration of two old and honourable virtues—temperance and purity. In the recent past temperance has been narrowed to a taboo against alcohol. But in the medieval code of ethics devised by churchmen for knights, gluttony was a more serious sin than adultery. A fat knight was useless for anything a knight was supposed to do. Early Christianity, like most other religions, made fasting a religious exercise, and in many cultures a fast has been expected of the youth coming to formal maturity as a sign of his self-control and hardihood.

The main thing, for all you slim young things with the skins you love to touch, is not to forget the wisdom that now illumines you. Take fast hold of this vanity of yours, and never let it go; out of its flimsy fabric you will see through the years the silver shining armour of genuine temperance.

So with all this fussing and creaming and washing. When prim Lizzie of yesteryear talks to you about purity, she means don't think about sex, and avoid its visible manifestations. But if you weren't thinking about it, you wouldn't be so busy trying to make yourselves feel like a rose-petal and smell like lilacs in the moonlight in May. Nor do I mean girls only. Young men who are not just as concerned in their own fashion should immediately grow a long beard and go into a monastery. Of all the improvements which we are trying to make in our day on the virtues of our forefathers, our rewriting of the definition of purity is the most revolutionary. We think that mentally it means being willing to think straight about ourselves and all our natural desires and call a spade a spade. Emotion-

ally it means respecting ourselves and other people as persons. And physically it means not thrusting this wonderful new sensitiveness to the breath and atmosphere of the physical presence down into the dark and the dirt, but holding it out proudly in everything that is fresh, cleanly, fragrant, and inviting about the physical person—something that should belong as naturally to the spring-time of our years as perfume to the flowers.

SOCIAL AGE TEST

Sixteen to Twenty

Grooming

Score each question as indicated, trying to be conservative and honest in your judgment of yourself. Compare your complete score with your offhand judgment of yourself as indicated in the score for question 1 multiplied by ten. When in doubt for an answer consult a candid friend.

1. How near do I come to being outstandingly fresh, clean, and blooming, a genuine ornament to the social landscape?
 - A long way from it — 0
 - Not so bad as some — 4
 - Pretty fair — 6
 - They say I'll do — 8
 - They say I'm perfect — 10
2. Is my personal atmosphere fresh and pleasant?
 - Do people warm up to me easily? — 3
 - Do I take a daily bath? — 4
 - Do I use a deodorant? — 3
3. Would my internal plumbing pass a sanitary inspector?
 - Adequate daily elimination? — 4
 - No accumulation of food poisons from superfluous food at meals or — 2

sweets, ice-cream, or snacks between meals 2
No accumulation of fatigue poisons from late hours 2

4. Would he or she not mind kissing me because
My mouth looks fresh and agreeable 2
My lipstick looks as if it wouldn't smear, or my moustache as if it wouldn't tickle 2
My teeth are sound and white 2
My breath is pleasant 2
I know that the dentist, the tooth-brush, and the mouth-wash are my best friends and make use of them all 2

5. Have I the skin he, or she or it likes to touch because
It looks as if there were clean healthy blood under it 2
It looks pleasantly acquainted with sun and wind and the big out-doors 2
It is well-scrubbed 2
It is well-shaved or nicely made up 2
It is generally well cared for 2

6. Would somebody like to smooth my hair because
It looks bright and clean 4
It is free from oil or dandruff 2
It is smartly cut and becomingly shaped to the head 2
It is promptly sleeked back into shape when it gets too wild 2

7. Would somebody like to hold my hand because
It looks warm, kind, strong, and capable 4
It is clean 2
It has well-shaped and well-cared-for nails 2
It is smooth-textured and well-groomed 2

8. Are my clothes right
Clean and pressed 4
Shoes shined 2
Nothing that needs mending 2
Everything on right 2

9. I am not guilty of the following: grease-spot on clothes; trousers dragging down at the waist, bagging at knees,

standing on shoes; knot of the tie dragging away from collar; stocking seams crooked; pockets pulled out of shape from trying to carry heavy load of hands or other junk; dandruff or powder on collar; lip-stick on anything but lips; dirty handkerchief; cigarette ash dropped on anything but an ash-tray; buttons off or safety-pins visible. (Cross off every one you are not guilty of; subtract remaining points from ten. The remainder is your score.)

10. My possessions look as if they belonged to a nice person

My room is neat, and looks comfortable and friendly 4
My bureau and desk drawers are in order 2
My books are clean, and such notes and illustrations as I have added to them are at least intelligent 2
I never have to wade through a junk pile to find what I want in my cupboards, my desk, my pockets, or my hand-bag 2

CHAPTER II

Social Portrait of a Superior Adult

THE mental age of sixteen is that of a "superior adult". This means a person with enough brains to go creditably through school, acquire some genuine vocational skill, and set himself up socially as a substantial person adequately earning his living, maintaining a neat, stable and pleasant home. But it is being discovered now that an adequate I. Q. or intelligence quotient is by no means a guarantee that one can meet social expectations in that level of life to which one's brains entitle one. When one gets beyond the I. Q. of sixteen to that of eighteen—that is, to the level of the learned professions, of genuine public achievement in business, in politics, in the arts—the discrepancy between

mental abilities and general social adequacy becomes very great. Schools and colleges are now giving a great deal of thought to this matter, because they are seeing far too many of their pupils cast back as wreckage on the shores of old Alma Mater, after a little battling in the stormy seas of life. During the later days of the depression, it was rapidly discovered that no one could get a job, whatever his qualifications, unless he could meet a very high standard of personal appearance and personal address. What applied to him, applied in double measure to her.

The *Independent Woman*, voice of the American Business and Professional Women's Clubs, carried a protest against the way employers were expecting all girls in their businesses to look like mannequins and candidates for a beauty show. The writer of the protest wanted to know what a curled head had to do with brains, and a snappy figure in a smart dress with real feminine efficiency. But the world in general, and the employers, went blandly on, thinking that if you were a young man you should look something like Robert Montgomery, and as a young woman you should be a cross between Janet Gaynor and Myrna Loy. The employer read your qualifications absently, and looked sharply at your collar. He observed your mannerisms, registered the quality of your smile, and listened to your voice. And, on nothing more than that, people are given jobs leading to the most important opportunities every day of your life.

When I mentioned some of these little things in connection with a magazine article on vocational education, the head of a trade school was rather annoyed. He wrote asking me what I thought a vocational school was—a finishing school? Since when did honest hard-working people have to have "society manners"? I replied, asking him if he knew of any persons engaged for "service" jobs —as waitresses, as filling-station men, even as repairers of household equipment, such as wireless and electric apparatus, who weren't expected to be trim, well-set-up persons, wearing a standard kind of dress or uniform neatly and

smartly, practising the ordinary courtesies, and speaking pleasantly in an agreeable voice. Is this very different from the requirements for ladies and gentlemen? Do we want to go back to the dark ages, when every working man was a "hind" and every working woman a "wench"?

On the day that all wives are as graceful, neat, and willing to please as tea-room or dance hostesses; that all mothers are as kind and sensible as Y.W.C.A. secretaries; that all sons and young men guests are as pleasant as the salesman; and all husbands and fathers as gracious as the department-store floor-walker—on that day our social and domestic life will be transformed. Psychiatrists will shut up shop; divorce lawyers go out of business; and juvenile courts work only on half time.

Faced with the immense discrepancy between what the modern social and business world blandly expects, and what the older forms of education have offered, many colleges are now casting about for ways of bringing up not the I. Q., but the P. Q. or Personality Quotient of their graduates, without looking as if they had sunk from institutions of higher learning to the rank of charm schools. Exactly why algebra should be intellectually respectable and "charm" not, I cannot undertake to say. But so it has been. Education must meet the demands of present life; and present life says to you, on peril of your bread and butter, that during the later years of your education, and your first years of labour in this world, you have to learn to be the kind of person that is neither difficult to look at and listen to, nor hard to get along with. Middle-aged persons who haven't learned this are being thrown out on the scrap-heap in the crudest fashion, and young people with better exteriors, though possibly not so many brains, put in their place.

So assuming that you have graduated from the first chapter at sixteen, and are healthy, good-looking and well-groomed, and intend to remain so by very moderate patronage of the dinner-table and heavy patronage of the bath, what else is there to learn?

In the first place, there are the two techniques you learned when you stopped being a baby and became a child—learning to walk and learning to talk. You have been doing both for fourteen years, and have now been able to practise all your errors till you are perfect in them. But unless you are very fortunate in your environment and have been very attentive to the counsels of your elders, you probably do neither of them to the satisfaction of modern, standard social requirements.

Few persons who have not reached your ripe years can be trusted to go out of a door without slamming it, hand the lady a cup of tea without spilling it, cross a polished floor without skating on the rug, come downstairs and not sound as if the stairs were crashing after them, or sit down on a sofa without falling on it as if from a great height. You don't think sitting on a sofa matters? Listen to a true story. A distinguished editor went to see the former advertising manager of a great metropolitan daily in what he expected to be an important business conference. He was received in the charming reception-room of his host, who greeted him pleasantly, and started off the conference by pouring him a cocktail. The cocktail apparently warmed the host to a personal way of talking which he might have avoided under chillier office circumstances, for while they were discussing the business under consideration, he suddenly paused, and with a friendly light in his blue eyes, said to the editor: "Do you know—I like you! You are one of the very few men who have sat there who really knows how to sit in a sofa!"

In the years just before sixteen, when you were changing size and shape rapidly, all things were in a conspiracy against you. Cups just naturally fell down and broke when you came near them. Anything you touched was damaged. Everything you owned was lost. The number of people who never outgrow this age is amazing. Long after one's size and proportions have stopped changing, the stupidities and uncertainties of motion continue.

So everyone at sixteen ought to put his mind on the way

he uses himself, his bearing, his way of standing, walking, entering a room, sitting down, coming downstairs, carrying things, offering things to people.

Even in our democratic present society the three infallible signs of superior social and economic status remain: the personal grooming; the easy, self-possessed well-managed movements of the body; and the quality of the speaking voice. It is by these, in summer resort districts, that you distinguish the country-estate owners from the farmers. It is by these, in the city, that you distinguish the denizens of the "best residential districts". And at school and college and in the local society, those happy and glamorous young people who seem to enjoy themselves, and know what to do, who are invited to the clubs, and shine at the dances, are mostly those who have stepped over the line of sheer childishness in these humble matters.

Nothing will make a boy or girl feel grown up and sufficient to the needs of life like the achievement of a bearing. For ordinary social purposes nothing helps like learning to dance well. It is the passport to social good times, and to that genuine personal acquaintanceship with charming persons of the other sex which is sought crudely in petting parties and country kissing games. Many good people have objected to the dance for this very reason. But really civilized and socially grown-up opinion has always regarded the dance as the proper school of social manners. Nearly a century ago John Ruskin said that the first duty of young ladies was to dance!

Real beauty, tact, charm, the instinctive adjustment of person to person, the flattery of mutual understanding, are possible in modern dancing as never before. The main thing is not to be content to get around the floor somehow and keep off other people's feet. Treat the modern dance as the beautiful art that it is—keep on learning and varying it.

Good dancing lessons are one of the best social investments for the teen ages. But unfortunately they are expensive. In some schools the value of the dance in

education is now recognized even by school principals, and dancing is taught as one of those things you learn but don't get "marks" for. In big cities the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. now have excellent and inexpensive dancing classes, and give young people what they particularly need to dance well—a place where they can go and dance often for very little money.

Those who cannot afford good dancing lessons can nevertheless learn. Young people are wonderfully obliging in teaching each other; and there are the patterns of good dancing furnished by some of the motion-picture stars like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. There are excellent books which are particularly useful to two kinds of people: those who learn best by really thinking things out and working to diagrams; and those who have some special defect of posture or movement which will spoil the dancing no matter how well the steps are learned.

The motion pictures help one in various ways to manage one's finally grown-up arms and legs, and to avoid flopping them around in useless gestures like a baby. A tall, fine-looking girl who had tense, awkward ways of holding her hands and feet was told by a thoughtful young aunt to pick out ten of the most lovely motion-picture actresses, and to spend the winter going to the films and studying just what they did with their hands and feet in various situations. When she found herself clutching both arms of the chair fiercely, or turning up her toes, she was to stop and think: "What would Norma Shearer do now?" If she could not remember, she was to look carefully the next time she saw Norma Shearer in a picture. Since this girl's chief trouble was that she felt intensely, and was always stiffening up to control her feelings, her aunt pointed out that persons in pictures have some very tense moments to go through, and still we require that they look like delightful grown-up persons and not like silly, excited school-girls. For young men bearing is just as important, and the way persons like Nelson Eddy and Spencer Tracy get around the stage is just as helpful. They

look manly, staunch, and upright, and equal to getting the lady out of any trouble and booting the villain out of the door. And this is very largely a matter of posture and physical self-management.

The high standard of locomotion set by the motion pictures is not achieved by the stars without a great deal more wrestling with one's own stubborn arms and legs than the average person can even imagine. In an interesting article entitled "The Star Factory", in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the long struggles of the aspiring star are vividly described. "Between rebukes and suggestions, her preceptor tells her how Myrna Loy, renowned as one of the screen's most graceful stars, practised walking, hour after hour, day after day, until she learned how to move without jerkiness, without the visible appearance of physical effort. He tells her how Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert, and Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers improved their chances for stardom by learning how to walk correctly, their heads held high, their legs swinging freely and gracefully from the hips. . . . For weeks, perhaps for months, she studies and practises. She walks with articles balanced precariously on her head—and gradually achieves the graceful, gliding walk that native women in the Indies have gained by the same exercise. She balances on tiptoe, unsteadily at first, but lightly and surely as the weeks pass. She learns to stand at ease with her weight evenly distributed on the balls of her feet, and discovers that by doing so she can move in any direction without preliminary muscular contortions.

"At first she suffers agonies because of her hands. In her imagination they grow in size until they become Gargantuan dangling appendages which are continually in her way. Involuntarily, it seems, they brush back her hair, twine around each other, fumble with small movable objects. Self-consciously she tries to hide them behind her or in the folds of her clothing. Eventually, however, under the constant coaching of her instructors, she forgets their very existence unless they can be

used naturally to emphasize her class-room portrayals."

And why is all this done? To make a person whose shadow on the screen will be loved by millions. Deep in their untutored hearts, behind all their own clumsiness and awkwardness, the millions carry this ideal of grace. And they go to the theatre to see the man or woman that they would be if they could. And the moral of this is that if you want your own little portion of love or liking, of trust and admiration, in this world, you must strive for your own little portion of this outward grace.

Some day, when we have real education, we shall have much longer and harder discipline in physical grace and adequacy than we have now. But it will all be interpreted in spiritual and social terms. We shall learn that outward poise is the expression of inward serenity; that a still, relaxed way of sitting and standing without nervous twitchings, and perpetual pulling at one's clothes or one's self, is an expression of self-forgetfulness or unselfishness; that to listen to another with a smooth, peaceful face and all one's soul in one's eyes, instead of grinning and grimacing and making faces, is the normal expression of complete and loving absorption in that other.

Next to learning to walk, learning to talk was the great achievement of our babyhood, and it is quite likely that we have been doing it in a babyish way ever since. Since we have grown up and are putting away childish things, we are getting a new kind of voice. Since this is the kind of voice we are always going to have, it is worth while to put it in good order for life—to pitch it properly, smooth off the rough edges, bring out the music in it, learn to shade it, and in general make it say what we want to say both effectively and pleasantly. "In a recent scene," says Herbert Marshall, the motion-picture actor, "I talk two minutes on the telephone. This scene took half a day to shoot—four hours of painstaking voice-shading." Remember this the next time you speak to him or her on the telephone.

The telephone, the wireless, and the talking pictures

have made this generation voice-conscious. The voice is all we know of many people—of friends and counsellors on the wireless, of persons in offices. So into one's voice one must put all that one would like the world to believe that one is. All fine, well-trained voices convey social and moral qualities which we value. Listen to the voices on the wireless and write down the qualities or moods they suggest to you. Listen to the voices and appraise them yourself, and try, with the help of long-suffering friends, to appraise your own voice, and to bring out its good points. Just as rules of etiquette are framed to make us look like sweet-tempered and unselfish people even if we are not, so the rules for good speaking are framed to bring out in the voice candour and good humour, kindness, serenity, and an appeal for love, or at least for understanding.

Ruskin said that a man has only to speak three words of any language for one to know whether he is a gentleman or not. We have all heard of the girl who is "a lady till she opens her mouth". But fortunately, in this happy age, no one is limited to the mistakes of his environment. People who really can talk speak to us constantly over the wireless and in the motion pictures; and by taking thought ourselves and practising in private, we can lift ourselves into the highest company.

And while we are on the subject of speech, we might make this mental age of sixteen linguistically more obvious. The mental age tests make a great point of language as a sign of intelligence. One difference between being sixteen, or a "superior adult", and eighteen, or a "very superior adult", is that eighteen can recognize more words out of a given hundred, and remember and effectively repeat the scene of a more difficult passage read aloud. But even if sixteen can recognize sixty out of the given hundred words, it gets along in conversation on a very small and thrifty budget. *Lovely* usually serves for everything sixteen likes, and *horrid* for everything it doesn't. If we have this great knowledge of language, it would be helpful to let it shine out now and then in a little variety of vocabulary, if only

to enlighten the darkness of those doomed always to be thirteen.

Words are going to be of the utmost importance in your life for years to come. When you are very old, and have sucked the orange of life dry, you may perhaps be able to lapse into a serene silence—though probably you won't want to. But nearly everything you will want very much for the next few years you will have to talk your way into. You will have to talk the girl into marrying you, or the young man into asking you to marry him. You will have to talk the boss into giving you a job, and the client into following your advice, or the customer into buying your wares. Your gayest and most amusing moments will be moments of chatter; your tenderest moments will be an interchange of vows; your gravest decisions will be arrived at through talk.

A few catch-phrases, three or four well-worn adjectives, and a few oaths are not going to serve for all this. But a great many students get along on just that amount of language. Learning really to talk, to talk at all levels—grave, gay, slangy, cultivated; to tell jokes or discuss politics or tell the real truth about some emotional or moral involvement, frankly, honourably, and kindly; to wise-crack and to make love; to describe vividly, tell a story and have your listeners waiting with their tongues hanging out for the climax; to explain a plan or a business possibility convincingly; to argue effectively and win your case or make your point—this is going to constitute the better part of your social and your working life. The courses in English at school have been trying to tell you something about it all these years, but probably you have paid very little attention. If you have been a certain kind of bright child, you have glibly repeated all the rules of grammar, and been marked 100 in the test, and then have gone straight out on the school playground, and said "He don't", and "Bill is going with Charlie and I".

On the other hand, if you are another kind of student, you probably get more practice in really using your native

tongue by writing notes in school, and sometimes long letters to absent friends of the opposite sex. This is all to the good. Students learn more in school from letter-writing than from themes, and among the smarter ones the standards of expression are higher than for compositions. But in these many uses you find for language both written and oral, do not disregard the hints to be found in classes in literature and composition. You can't learn everything you should know from the wireless comedy programmes alone! But the wireless comedy and the song hits are by no means to be despised as aids to conversation. No one can listen long over the wireless without having his conception of the possibilities of the English language considerably refreshed.

Among your own friends you probably practise the art of conversation in its present young form rather constantly, and so develop cleverness and skill in the current catch-phrases. If you hear only classical English at home, and feel awkward and shy amidst the verbal fireworks of your schoolmates, don't be discouraged and take refuge in reading and getting good marks in English. That is the way to cultivate your I. Q. at the expense of your P. Q. Instead console yourself with the knowledge that you have what they haven't, but go right in among them and get what they have. They weren't born so amusing and smart as all that. They got that way just by working on it.

But you can't be smart even in the modern manner unless you really do know English in its standard or aboriginal form. And the more you know about real English—English in the old books, English in poetry and literature, English as the masters talked it and the poets sang it—the more successfully can you learn to talk—brightly, smoothly, and on occasion beautifully. And just to remind you that we are not all comedy stars, don't be afraid of a little serious conversation with your elders, and with people wherever you meet them—on the streets, in the shops, in such language as meets their limited comprehension. Begin with Mother and Dad and the members

of your own family. They are probably quite unaware that you have grown up. One of the ways of breaking the news to them gently is ceasing to be the kind of person who must be told every few minutes to pick up your clothes, or put away your books, or not to forget to close the garage doors, and to become instead a person with whom your parents can hold rational conversation.

It is hard to make a beginning, especially when they don't help you very much. But you can do it by imagining that you are not their child at all, but just a pleasant young visitor in the house, interested in finding out what they think about things, wanting a little help and advice, moderately curious about the way in which grown-up people successfully run their lives, or ready to dig back into ancient history and listen to a few reminiscences of the days before you were born. Any parents can be made interesting by a son or daughter who knows how.

Talking to your family from your new level of life—that of a grown-up person interested in the large world outside yourself, and not just in your own toys—is one of the surest ways of growing up. It breaks the bonds of your babyhood at the point where they bind you most firmly. Most young people learn that long after they feel easy, and grown up, and interesting, and pleasant among people outside the home, they tend to lapse into fretful, selfish, nagging, teasing, bullying, or afraid-of-what-Mamma-or-Papa-will-say attitudes at home.

Your family does not see you as you look to the world outside. It sees you as several years younger. The ghost of the dimpled darling or naughty brat you used to be is always between you and them. The exorcising of the last remnants of childishness in your relations to your home will probably take several years, but nothing will help to drive away the various ghosts and shadows of your former inadequacies better than good, healthy conversation with your parents and the other members of your family on an adult level.

SOCIAL AGE TEST

Sixteen to Twenty

Personality

1. How attractive is my personality?
 - Nothing to write home about — 4
 - Not so bad — 6
 - They say I'll do — 8
 - I make a real impression — 10
2. Have I abounding health and vitality?
 - Do I feel fresh and happy when I awake in the morning? — 2
 - Do I generally feel more than equal to the day's tasks? — 2
 - Do I feel cheerful and only pleasantly tired at night? — 2
 - Do I get at least eight hours of rest at night? — 2
 - Am I sure that the vitamin and mineral content of my diet is sufficient for maximum energy and well being? — 2
3. Is my weight the best for health and beauty?
 - Am I not more than five pounds over weight, or not more than ten pounds under weight? — 5
 - Have I a well-balanced diet limited to the number of calories necessary to maintain the right weight? — 5
4. Have I a graceful bearing?
 - Is my carriage upright, chin in, chest out, no bulge under the waistline, etc.? — 3
 - Is my sitting position easy and attractive, relaxed without slouching, hands at ease, feet well placed? — 3
 - Have I a system of exercises for maintaining grace and agility? — 2
 - Do I get an hour of exercise in the open air, preferably swimming or walking? — 2

5. Do I really know how
 To walk 4
 To come downstairs 2
 To enter a room 2
 To leave a room 2
6. Can I perform the following acts gracefully?
 Pick up an article from the floor 2
 Get in and out of my coat and hat 2
 Lower myself to a low couch 2
 Open a door for someone else to pass before me 2
 Take my place at a restaurant table 2
7. Am I addicted to the following:
 Biting the nails
 Tapping with the foot
 Drumming with the fingers
 Smoothing my face, arms, or neck
 Rubbing my hair
 Picking at any part of my person
 Frowning or grimacing
 Clenching my hands
 Making needless little noises with my mouth
 Any other pet way of driving the family crazy
 (Cross out the ones you are guilty of, and count up the rest. The result is your score for this question)
8. How is my speaking voice?
 Is it pleasantly pitched, clear, and well toned? 4
 Does it lack a pronounced accent? 2
 Do I know how to shade it? 2
 Can I read aloud interestingly? 2
9. Have I an adequate conversation?
 Can I pass a vocabulary test? 2
 Do I speak grammatically? 2
 Can I think of something to say to almost anybody? 2
 Have I some entertaining stories to tell? 2
 Am I interested in hearing what someone else knows? 2

10. Have I poise?
 Can I look a stranger frankly and pleasantly in the eye? 2
 Can I give the standard greetings in an easy, friendly, unruffled manner? 2
 Can I stand teasing or social snubbing without temper or dejection? 2
 Can I give as good as I get without meanness and perhaps with wit? 2

CHAPTER III

Old Enough to Behave

THE achievement of real style and beauty of deportment is a much more complicated matter than getting rid of one's disagreeable personal habits and limitations. Genuinely grown-up behaviour involves a completely new emotional orientation to life, which should begin at adolescence, but probably cannot be achieved until you leave your father's house for ever and set up a household of your own.

Many people do not achieve it even then, which is the reason for most of the miseries and emotional tragedies of life. You probably have already begun to be interested in the details of social manners, and can be moderately pleasant to people outside your own home, but unless these are laid on the solid foundation of a genuine emotional readjustment to life, beginning with the immediate members of your own family, they are just so much cheap varnish. The day your boss behaves like your father, off will come your polite shine, and you will be reacting the way you react to your father. Your wife may be a lovely person, and you may have wooed her with the grace of Robert Taylor, but she will be after all a woman, and the day she accidentally reminds you of your mother, crash will go the gallant lover, and all that will remain is the kind of boy you were at home.

So the place to get your grown-up deportment established is right there by the old family hearth. Probably you will not get much help in it. Very likely you will be systematically hindered. After all, the family have been associating with the child that was you for a good many years, and it is quite natural that they should have grown a little childish themselves in the process. When you were a child the burden of adjustment between you and your parents was on the parents. Now it is on you. They are battle-scarred veterans in the war with your immaturity. Take up the fight now yourself, and carry on.

For the change that has come to you with adolescence is profound. It alters and should alter all the foundations of your living and thinking. To put it plainly: before adolescence you were a child; now you are able to have a child. Formerly you were a person whose destiny it was to be loved; now you are one whose destiny it is to love. You formerly had the right to be served; you now have the duty to serve. Once you grasp that, and embrace it gladly as the glorious new fact of your existence, you have the basis of all good and beautiful behaviour whatsoever. It should be the religion of adolescence to take this one idea back into the little room where you have been a child, where the world has revolved around you, and mother has pattered up the stairs to bring you a glass of water at night or tuck in the covers or shut the windows before it is too late—and holding it up against all your former childish demands and expectations of life, to discard them one by one like toys, and begin to develop the new attitudes which put you henceforth into the position not of the child who receives, but of mother and father who give. Love, intimate, passionate, physical, we hope some day, not too distant, will be yours. But you won't earn it, and probably cannot keep it, unless you begin now to develop love in its wide, generous, social sense. "Love suffereth long and is kind—vaunteth not itself; seeketh not her own—is not puffed up," and so on through the grand old words of the second book of Corinthians which are still read in churches, and which

ought to be memorized by every young person the day he steps over the border from physical childhood into physical maturity.

Once you get it clearly into your head that now you are emotionally aged sixteen and going on as fast as possible to twenty-five, it is no longer father's business to serve you, but yours to serve other people, even father, you can probably think of a lot of things to do about it. And tackling father first is to attack the whole problem of re-orientation at its heart, for father has probably been the most substantial, the most forbidding, the most generally all-powerful force in your childish life. When you have by manners and affection and tact transformed him from being an ogre or a meal ticket into being another human being with ordinary needs and desires, to whom you owe a special debt of gratitude and affection, you will have gone a long way to solving all the other problems of human adjustment you are likely to meet in the world.

So with mother. She has a wonderful capacity to strip the years right off you and reduce you to a small child, expecting to be waited on, afraid of being nagged. But don't let it happen if you can help it. Instead, see her as the dear woman she probably is, even if a little shop worn in her ways and manners from the pawing of your own greedy, dirty little hands through years. And start in treating her like a dear woman, surprising her with the attentions any woman likes. Let daughter take over the whole management of the house one day a week. It is good preparation for managing her own. Let son carry up a breakfast tray to her some morning when she is tired. It is good preparation for being nice to a wife. Don't do these things carelessly, clumsily. Put your mind on them and do them with style.

Many crude young people who get to the point of seeing their parents just as persons and not as institutions take it out in criticizing them or trying to change them. This is a presumption so colossal that you ought to be put in irons for it. Whose house is this? Who built it, paid for

it, suffered for it, cemented its foundations with more tears and sweat than you can even begin to imagine, you young whippersnapper? The worst home, if it holds together at all and is still a roof over your head, is something of an achievement, as you will learn some day. And you can't do even so much as that without learning a good deal more than you probably know yet. You have absolutely no right to criticize your parents. They are not in the same class with you at all, and it is the beginning of grown-up wisdom on your part to know it. There is no doubt plenty that is wrong with them, but half of it is probably due to the very struggle to get you where you are at present, and that one fact closes your mouth for ever and seals it with chivalry!

It is of the utmost importance to your happiness that you should cease either to feel or to act like a child in your father's house; but so long as you stay there you remain a guest there—never the owner of it. Your mother is no longer your nurse or your servant. She may, in all essential respects, have ceased even to be your mother. But so long as you are in her house, she is your hostess, and is entitled to be treated as such. Young people who are contributing to the support of the family have perhaps a little more right to an opinion about household matters, especially where it affects the spending of their money. But even in this case it is important to remember that your father's and mother's house is not yours. Reserve your interest and your opinions and desires for the future home of your own, and consider that in paying for the support of your father's and mother's house you are simply paying a money debt for board in your babyhood, and what they do with it is their concern, not yours. Bossing your parents is not being grown up. It is only keeping on being a child. There is no one so really bossy as a baby. In the case of sons and daughters whose living and education are still being provided by the parents, the parents ought always to be shown the same consideration, deference, and readiness to consult them that you will have to show later in life to anyone else who has power over your bread and butter!

AD AGRICULTURAL

When you go out with your sister, try out on her all the social manners and attentions that you will need for real progress with a sweetheart. Of course she is not your sweetheart, and you should never make the mistake of thinking she is. But as a means of trying it out on the dog, she serves very well. And let sister see that she isn't being quietly horrid, and reducing brother from his manly height to being just a teasing small boy. Take the social drama in good part, and do your acts prettily, and some day you will both be playing opposite someone else with glory and success.

This serves another purpose which you must have read some psychology to understand, but which you may take on faith anyway. It brings that deep affection and concern you probably have for your family—an affection far deeper than you know, bound up with every emotion, and at the roots of all memory—it brings it out into the open, and safely and happily disposes of it. You cannot really hold a husband till you have stopped being afraid of father. You cannot really love a wife till you have stopped needing mother. There is an emotional weaning at this age which is necessary on both sides. But it need not be rude or painful. If you lay over it the balm of genuine manners, you will not only heal each wound almost before it can hurt, but you will have provided yourself with a social salve, a technique of human relationship, that will be useful to you all your days.

SOCIAL AGE TEST

SEVENTEEN

Social Attitudes

1. Am I ready to be weaned from the family?
 Not yet
 Possibly 4 6

Probably 8
Definitely 10

2. I don't need anyone to tell me to
Pick up my things
Keep my room in order
Brush my hair
Wash my hands
Take off part of that lipstick or not to wear those loud ties, shoes, or socks
Mind my manners
Not to be bashful
Not to be noisy
Leave wherever I am as neat as I found it.
Take raincoat or umbrella
(Cross off the details you still need to be reminded of. Count the rest of the items. The number you get is your score.)

3. I don't
Sulk
Feel abused
Pity myself
Hang back in company
Feel dumb before strangers
Like to do nothing but read or go to the pictures
Spend much time by myself dreaming of the other sex
Act in a cold and superior manner
Try to show off
Make catty or vulgar remarks

4. I do not drink alcohol at all 10
(Those who are permitted by their elders to have wine at social affairs, or to taste the cocktail just to see what it is like, or to drink beer with the family on occasion, may give themselves a score of eight for this question, provided that this is the limit of their indulgence.)

5. I do not smoke
At all 10
or

I do not smoke
Regularly
Where or when it annoys others 3
(If your smoking is only a social indulgence with others on occasion, and you are not dependent on it as a habit, you may give yourself a grade of 6 on this question. But if you smoke regularly and feel lost without it, sorry—but you can't rate as perfect seventeen!) 3

6. I pay my way in life
I am worth my board and room to my family 5
I have a helpful, courteous, and co-operative attitude in any social group 3
I see that no education is wasted on me 2

7. I can be trusted
I tell the truth 4
I am law-abiding 3
I am faithful to any responsibility 3

8. I have an adult attitude to my family
I don't regard my father as my meal ticket or mother as my nurse or either as tyrant 3
I treat my parents with respect, gratitude, and sympathy for what their generation has to put up with from mine 3
I don't quarrel with or tease my brothers or sisters 2
I behave in the family like a civilized person in any civilized group

9. I am learning how to work
I stick at a task till it is really done 3
I am willing to correct mistakes and take criticism 3
I try to do everything as well as possible 2
I know where my time goes 2

10. I know how to be happy
I take some trouble to learn to dance, swim, play games and do what people do for fun 2
I am friendly 2
I study how to make good times and entertain pleasantly at home 2

I can have a good time with others without being in the limelight 2
I can spend happy hours alone 2

CHAPTER IV

Sixteen is not Sixty

At sixty, in a well-lived life, one reaches a pleasant eminence. One is lord of a little domain—of property, of authority, of knowledge—which one has earned for one's self. One may speak with assurance of at least a few matters. One may say of a few things "These are mine," and to a few people, "Do this," and "Go there."

The privilege of eminence, ownership, authority, comes to only a few at sixty, but it ought, within different spheres, and in different degrees, to come to all. But it does not come to anyone at sixteen, nor for many, many years after. It is something to be earned slowly and painfully.

No one beginning life has any idea how long life really is, or how hard. It all looks simple and hopeful. This bright new brain is in fine running order—rather an improvement, we think, on the machinery in most of the heads we see around us. These fine young limbs are just rearing to go. Intelligent young people of eighteen or beyond may have the mental age of the oldest and wisest. They may have better nerves and greater strength. Potentially they may be more really fit for life than most of the older people they deal with. But, for all that, there is something life withholds from them, something they will get only inch by inch, with constant strain and tugging. Though one has the intelligence quotient of genius, the better part of knowledge in any field of art or endeavour will still evade one. There is something that makes for success in life which is not mental capacity; it is the slow reaction of the whole organism to time and circumstance.

You can't speed it up; you can't imitate its results. This is what people who have really grown up to the capacities of the later years have. It is what youth wants, but can't have.

This shows as a certain security in knowledge and action. Things begin to turn out as you think they are going to. A certain expenditure of energy brings a foreseen result. You stop expecting life to be the way it isn't. You stop wasting your efforts. Much less effort brings much more result. On this account an old dancer or an old athlete can often beat a younger one, though actually all the advantages of breath and muscle may be with the younger one. On this account an old artist with one blind eye may see more than a young one with two bright optics. All the seeing of the years is in what remains of the eye.

It also shows in reputation and the possession of property —not only in the getting of them, but (what is really much more difficult) the keeping of them. Many a bright young genius has found to his sorrow that early success was no use to him. He did not know how to keep it and to build on it. He had not acquired that almost automatic system of checks and balances, not so much in the mind as in the whole machinery of habit, which alone could protect what he had from circumstance and from others' grasping hands.

Wise youth knows how young it is, in terms of civilized attainment, and does not pretend to be older.

When you stop being a child in the household, you begin to be a child in the world. Leaving school, with the fine flush of something achieved and finished, you find yourself in college, cowering under a sense of awkwardness. Finally you leave college, feeling very glorious again, but in possession still of an allowance from home. And suddenly you are dumped out into the world. Your allowance stops. You must earn your living, and, to your amazement, it is a very small living. It matters to no one that you were captain of the football team. All you are now is the latest under-dog in the office.

One might as well get used to the fact that every

graduation in life is a new and difficult commencement; that hard on every painfully achieved maturity comes a new childhood. This is the penalty of really growing up. If you don't grow this way, you don't grow at all, and grasping at the privileges and protections and immunities of some earlier stage of life, you end by finding the walls of its limitations closing tighter and tighter around you, slowly squeezing you to death, like some old instrument of torture.

This is the hardest lesson of youth.

Modesty, says tradition, is the proper adornment of youth. It is both becoming and useful. It is a mask behind which you can observe and think and bide your time. It disarms the beholder, and prevents him from strangling in the bud what may be your very real cleverness and superiority. "Assume a virtue if you have it not." If this great stir and push of life in you, this activity of the eighteen-year-old brain of the very "superior adult", won't let you feel really dumb and incapable in a world still thirteen years old, at least put on modesty as a kind of social grooming. Shave off your sprouting ideas as you would your whiskers; lay on modesty as you lay on the blooming cheeks of childhood when you dab on the rouge.

But if you are as intelligent as you look, if you are really a young grown-up person, instead of a senile child, you will *feel* modest—deeply and truthfully. Out of the secure and simple world of childhood you have stepped into a very large and confusing scene. You must be a moron not to see that it is large and confusing, not to be so absorbed in all that you have not yet mastered that you can't be very proud of what you have. Often, to be sure, an air of cock-sureness is just the mask behind which youth hides this very sense of ignorance. But it isn't necessary to hide it. The more frankly you admit it, the sooner it will disappear. The more gracefully, disarmingly you don't know, the more ready somebody will be to teach you. The more you hesitate to do things, the more others will encourage you to try.

You may not always be able to respect older people for what they are, but you can always respect them for what they represent. Once when Napoleon was escorting a lady of high degree through a palace, an old man carrying a heavy burden was going up the corridor. The lady, not noticing him, started to sweep through the door, but Napoleon drew her aside, so that the old man could pass first. "Madam," he said, "respect the burden." All these older people—your father and your mother, your employer, all the dumb and the dowdy people doing the work of the world everywhere—are carrying a burden you have yet to assume. They are carrying it for you. The needs of you and your generation have been heavy on their shoulders for years. Father may be stingy with the car, but if the car is damaged, or if you do some damage with it, he and not you will pay. Respect the burden. Your employer may be unreasonable. You may think that if he let you do as you think best, it would be better even for him, but, frankly, that is none of your business. He takes the responsibility for what is done, and if it is wrong, he pays. Respect his burden.

Be quick to think, but slow to act; hold your tongue and mind your manners; and keep your hands off what does not belong to you. And try to see on the shoulders of every person older than yourself that burden which, however invisible, is surely there. Give them right of way not for what they are, but for what they carry. Only thus can you square your shoulders and stiffen your own backbone, to carry happily and lightly the burden which time will surely lay on you.

This desire to imitate the authority of older people, and put on the appearance of knowledge, competence, achievement is, however, a very laudable impulse very childishly carried out. You act that way because you really wish to be grown up and take a grown-up place in the world; but instead of buckling down and doing a little of the heavy work necessary to get and hold such a place, you just try to put on the outside appearance of it. This kind of play-

acting is by no means confined to youth. It is often done by the younger executives in business offices, and the less able older ones. A pomposity of efficiency curses business; a pomposity of knowledge curses the academic profession; a pomposity of goodness curses the Church. Everywhere there are the pretenders who swell up and put on a large outside to hide a shrinking and uncertain soul. They are people who remain in the state you are likely to be in in your late teens and early twenties—when you try to act in an old way because you feel young.

Authority consists not only in knowledge and responsibility, which are intangible attributes, but in one very tangible one: the possession of property. Most of the authority exercised by one set of persons over another set is exercised because the first set has or controls the means by which the other set lives. The real basis for the authority of your father as compared with yourself is the money and property which he has and you have not. He pays his way in life. He probably pays not only his own way, but other people's way, including yours.

The only way in which young people can properly grow into that power and authority whose appearance they assume so easily is to settle right down to growing as fast as they can in knowledge, social and moral responsibility, and economic independence. During the few years you may remain in your father's house, you can make a beginning of this by seeing that you are actually paying your way. Every child after sixteen should be worth his board and room to his family. He or she should do so much for the family, be so generally useful about the place in any capacity —as social secretary, upper maid, filing clerk, chauffeur, gardener, repair man—that it would be worth while to the family to give some other person the same board and room just to get the same amount of service. Of course if you are being maintained away from home at school you cannot offer an equivalent of the money spent on you. But you can at least take a responsible attitude to it. You can work so hard at what you are learning as to make it

worth while to educate you. You can have a responsible attitude to the people with whom you live—your teachers, your school, your dormitory. And you can make up to the people at home for what you can't do for them, by a few little attentions. As for economic independence, the whole purpose of your effort and education after sixteen ought to be to achieve this as rapidly and completely as possible. Advanced education is justified only as an investment which offers large dividends of earnings and social usefulness in the future, and if you take it from your parents or from society, you ought to take it with the serious determination to make it thoroughly worth while. Only thus can you maintain the attitude of the grown-up men and women you are fast becoming instead of the child who just takes.

Very few stable, well-brought-up children in homes that are neither very rich nor very poor need this exhortation. Most of them look to the future with earnest eyes. What they lack is rather manners and discipline than good intentions. One of the way of getting around this is to make your lack of manners an excuse for a little extra discipline. Every time you find yourself tempted to put on those easy airs of knowledge, to contradict your elders, use family property without asking, feel abused if you are curtailed in running the car, or inconvenience the household with your own pursuits, punish yourself by picking out some hard, tiresome thing that you really ought to be doing for the family, and buckle right down to it. A little willingness to polish the car now and then might counterbalance a slight tendency to act as if you owned it. Daughter could compensate for spreading herself all over the living-room —for having her popular song hits littering the piano, and her friends' cigarette ash all over the rug—by keeping the room in order at other times without being told.

CHAPTER V

Youth in Its Dotage

CONCEIT, cock-sureness, initiative in taking and trying are in general the faults of superior youth. In so far as they imitate old age, they usually imitate a competent and successful old age. But there is another kind of old man which less natively energetic youngsters often imitate. He is the torpid and discouraged old man, rigid in his opinions, conventional in his manners, afraid of anything new or strange. His life has settled into a little, well-worn groove of physical ease. His comfort is his whisky and soda; his stimulus his cigar; his excitement his next meal.

This old fellow has in the past received a certain tolerance. Younger and freer people have been sorry for him. He seems to have so little left in life. Let him enjoy that little as best he can.

But young people who graduate from childhood straight into this senility are not merely pitiful: they are tragic. Yet all around us there are these young. They have fresh and new young bodies, but already decrepitude is upon them. They cannot walk anywhere; they can only go in cars. They cannot breathe comfortably the pure air of heaven; they must comfort their failing lungs with continual cigarette smoke. A pretty girl is not enough excitement at a dance; they must sit lazily at the table in the cocktail lounge and drink alcohol instead. All the romance, the adventure of their youth comes to them dimly through a haze.

These young people are more obvious among the well-to-do because wealth lets them be that way. Poor people are more likely to be forced into hustling. But unfortunately they exercise a charm over the imaginations of less favoured youth who are evading life also and longing for the opportunity to be just as conspicuously dead in just such a gilded coffin. Every town can show a few workmen

or small business men who once were rather good-looking and socially superior youths, nattily dressed, aspiring to some of the appearance and manners of "society". They may have "run with" a "social set", making themselves agreeable by smartness in the current dissipations and really doing a little work in the way of studying dress and manners and speech. But they built nothing solid under it, and all they got from their fine friends were some expensive tastes. Now each year they grow shabbier and duller and more discouraged, and, if drink has the hold on them it often gets, they are fast lapsing into "tramps".

Older people without much social experience often think that the worst thing about these idle, butterfly crowds is the boy-and-girl relationships. They suspect very wild "goings on". Usually there is nothing of the sort. There is a good deal of aimless petting; some vague posturing and showing off and displaying a "line"; and even perhaps some futile, tasteless experiments in intimacy. But most of them are dead from the neck down, and the smoking and drinking serve only as evasions of the really difficult business of making an impression on the opposite sex, and the call on the vitality of any real personal relationship, however immoral. Boys and girls who have neither the courage of their impulses nor the instinctive control which such courage brings, drink together by way of getting into a mutual fog where nothing much matters anyway. Girls rouge and dress and hold out little lures, but they dodge at the last minute and flee.

The danger of such premature senility in the later teens is very great, and ought to be carefully prepared for. The energy of youth is matched by a tremendous inertia. The new physical forces put great strains on the organism, and a great deal of energy is absorbed in the new adjustments, and the necessary control of new impulses which cannot be completely realized yet. Something in this very sap of life that runs so strong and lusty seems to pull one back into a kind of vegetable inertia. One does not always want to be up and doing. It is so very lovely at that age just to

lie, and sit, and to *be*. The demands of life are so enormous as to be discouraging. The contrast between what one wants, what one sees grown-up people in possession of, and what one can actually do and get by one's own efforts, is appalling.

Then, too, there is the glamour of just being with the young of one's own kind—a contentment in running with the herd, wordless, wayward. The charm of both nicotine and alcohol at this age is that they dull the insistent counter-urge, to go on, to be up and doing. They make one forget that life is real, life is earnest, and let one sink back into the dreamy enjoyment of this spring fever of one's April years. Hence arises, too, that fearfulness of anything new or unconventional. That unwillingness to do what isn't done, that ever-narrowing choice of what one likes and will do, which imitates the rigidity and conventionality of age, has a certain reason in youth, in the fear of those new forces which are driving one out, to struggle and get hurt, to strive and to fail, to take one's bumps and go on. But life can't end thus in the teens. Spring fever is something to throw off and work out of promptly, for summer comes apace, and there is all the ploughing and seeding to be done. You might as well work out of it promptly, for wind and rain will surely drive you out, or beat down your youth to an early grave. Some day, when the work is all done and the harvest all gathered in, this dreamy enjoyment of just being will come back to you, and then you may have it. It will be a true old age, mild, sweet, and quietly gorgeous—the St. Martin's summer of your year.

Recognizing inertia as the besetting sin of the teen ages, schools and colleges try to keep young people continually programmed. When a mother complained to a school principal about the constant after-school engagements, and the week-end plays and games, the principal answered: "But we are responsible not only for their education, but for their leisure. We intend to keep them busy. It keeps them out of mischief." Lately a harassed and tired generation of middle-aged folk have been raising a protest against

this physical and social busyness. There has been a call for more leisure—genuine leisure, unprogrammed, not purposeful and constructive. We have been told that in all our doing we have forgotten the original basic definition of the word *live*—which is *to be.*

There is a good deal of reason in this. It is the presage of a riper, simpler, more gracious social order into which it is to be hoped this present generation may graduate in its middle and later years. Far from being idle the better type of student is often too busy. He belongs to too many clubs; he is prominent in too many activities; he rushes around wildly, with his time divided into split seconds, and even the fractions of the hours clanging in his ears in the form of warning bells. Some of the most thoroughly idle and good-for-nothing members of social sets are young people from public schools who are entirely adequate to the demands of the school. They don't get into serious mischief. They may even shine in a few activities. But outside of school they slump into what Gelett Burgess calls "the ice-cream pose". They are tired. They want to get out of and keep out of everything and anything if they can. Forced to meet social obligations, they put on an amiable but dead front, and go through them as negatively as possible. Any stirrings of conscience they may have they keep well doped in cigarette smoke and drink and something to eat. When the school or the job stops pushing them, they have absolutely no power or impulse to push themselves. Many of them go into business in this spirit. They do well enough in the office, in certain social routines. Their wives, having entered upon domestic and social life and motherhood with the same background, go on in the same spirit. But they are dead at the heart.

You can't do much about the schedule, of course. But you may begin to build effective working and reasonable leisure and loafing inside it. And the starting-point may be your natural youthful inertia, which, uncontrolled, will land you straight on the junk pile, but which, cultivated

and properly provided for, may give you a far more mellow and peaceable life than your harried elders know, and possibly even greater achievement than theirs, too. The hours when you just float amiably about like a midge in the sunlight, when you sit and talk and perhaps smoke and time flows over you, when in crowds you barge up the street and back down the street—these are not a dead loss by any means, and you would be foolish to give them up entirely. Some of the most interesting and effective people in the world retain through life a capacity for this kind of aimless, gregarious loafing. They are the delight of metropolitan cafés. They are the heroes and heroines of the smarter social circles. Far from looking senile, they never grow old, and age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety in their ways of doing nothing. Some of them live on in history by reason not of their work but of their idle hours. Doctor Samuel Johnson was such a person. The less he was doing, the more he accomplished. Walt Whitman was another.

You may look like a young good-for-nothing, but you may be one of these loafers of genius. So, just in case, you might as well see that you are not cheated of your birthright of idleness by just getting busy and doing a little work to earn it. Keep some time for your favourite pursuit of doing nothing in every day's schedule—an hour after school hanging around with the fellows even in places where your elders may think you might as well not be, "gassing" after dinner at college in some other fellow's room. I don't even say go out into the woods and fields and loaf wholesomely, though that is a good idea, too. But check up the time you actually spend on this, limit it to a reasonable portion of the day, and then earn it, in five-minute units, by saving all the little pieces of time you waste in other hours, and don't even know you are wasting, but think you are being dreadfully hurried.

The true waste of time is not honest loafing. It is dragging along on the job. Unfortunately this is encouraged in school. The schools substitute a sense of work for

actual accomplishment. If they can get you to sigh and groan over your lessons, and sit up at night, and look earnest, they think they are making you work. Actually the time allowed for studying at school is about three times as much as you can take for that amount of intellectual work in any real profession. You will find that out quickly enough. The first thing a good job will do to you will be to speed you up enormously, and instead of being tired in consequence, you will feel easy and refreshed. This freshman English composition of three hand-written pages looks to you like an enormous job, and your instructor has obligingly allowed you two hours for it. But there are cub reporters not a day older than you on newspapers who are expected to cover that amount of paper in half an hour before going to press, and do it in grammatical and even snappy English. If they don't they are sacked. The college girl sits in the library taking notes. She thinks she is very busy, and feels rushed and overworked. But the frivolous-looking little stenographer listening in on a two-hour business conference is taking notes twice as fast, and she won't have time to remember that she is rushed, because before night she must have it all neatly typed in a manuscript as large as your "term paper".

This spread between what schools think is work and what business knows is work is enormous, and many a bright young person successfully out of college finds to his sorrow that he never learned anything about really getting things done. The dawdling goes right back to headquarters in the graduate schools and the personal operations of the professors. The amount of research actually covered in the average Ph.D. dissertation is just about what is necessary for a piece of first-class reporting in a full-sized fact article for such a magazine as *The Saturday Evening Post.* But the Ph.D. takes positive pride in dragging through his work for years.

Another way to get time to waste is to learn to be ahead of time in all major operations. Allen was a smart young man in college, with very rapid comprehension and a

wonderful verbal memory. The result was that he could apparently sleep through a professor's lecture, and know what the old man was saying. He could read through a few pages once, and know what was in them. His memory was further sharpened by the fact that he was hopelessly careless. If he took notes in class he lost them, and so he compromised by just listening and remembering instead. The consequence was that Allen was thought to be brilliant. He breezed around the college being smart and popular, and then performed amazing last-minute marathons in the way of reading a term's lesson in an hour, and turning up with a percentage of ninety-five on the same in his examination. Allen, however, was far from wasting his time. He salted away the most enormous amount of miscellaneous observation, and actually he did a great deal of reading. Propping his feet above his head and just soaking up any handy piece of print was about the only thing that was not too strenuous for His Royal Laziness.

Allen left college, and went into the advertising business, which suited his combination of talents admirably. He got jobs easily, because he was obviously clever, and his technique of getting through college had given him both social aplomb and that wide and miscellaneous contact with the materials of existence and the people who use them which he needed in his business. But he lost his jobs with equal facility. He just couldn't play with the executives and the clients the way he used to play with his professors. Finally he began to get jobs less easily, and in the depression he woke up to find that he couldn't get one at all.

Allen was still convinced that he was bright. He even thought there were merits in his system of life. He thought his habit of floating around and being generally idle gave him many advantages over industrious persons who just stuck to their business. It provided him with a great many facts and observations that never entered the range of vision of the virtuously busy. But still dull and busy persons had got ahead of him. And here he was, facing middle age a failure.

So Allen reviewed his technique of doing nothing and he made just one change in it. By systematically putting off things all his life to the last minute, he had acquired great concentration and speed in getting them done when he finally got at them. He did not always succeed in getting done, and it was these failures that were now against him. But he had learned how much time jobs needn't take. So he decided that instead of working like fury at the last minute, he would pitch right in and work on anything with the same speed and time-saving directness at the beginning. He learned to fool himself. The other day he told me gravely that a certain job just had to be finished by September 1. He said it was due then. I have since found that it was due on November 1. He gave himself a margin of two months, and by a little harmless lying forced himself right up to this deadline. He said he intended to go right on wasting his time. He didn't think life was all work anyway. He believed in leisure and living for living's sake, but he would waste his time *after*, and not before, a given amount of necessary work was done.

The effect on Allen's career has been miraculous. After some very hard months, he got a new chance in a very small job, and he has shot up, with improving business conditions, like a rocket. He still maintains an air of infinite leisure. He is still all over the place, chatting with anybody, reading idly with his feet above his head. But his output of work appears to be enormous. Every thing is done up ahead of time. Any fact he ought to know today he learned yesterday. He always has the conference report right there in his desk, and talked to the executive he was going to see the day after to-morrow last week instead. This makes a tremendous impression in his business. Personally, it relieves his mind, and makes him feel really easy instead of just acting so. And it has another effect. He was always right about the advantages his rather miscellaneous use of large areas of time gave him. He did have a great deal of unorganized observation, a good many social and personal resources. Now that he has learned to

work forward instead of backward, to do the rushing first, and then loaf, all his various kinds of idleness seem to fall in line and begin to serve his purposes. A pattern of thinking and working runs through the very hours he formerly wasted. He does not seem to spend them very differently. But they now have quite different results.

If you want a programme for doing nothing, like a genuine youth, and not like an old man, I suggest you begin by keeping a record for a week of every waking hour of every day, divided into ten-minute periods. Fill in just what you do with each ten minutes, and then look it over. A mere glance at it will probably shock you. When you recover from the shock, take all the time you have credited to work, and see if you can't get as much work as that done in just half the time; and take all the hours you have credited to loafing, and see if you can't get as much loafing done in half the time, too! And what to do with your remaining hours? I wrote a book once called *The Arts of Leisure.* It began with *The Noble Art of Loafing* and ended with *The Supreme Art of Living.* To that for further information you are referred.

CHAPTER VI

Advice to the Lovelorn

In Vienna and other centres of psycho-analysis, children have been helped over the various obstacles to growing up by the Child Guidance Clinics, established by the great psychologist, Doctor Adler. In his list of the various symptoms of psychological "backwardness", as he calls it, for the direction of parents and teachers, Doctor Adler lists after the teen ages three signs of un-grown-upness—addiction to alcohol, addiction to nicotine, and a failure to achieve adequate "hetero-sexuality"—that is, a normal interest in the other sex and progress in social relations with that sex.

LIBRARY.

Drinking, smoking, and sex used to be loosely classed together, and youth solemnly and indiscriminately warned against all three. The tendency of the warning was to substitute, if possible, a kind of social homosexuality, to herd girls together for safe keeping, and boys together, and not to worry much about the emotional effects of segregation provided that the appearance of rectitude could be maintained.

With our better understanding of personality, and some great changes in our social resources, we have had to modify the older attitudes. Many intelligent modern parents, remembering their own youth, think that it is best to vaccinate the young members of the family against the false and silly appeals of drink, by letting them sip the various vintages upon social occasions when alcohol is served to their elders. They are taught that this is only for very special occasions; that no one within the social pale ever shows the least sign of inebriation or runs the danger of it; and that people who do are psychopathic cases, and should be sent to hospital, because only people who have something seriously wrong with their emotional life can be persuaded to care for drink. To this is added by precept and the example of elders the teaching that the person who is going to drive the car must not take one sip. You may know you are sober, but your car won't.

Smoking has often been classed with drink as one of twin evils to be avoided by the young: but it is actually in a very different category. No genuine social or moral harm can be laid to tobacco. Physically the effects are somewhat deleterious to many people. On the score of taste smoking is often found objectionable. But smoking in its present form—cigarette-smoking by young men and women together—is not, like drinking, an anachronism. It fills a real social need. Probably it does not fill it very well, and perhaps social invention will improve on it; but it belongs to the present, and the great increase in it, and its undoubted social charm and satisfaction, are the result of present social attitudes.

In general, all one can do is to apply to smoking the discipline the younger generation is so successfully and with such determination applying to food. One of the most objectionable elements in old-fashioned propaganda against both alcohol and cigarettes is that it assumed helplessness of will against them. But this is just not true. Keeping cigarettes in bounds seems comparatively simple to many smokers. The real problem is cake or sweets.

And love.

Eileen said to me, apropos of a discussion she had just had with one of her girl friends about their love affairs: "Marian says that what we think is love can't be love. It must be what grown-up people call puppy love. She says the real thing, when it comes, will be different. The way I felt about Larry [at the end of her fourteenth year] must be real. Only it doesn't last. Something happens and it's all off, and you don't know why. It's just the same as grown-up love, only we don't know how to make it last. That's the trouble with us," she repeated wistfully, "We don't know enough."

Bob, her brother, consulted on this grave subject, said with an air of manly resignation: "It's not whether it is real or not. Larry liked her, but he dropped it because he had sense enough to see it was no use. You go a certain way, and you see how it might be, and it's wonderful, and then you wake up to facts. You can't get married; you haven't much money and can't even take her anywhere and do anything together except just obvious social things; and she's nice and you don't want either of you to get into trouble, and spoil her reputation. You are just stuck and she is stuck any way you look at it. So the best thing is to turn your mind away and start over again with another girl."

Lots of lovely girls are "dropped" thus by the more manly boys. They weep their pretty eyes out, and wonder what is the matter, and read all the advertisements about personal daintiness, and the magazine articles on charm, and all the while the main thing that is wrong is youth!

Nothing makes more misery in school love-affairs than a premature possessiveness, especially among the girls. Esther, aged sixteen, has been weeping on her friends' shoulders for three days, and writing out her woes in long letters to her absent friends, and what is the trouble? Bill, who has been "going with her steady" for three weeks, spending all his allowance on pictures for her and squiring her to the games and school dances, has this week taken Helen to the cinema twice running, and hasn't said one word to her yet about her going with him to the riding meet. Her heart is broken, and she sees the end of love and life in sight. A divorce could not be more tragic. Bob, on whose shoulder she also weeps out her woes, is chivalrously disturbed, and undertakes to talk to Bill, who happens to be his best friend; but after a long talk, Bob is soberly non-committal. After all, he says, Bill has to go to college for four years, and he is going away to their summer home in a month and won't see either Esther or Helen again. It is true. He did take Esther in his arms and kiss her and say he loved her. That is why he has "dropped her". He was a fool, and is not going to run any risks like that again.

This situation is hard on the young girls. Nice girls are fatally monogamous. In their eyes the first love-affair is the last, and the first kiss the seal of wedlock till death do us part. This is their inheritance from an age which, alas! has departed. Life is forcing women out of these sweet little biddy patterns. It seems cruel, and a desecration of something virginal and precious, but Esther will just have to pick up the broken pieces of her heart and patch them together as best she can, and look around for someone else to take her to the riding meet, and the next time a boy kisses her and leaves her, she will have to think not that he is a beast and that all men are faithless, and all the other facts of life her maiden aunt taught her, but simply that he does have to go to college, and that there is a great deal for both him and her to do before they can set up a nest together. And meanwhile she may as well be a sensible

girl and realize that being loved and left is considerably better at her age than not being loved at all!

It is hard for you not to be so elderly in your love affairs as your parents, but equally hard for many of them not to be so young as you. For many people who married with a too single sense of exclusiveness and mutual possessiveness wake up in middle age to the consciousness of all that they have missed. They pity themselves for giving up all youthful "fun" for home and family. They begin to go about and flirt, and even to exchange partners with others of like curiosity. The psychologists, with their genius for making horrible words, call this "varietism". It is just a belated attack of being not quite twenty. You had better get it out of your system now, when it is most fun and least disastrous. You will then feel much better about monogamy later.

Varietism comes natural to boys; indeed it is probably natural to most men of any age. But it is very hard for women. That is the trouble with being a woman in the modern age. You just have to learn to be a little less "good" than your Aunt Mamie thinks you ought to be, and a great deal more clever. A possessive woman is a relic of the social and economic dark ages. And a possessive young girl ought to be shut up in a show-case.

The elementary technique for young women, from fourteen on, is never to believe that he loves you. Let him say it by all means. It improves his vocabulary and mellows his soul. Get it out of him if you can. He has to learn on somebody, and he might as well learn on you. But don't believe it. Make him prove it. Make him slay the dragon and jump through hoops, and stop all his bad habits, and mend his manners, and then don't believe him either. Make him prove it by any means except spending money on you. Women even at your tender age should not be economic parasites. The best way to make him prove it is to make him put himself out in being a little more of the kind of person you like. This, by the way, is one of the best ways to keep him. If he thinks you don't

believe him he will, with masculine obstinacy, stick around just to make you eat your words, and then you will have someone to go to the dance with after all.

And meanwhile, lovely miss, since he can't love you anyway, whatever his lying tongue says to the contrary, you might as well get your mind off bridal veils and white satin, and waiting for ever for your man, and loving till death do us part, and take an interest in the very things that are keeping him from you. Be interested in his college career, and how he is going to make a living, and what he wants to do with himself. And match every interest he has with one of your own. Very young men are such egoists that they never want or expect a woman to have any interest in life outside of themselves, and many women think that, to be charming, they have to build up this egotism, and just look pretty and listen and smile and flatter a man. This is the way to be momentarily charming but not permanently interesting. It takes tact and graciousness to get a man's mind off his own affairs, without concentrating it exclusively on your person, but it can be done. It is very enlarging to a man's mind to be led in the presence of a woman to think of something she has been interested in without thinking too much about her. Only one should not thereby become an egoist one's self—or one will not see the gentleman for dust. What you need is a reasonable give and take—a give, say, of three-fourths of your attention to his affairs—and a take, say, of one-fourth of his attention to yours.

After enquiring, and studying questionnaires and letters from young people to advisers in social and personal matters in the newspapers, I think it obvious that young men dodge or flee or leave the following girls: girls who chase after them too obviously in public; girls who let men's seeking for a few intimate favours or returns of affection come to a too easy climax; girls who, on the strength either of attention or some love-making, are too possessive; girls who don't play fair—who "stand them up", or keep them waiting, or snub them unkindly, or get

scared about a little silliness last night, and want to talk it over and reprove them next day; girls who invite approaches and then get terribly maidenly; untidy girls; selfish girls; girls who talk too much or don't talk enough. They like pretty girls, neat girls, girls who look well and make you feel proud of them when you take them out; they like girls who are genuinely friendly and sweet-tempered but not softy—rather spicy and sharp, even, but not unfair and unkind; they like girls who flatter indirectly but don't lay it on with a trowel; if they are intelligent, they like girls who can talk about something without being highbrow, and listen to you without being bored; they like, though they don't know how to define it, girls who keep a kind of atmosphere about themselves, who seem to have something interesting going on around them—a pleasant and sociable home, nice friends, parties, games, fun; they like girls who keep them up to a standard without being stiff about it, and who don't appear to favour intimate attentions from inferior fellows. They like girls to be superior to them in some things—in knowledge of dance tunes and new dance steps, the best motion pictures, niceties of manners, social games, even, within very moderate limits, in knowledge of literature or music or art. They won't take much superiority, but just a little gives them a feeling of being in contact with a prize, and produces a stimulated, interested, excited feeling about life in general. But they like to be superior, too. They like to be able to drive a car a little better, and to know more about some range of interests they have made quite their own and to talk about it freely.

And what do the girls like? And, above all, what don't they like? Girls' objections to men are very simple. They haven't changed much since we used to hash over the faults of our friends in the days before the war. They remain the average objections of average women to average men throughout life. Girls dislike bad manners, stupid untidiness, and a disposition to "paw" them. Untrained, the average boy of sixteen in a village is as really good-

hearted as the girls, but awkward about the social niceties which they seem to lap up. He is as clean as they, but just not fussy enough about his complexion, his fingernails, and the set of his clothes. He is always trying to touch a girl, but he does it clumsily, in season and out. He wants to break every occasion down into a "petting" party, and despises her if she lets him; and he has no arts of wooing and no conversational "line".

The difficulty about manners is universal and chronic below a very polished level of society where boys are taught the social amenities early and take them as a matter of course. The trouble even very nice men outside of polished circles have in taking off their hats readily and courteously, rising for a woman, opening the door and letting her go first, saying "Good night—I have had a delightful time" to the hostess, and so on is amazing. Many men who ought to know better put on a few manners during courtship, wear them as uneasily as if they were tight collars, and drop them off once they have their girl safely nailed and set up as mistress of their kitchens. Most young girls take to etiquette like ducks to water. In small towns, the ladies of the women's clubs are a whole social level above their husbands in the Lions' Club.

Conventional manners are such an asset to men in business that, when they get out into the larger cities, they usually begin to learn a few. But they would add a great deal of grace to their salad days if they would only learn them earlier, and not make such a tremendous fuss and difficulty about the obvious little details of behaving. The unreasonable preference of girls for manners ought to be an education to boys. Many boys complain that they hate to take girls to pictures and have them sit goggle-eyed in admiration of Robert Montgomery or Robert Taylor or Nelson Eddy. They don't see why girls fall for such saps. Why don't our young heroes take a leaf out of the notebooks of these film personages, and learn a little social prettiness and style themselves? And while we are on the subject of manners, let me say that I never saw a girl who

was not pleased and touched by courtesy to her parents on the part of a young man caller. It greatly eases off the analysis of his eyes, nose, and inches she will have to stand next day at breakfast table. It cuts in half all difficulties about permission to go to the pictures or to the dance. A very fine young man of good family, and the kindest, nicest personal instincts, was calling on a girl in whom he was genuinely interested. Father knew his family and had heard very pleasant things about this youth, and was prepared to be very complaisant. But when Father walked into the room, the young hero was sprawling on the couch with his hat on, and he neither rose nor removed his hat. The girl, embarrassed, came mischievously up behind him, and tipped his hat off his head. Then belatedly, and very awkwardly, he got to his feet. It took him a long time to live that down.

The question of personal grooming is also a serious one. I remember a women's club conference which lasted all the afternoon on the question which of two young men Betty should marry. One of them never cleaned his finger-nails, and the other made slips of grammar in speaking. Yet these young men were both college boys, and had been exposed all their lives to decent behaviour. In general the sentiment of the girls was all in favour of the young man with seemly finger-nails. Many young men forget that when they ask a young woman to permit them to put their arms around her, they are inviting intimate contact with the masculine person. Her person has been set forth alluringly in perfumes and in silks and laces for their benefit, but really what have they to offer in comparison? Fortunately the advertisements which used to concentrate exclusively on feminine charm are now giving a few hints to the other half of humanity, and it is high time.

As for the question of "petting" and too insistent and completely artless and unprepared-for intimate advances, this is the real battle-ground of the young of the sexes. Undoubtedly girls invite it, and they would feel injured if they were not offered a certain amount of it, because

they would feel that they quite lacked "appeal". But in the forms in which it is generally offered, I think most of them are not pretending when they confess that they detest it. One older girl bitterly reports that men only want one thing of a woman and they want that for nothing. Girls foolishly put up with a certain amount of "petting" which they do not desire because they think they will be unpopular if they completely refuse it. Physical greediness, without social preparation, with no preliminaries of tenderness, no creating of personal sympathy, no adequate expression of admiration in words or manners, is the bane of women of all ages, in marriage and out of it. If you want a girl really to like you and respond to you, you have to put yourself out to please, and do it over a considerable period. You must notice what she likes and not what you like. Girls and women like words. They like to be told a few hundred times that they are beautiful, adorable, and in fact colossal. Men think words a waste of time. But a woman's appetite for the same old story never wanes. Girls like little gifts, and indirect flattery, and conventional attentions. Women like them till they are great-grandmothers. Men ought to begin to learn these simple facts about the sex at sixteen, and practise them till they are ninety-six.

Still the degree and amount of "petting" remains a serious problem with the younger generation. A magazine conducted an elaborate investigation into the technique and extent of osculation as practised by the young on their "dates". The results are a revelation to elders and a reassurance to the younger generation, making them feel that if this is how it is, fifty million adolescents can't be wrong! Eileen tells me sadly that she and Marian both wanted to reach sixteen in a state of complete erotic isolation. "We both hoped to be 'sixteen and never been kissed'," she said. "All girls have that idea of themselves, I guess. But Marian and I were talking it over—we neither of us succeeded!"

I am far from recommending any serious diminution in this experiment. You all have quite a lot to learn about

the personal relationship, and you might as well learn a few of the externals early under conditions where no harm is done. But no one needs to tell you that you are playing with fire. You know that yourselves. Therefore you should keep every social precaution against fire right at hand. To do this in an unchaperoned age rolling rapidly around in cars is by no means easy. Not that chaperones are to be recommended. I was brought up in an age when there were still a few chaperones extant, and a more useless set of human beings could not be imagined. They were blind to every real signal of distress, and completely dumb in an emergency. They wasted their time completely misinterpreting matters of no consequence, and blowing up social dust-storms that hid all real dangers. They pulled you angrily out of the arms of an adoring love-sick boy to whom you were a goddess, and threw you square into those of sophisticated older men who really were something to cope with—on the theory that a man who was a "gentleman" and had money and prestige was necessarily a suitable companion for an immature young woman. The amount of breath they wasted barking up the wrong tree would sail a ship, and their blindness to genuine difficulty right under their noses, situations which in those days we did not talk about so easily as now, was simply tragic. No one so far outside the current erotic and social situations as the chaperone has to be, to be respectable, can be of much use. In the old days the really useful persons—the ones to flee to with your confidences and from whom to get quiet and efficient social help—were girls a few years older and the smarter young married women, often the kind that the chaperone could not really approve of.

However, except as a figure-head for dances, the chaperone has now disappeared. I mentioned her only as a backfire against elders who may try to tell you that in the old days things were better. But because the chaperone is in the discard we do not need to give up all social security for young people who need it more than ever, and for the most part really desire it. No girl is safe anywhere, what-

driven by a man who has had anything to drink. Stay out of it if you have to walk twenty miles and walk alone. Every girl should learn never to be *where the social situation does not protect her*. One of the places not to be is somewhere miles from home in a car with any man or boy alone. You need not be chaperoned, but when you go anywhere, go in crowds, and don't blandly get into a car with anyone and let yourself be driven off heaven knows where.

As for these little intimate personal attentions from boys, even those you are fond of or believe yourself in love with, never permit them except under circumstances where you can make a rapid exit or will be immediately interrupted by "the crowd". A stolen kiss on the moonlit terrace, at a dance, in the home of a friend, is one thing. A stolen kiss alone in a car a long way from home is quite another.

If your family is preoccupied or old-fashioned, and is shocked and scolds you if you so much as mention such a crime as kissing, but blandly lets you be all over the map, and never inquires whether you have means of telephoning or anyone to telephone to, just provide your own system of self-defence. Elect a confidante and guide if your family cannot serve. Don't try to solve all your social problems alone. Somewhere there is an experienced woman, not too old, not too forbidding, who has just been through it, who will listen and not be shocked, and who, above all, will be practical. Look around till you find her, and keep yourself safe under some such wing till you are eighteen or twenty, and as much longer as you need to.

For boys in our civilization the basic code of a gentleman is always to help the girl protect herself even against your own honourable intentions. If she is inexperienced, use a little forethought in providing the conditions which will keep you both from extremes you will regret. If you want a little response from a girl, play fair. Don't try to get it by persuading her to drink, or by getting sulky, or making her feel that she will not be popular if she does not "pet", or that everybody does it, and she is a prude. Win fairly by politeness and generosity and honest respect

for and concern for her as a charming and precious young person. To do this with a girl worth taking out will use up most of the minutes of any date, and so keep you both out of trouble. A manly boy put the whole question in a nutshell when he said: "There is all the difference in the world between ending a date with a kiss and beginning with one!"

The greater the social resources of any group of young people, the more truly interesting they learn to be to each other, the more they have in common in the way of sports and social entertainment and games and conversation, the less they are inclined to "pet" promiscuously. This idea that cuddling up to each other is the only drama of mutual discovery in love and sex, belongs to a low level.

As I said in another book, a man may have possessed dozens of women, and never know the heights and depths of experience in the mere glance of a girl who will not let him touch her. Girls know well enough that they usually lose the suitor the day they begin to yield him too much. It isn't fair, but so it is. Young men plague and even force a girl into doing what almost immediately destroys their interest. This does not refer to genuine friendship and affection which are cemented by caresses, but friendship and genuine affection follow a higher law which should involve mutual protection. It refers only to the rather casual contacts, the miscellaneous experiment which is probably necessary to your green days, if only to teach you what you should rapidly outgrow.

Physical maturity for sex is not social maturity for love, and this fact puts a considerable strain on the young of our civilization. Up to the time when you have finished your education and are economically and socially able to carry the burden of your own living and be responsible for all that is involved in an intimate personal relationship, you cannot have love. You can only play with it. Even what used to be called "going the limit", is a shabby little anticipation, generally disappointing. For the immature, the glory of love, the glamour, the dream, the

wonder are all well on this side of full physical realization. And if they go beyond this, they not only run into those immense social disasters whose danger quite properly haunts them, but they get comparatively little out of the adventure. There are exceptions, of course, but in general the natures most capable of love in any sense, physical or spiritual, are just to that extent instinctively guarded, and usually slow to mature. As Margaret Culkin Banning says, those of us who look around now on the women of our generation who have really triumphed in love and romance discover that very few of them were the girls whose arms were fingerprinted by every boy home from college.

Up to twenty it is usually possible only to play at love as the little girl plays with dolls in anticipation of her own babies. But this period of just playing, of following the dream and the glamour, now here, now there, of waiting expectantly for the wonder just around the corner, is so precious that many foolish people who did not make the most of it when they had it, spend their days trying to get back to it—dancing around from affair to affair, always open to flirtation, always hunting what they should have found long ago. The main thing is not to hurry it. Be content to be as young as you are. Take the years from fifteen to twenty just to learn the social lessons of love, to make yourself charming and interesting, to find out what it is all about, to educate each other, and even to linger a little on that long, long trail a-winding to the land of your dreams.

SOCIAL AGE TEST

EIGHTEEN TO TWENTY

Etiquette for Dates

FOR HIM

1. An evening alone with me is
 A social danger o

A dead loss 4
Not too painful 6
Worth dressing up for 8
Something she shouldn't miss 10
(Though you reckon yourself a dead loss, we will give you at least four, because after all you were something for her to go out with. As for the last item, don't be smart. Tell the truth)

2. I have a sense of honour
I never drink if I am to drive the car 4
I never take a girl where the situation does not protect her 3
I expect to give a girl a good time without being "paid" for it 3

3. When I take a girl out, I accept a responsibility
To see that she gets home safely and on time 2
That she steps into no car driven by a person who has been drinking 2
That she is not led into going somewhere or doing something that she didn't bargain for, and of which her proper guardians would disapprove 2
That she has at all moments a strictly sober escort 2
That she is involved in no public situation that is compromising to her dignity or reputation 2
(This applies to some after-the-football-game parties!)

4. I have as high a standard of personal grooming for myself as for her
I do not present myself for a date for swimming, tennis, or picnics unshaven or in too disreputable a sweater 2
I do not reek of old tobacco 2
I am not afraid of de-odorants 2
I remember that girls have an unreasonable prejudice in favour of nice clean hands with well-kept nails 2
I think a gentleman may still be known by his linen 2

5. I show proper courtesy to a girl's parents or guardians
 - I act as if I were only too happy to be introduced to them 3
 - I always take pains to greet them or to talk to them when I call 3
 - If I am entertained or am shown any special courtesy by a girl's mother or any older woman, who acts as her hostess or chaperone, I make some return of courtesy for it directly to the lady in question 4

6. I do not expect any girl to let me call night after night or hang around her home without doing anything in return, either by way of invitations to go out or gifts or services to the girl or her family 10

7. When I take a girl out
 - I do not spend the time telling her about some other girl 2
 - I try to take some interest in her affairs, not merely to find an interested listener to my own 2
 - I try to make the occasion a success independent of "petting" 2
 - I show her a little old-fashioned courtesy 2
 - I really put myself out to be an interesting and delightful person 2

8. I play the game fairly
 - I do not try to break down a girl's proper resistance by persuading her to drink 2
 - I do not sulk if she rebuffs me 2
 - I honour self-respect and reasonable dignity and reserve in girls, and I show it 3
 - I act as if I considered any small token of regard or affection as a great privilege and not as my right 3

9. I avoid the following girls:—
 - Girls who are cheap and easy 2
 - Girls who are gold-diggers 2

Cold little fish who deliberately work me up and give me nothing, not even honest friendship and liking 2
Girls who waste my money or my time 2
Sentimental, naïve, and clinging girls who take social attention too seriously 2
10. I expect to spend my youth trying to find and to deserve the loveliest girl in the world

FOR HER

1. An evening alone with me is
Demoralizing 0
A dead loss 4
As much as most men deserve 6
Good for his self-respect and manners 8
Romance and inspiration 10
2. I have a sense of honour
I do not accept dates with men I don't like just to have my way paid 4
I don't encourage men to make fools of themselves 2
I don't deliberately work up their hopes or desires and then leave them cold 2
I don't collect proposals as trophies 2
3. When I go out, I am responsible for myself
I know enough to get home safely and on time 2
I have means of paying my own way home if necessary 2
I will not enter a car driven by one who has been drinking, and discourage others from doing so 2
I will not remain with an ill-behaved, or unpleasantly conspicuous crowd 2
I don't drink
4. I have a high standard of personal grooming
I try always to do my man proud in my general appearance 2

Remembering the natural conservatism of man, I do not wear flashy, conspicuous, or unusual clothes, even if they are the latest style 2

I defer to his prejudices with regard to cigarettes 2

I try to seem fresh, dainty, and feminine, and never have crooked stocking seams or runs to disgrace him 2

I don't make him carry a load of junk in the shape of hand-bags, lipsticks, gloves and handkerchiefs 2

5. I require a proper courtesy to my parents or guardians

I always introduce my friends to them

I make occasions to include my friends in the general family or social circle 2

I train a man to be nice to my mother even if he doesn't know how 2

I cut off the visiting list boors, bores, and those who don't know when to go home

I don't let my friends act as if only they owned the living-room 2

6. For every dance, theatre or other amusement he pays for I make a fair return in hospitality in my own home or social circle 10

7. When I go out with a man

I do not spend the time telling him about another man 2

I take a genuine interest in his affairs, even when he tells me technical details of mechanics 2

I can make him feel that this is a very romantic occasion without "petting" 2

I can enjoy a man's company when he isn't making love to me 2

I endeavour to handle such trying moments as buying tickets, taking a seat in a restaurant, getting into a dickey seat, etc., deftly, gracefully, and with consideration for the natural awkwardness of young men 2

8.	I play the game fairly	
	I do not hold him accountable next morning for his foolishness of the night before	2
	I do not mistake compliments for proposals of marriage	2
	I do not regard casual beaux as my exclusive property	2
	I never repeat confidences made in moments of weakness	2
	I never boast of my conquests	2
9.	I avoid the following men	
	The careless and the boorish	2
	Those who misunderstand normal kindness, courtesy, or affection, and take a cheap advantage of it	2
	Those who cling to women's apron-strings	2
	Those who carelessly waste Dad's money, even if they spend it on me	2
	Those who get drunk	2
10.	I expect to spend my youth looking for and learning to deserve the life-long love of a real man	10

CHAPTER VII

Learning Years—Wandering Years

Lehr-jahre, Wander-jahre, the German poet called the years of youth, and so they ought to be. Education is by no means finished with graduation from college or school. Often purely formal study can be pursued with much greater efficiency later. But there is a kind of education that usually ceases, or is very greatly limited, when one at last takes root in a household, a community, and a job. It is the freedom to move about, to experiment, to find out a few things for yourself, and no serious harm done. This freedom is very precious. It ought to be used to the full.

Probably our whole system of education is too rooted and stodgy. The precious years of schooling are wasted in staying in one place. There are well-to-do boys who go to school, on to a university, and back into business and social life in a town. The only time they look out of England is on a brief summer vacation on the Continent. A good many of our hereditary financial and business leaders are brought up like that. The schools that bring them up are famous, and set the style in sports and haberdashery. They believe that they turn out educated men.

But a poor boy elbowing his way up, with a board-school education, a night-school, perhaps, a variety of jobs, moving about here and there, trying this, trying that, pushing on, learning a little from everybody, from the boss, from the girl he makes love to, from the public library, from the municipal exhibition, from this fellow and that fellow, may actually get more of an education. There is hardly anything a university offers in the way of teaching, or opportunity for study, which is not freely offered both in the big cities and through a combination of agencies in the country —such as the university extension courses, the various clubs and organizations and the wireless.

Those who do not go to college need not lack the essentials of college education. The ambitious young people of the mental age of sixteen or over who are trying to fit themselves for a good life are, between sixteen and twenty-five, usually in one of three places: they are at school, college or university or have just recently left one or other of these, and holding their first jobs; they are wage-earners in a city or industrial centre; or they are at home in the country, still on the family farm, or in villages working into father's business or that of someone they have known from childhood. Each of these situations is an opportunity for a genuine advanced education if it is rightly used. The university has social prestige, and some obvious advantages, but these are balanced by some disadvantages. The wage-earner in business or industry and the lad working at home in an agricultural community have some grave

disadvantages, but against the college youth these are compensated for by some very real advantages. The main thing is that the university student should not think of education as something being given him, nor the youth outside the university of education as something withheld from him. In either situation you get only the education you yourself go after.

The argument about the comparative merits of the college graduate and self-made man has gone on for decades, and never comes to any final conclusion. The fact is that there are two kinds of education. One you get inside college, and one you get outside. If you are at college or a university, you naturally miss something you learn outside in that period of time. If you are outside, you naturally miss something you might learn at college. The palm of success goes neither to the one half-educated person nor to the other, but to those enterprising persons at college who manage to pick up as much as possible of what may be learned outside; and to those enterprising youths outside college who manage to learn as much as possible of what may be learned inside.

Both methods of getting an education are entirely feasible. College is a little pleasanter and a little lazier. On the other hand, in the first years out of college, the boy or girl often has less leisure and less comfort than some of the more enterprising and gifted youths who have been going ahead in business or the arts while he was winning football honours and cutting classes.

Parents at a certain social and economic level give their children a university education just as they have a car, and a certain standard of household comfort and luxury, and buy and wear certain kinds of clothes. Ambitious persons who want to live on that pleasant level of life will usually try to get to college if they can. But those who miss it need by no means despair. All that college means can be got some other way. All you have to do is not to feel some vague indefinite sense of life-long loss and not being so good as the person with a degree; analyse just

what it is you have missed, and then go after it, detail by detail. Sometimes, if the university man does not similarly look at you, and analyse what you have and he has missed, the years will roll round and it will be you who will be sending your son to a university, and he who will not—because he won't have the money. Such has been our social history from the beginning.

The advantage of college or university is that it takes the young out of their homes and their social groups, and throws them into intimate, day-by-day living with a lot of young people from other homes and places, and under rather simple, wholesome, well-balanced, standard social conditions leaves them to work out a technique of life for their own generation. This mass weaning and standardizing is very wholesome. It rudely jostles the child out of infantile fixations, helps to break mother complexes, eases the throwing off of the worn and useless shells of former social existences, and gives the new generation courage, solidarity, and independence in going ahead. It forces every child up to a kind of mental and social maturity consistent with his chronological age.

The standardizing of the new generation by higher education is very wholesome in other ways. A social mode is developed which is adequate for civilized purposes, but is simple and inexpensive, and can be carried through life with dignity and self-respect. Though there may be a showy, wealthy crowd in a college or university, they never dominate the student life. The real leadership is in the hands of those who in some way meet the great average standard in the most acceptable or interesting forms. This is one of the most wholesome elements in university life. It is one of the hardest for people outside a university to emulate. Ambitious people wishing to make a social impression will over-spend, or try to do things in an elaborate or showy way, and be somehow shamed by the gang from college who fall back on their own plain college ways and social security and solidarity. So the college woman tramps into an outdoor luncheon or lawn-party in

the flat-heeled shoes she wore at college, and somehow makes every high-heeled dame and damsel feel all wrong. This standardizing of social life at a plain, useful, inexpensive, but interesting level makes university men and women in great demand in salesmanship and service jobs.

Another thing this form of education does is to create a well-balanced life—a combination of outdoor sports, study, pursuit of the arts of leisure, organized social life, etc. There may be in a college or university day a pleasant mixture of activities—study, lectures, music, chapel, working on a stage-set for a play, a game of tennis, some reading, a "date", a confidential midnight chat. Even those who studiously avoid activities, or sports, or dates, are forced by the general order of life to know that there are a great many interesting things to do in life besides what they happen to want to do.

A third advantage of a university life is that, free and uncensored, every kind of idea circulates, and nearly every kind of thing is read, including a great deal that elders think ought not to be to read. The graver members of faculties always worry about this, and hardly a year passes without some pious souls wishing that students could be saved from some kind of threatened perdition. But nothing effective is ever done about it, thank Heaven! One of the things this higher education is good for is to vaccinate you against isms. You get attacks of communism or atheism; you get it and get over it, and are thereby a better and more generally adjusted person. What would the world be to-day without the mild cases of socialism that practically all present leaders had in their college youth?

A large number of students feel—or their parents feel for them—that the university destroys their ideals or their religion or whatever they called the pattern of life they took with them. So it does, and a very wholesome destruction it is. A person who manages to carry through the university exactly the same religion and social notions he brought with him ought not to be given his degree.

These are the advantages. And what are the disadvantages? They are mainly intellectual. The one good place not to learn anything is the university. The very thing you are supposed to go there for—to have your mind trained—is the thing you don't get. If you are intelligent, you naturally train your own mind somewhat in such a rich environment under so many kinds of stimulus, but this you would do outside. Universities by their very nature—their isolated artificial life, their specially selected society consisting of numbers of young people of about the same age and often of the same sex—are doomed to mental make-believe. You generally aren't using your mind there, however hard you may study, for the simple reason that there is nothing real for you to use it on. The most industrious do a good deal of reading, especially among old books to which they might not be exposed otherwise, but they don't really get the point of what they read, because there is nothing around them to bring the point home. Certainly the professors don't usually bring the point home, because, by the very nature of their profession and their life, they too are isolated, and in a world as unreal as a stage-set in a theatre. The universities are quite aware of this, and are making desperate efforts to introduce into their training exactly what any boy or girl earning his own living outside already has. Students are farmed out in jobs for "practical" experience. All sorts of fake conditions of work and enterprise and responsibility are imported into the curriculum.

However hard teachers and students try, teaching must still fall short of any approximation to real teaching in real work. If a young writer is producing a simple column for an editor, the editor knows just what to teach him. The paper goes to such and such people. They want to hear about such and such things. They have such and such grade of intelligence and taste, and therefore must be addressed in such and such a way. All the young scribbler has to do then is to write his piece over a few dozen times till these particular people will read it and not write in

and protest to the owner or drop their subscriptions. There is a real reason for everything that is done, and a real penalty for failing. But in writing a freshman theme none of these conditions prevails. However the professor and student may make-believe, the incentives, rewards, and punishments of actual work do not exist.

In this respect the bright young person working in any job has an enormous advantage. He can start from almost anything he has to do, even piecework in a factory, or filing in an office, and if he really thinks about what is under his nose, he can broaden right out into reading and study of subjects the student only plays with. Many intelligent persons by reading and study have thus climbed right up in industry and business. These self-made persons almost always have really sharper and *truer* minds. Most collegiate lecturers asked to speak to reading and thinking groups of young working people will confess themselves both amazed and disconcerted by the wits they have to deal with. Of course they will also say that these young people read a good deal and have great masses of "undigested fact". I used to be impressed with this word *undigested;* I may have used it myself in my green academic days; but now I can't see what they mean by it. Probably they mean that the arrangement and deductions are not what they are used to, but this by no means signifies that they may not be just as good. There is something about the real shrewdness, the unexpected hitting of the nail on the head, in most self-made minds, trained by experience and self-directed study, which always impresses the more honest lecturers and makes their own thinking seem a little pale and stiff.

Another disadvantage of the university against intelligent study outside it is that the latter is much more self-directed. It follows a line of personal interest. It is interpreted by practical personal experience. It has real conviction behind it.

Here is a young wireless mechanic with much ambition and special aptitude for his work. He hated algebra when

he studied it in school at the age of fourteen, and learned very little of it. Now he is convinced that to advance in any field of mechanics he will have to know mathematics. So he has gone to a night-school to study algebra and geometry again. It no longer makes the slightest difference to him whether he likes mathematics or not. He intends to learn them.

Similarly there is a bright young stenographer working with a French steamship line. She says she never could learn languages. But now, seeing French people come and go, familiarizing herself in the material she types with places and circumstances in France, she has fastened her eye on the possibility of a trip to Paris in a job with this very company. So she is studying French at a language school—one of those schools where you can learn to speak more of a foreign language in three months than you learned in three years at a university!

Another point. It is impossible to be a good citizen, and to perform any kind of public work efficiently, unless one knows several different sections of the country.

The four years that are not spent at college or university you have for something else. The main thing is to use them. Every kind of wage-earning job may be an education. Everyone ought to know something about manual labour, if only so that he may later understand and sympathize with the fellow who has to do it. Whoever you are, you may in youth labour with shovel or pick-axe or dustpan without loss of personal standing, and be a lot wiser for it. To the boy or girl out of college, and to those who must earn their living instead of going there, one may say, take any job. Don't set any standards of pleasantness or desirability. Anything you can earn a humble living at is good to learn on. Trying a few different jobs and getting sacked is just a normal part of your social and economic education.

Regarding the wage-earning as a part of education, the student outside college should then try to build up as many of the advantages that college offers as possible. In

the towns the greatest difficulty with young wage-earners is that they keep on living with and partly supporting their families. This isolates them from their generation, ties them into special and sometimes feeble little old-fashioned patterns of living, or wastes and perverts their emotions in ineffectual family conflicts. This is a very hard situation to combat, but it must be combatted by every means, even by guile. From the age of eighteen on, there are certain attitudes which the self-supporting young person does not owe the family. One is strict obedience. Another is full confession and confidence. Be kind, and as friendly and considerate as possible. Spare their feelings in every way. But quietly, and with determination, build your own life, and do as far as possible quite independently of your own home and original social group.

Faithfulness to the family church or the racial or social group one was born into is, at this age, to be deplored. Get away. Listen to ideas quite different from those of your parents. Try to find friends of a different type. Join anything—clubs, organizations of all sorts. Use your lunch hour for activities quite different from those of your home, and do not feel bound to tell the family about them.

Probably you need an adviser and helper, but look for him or her elsewhere. There are many people who can direct you—heads of social organizations, public counsellors Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A. secretaries, priests. Wise parents spend a good deal of money on boarding-school or university to wean their children from themselves. You can find the same opportunity. All you have to do is to look for it.

Similarly try to build for yourself, wherever you are, a balanced life similar to that which the university builds. In looking for friends and interests, divide your time between some outdoor or athletic pursuit, some going to lectures and study, and some formal social life. It would be wise for all young wage-earners, from sixteen to twenty-five, to be registered at all times for at least one course of study in some regular night-school, university

extension course or adult education centre. During any time when this cannot be done, follow instead a systematic course of reading, and supplement it with writing. Write out interesting facts which you wish to remember, outlines of what you read, comments on it, ideas suggested by it. Students who do not easily learn through reading, and find long hours in a library not much change from some confining and sedentary occupation, should explore museums, art-galleries, and science centres, spending a period of free time there every week-end in some systematic observation. Young people in the country cannot always find these close at hand, but because of the freedom of locomotion made possible by the old family car, they can usually find something interesting by going a little farther afield. It is of the greatest value to country boys and girls to get to a town. They should do this whenever they can, but once there, should not limit themselves to a visit to a motion-picture palace, to a department store or sixpenny store, for something to eat. They should try to find out the educational and artistic institutions in the city, and if possible to ally themselves with organizations there, and go in occasionally for their meetings and programmes.

In pursuing education outside college, it is of the greatest value to keep persistently taking some course of purely personal or social training. Join a class in speech or a theatre group. Take singing lessons. Take music lessons. Take dancing lessons. Observe the best social modes and manners and try by effort and training to bring yourself up to them. A bright boy or girl starting at sixteen, graduating from a class in speech to a theatre group, and from there to social dancing, would be at twenty-five a pretty polished person. Of course it will be objected that these are expensive forms of training. Some of them may be so. But if you look around in your own community, you will be amazed to find how much you can learn of this sort within the limits of your own purse. The Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A., the Education Authorities, and various other Recreation and Community centres have made

the best training of this sort available at very low prices.

No young people, in college or out, should permit themselves to be early set in the standards of any one social class. This applies just as much to the so-called upper class as to the lower. The world runs rapidly away from each crystallization of upper-class behaviour. Some of the people most hopelessly left behind in the modern world are those with too genteel an education. One of the best ways of not amounting to much is to go through the university or college smug in one set or clique, to take pride in being from a university after you leave, and afraid of sullying your education with anything but a given type of job or association. As for people from the so-called lower classes, nothing is more out of place in modern life than class consciousness. This painful sense of inferiority, of not being so good as someone with a different kind of family or education, this feeling that some club or other is a holy and beautiful thing that you are left out of, is usually an agony you are enjoying all by yourself. No one else really cares where you came from. They are interested only in what you are. Of course there are little snobbish groups here and there, but why bother with them? Those who try to cling to hereditary privileges or position usually lose more than they gain. Once you believe that the road is wide open to you, it will be. All you have to do is to forget yourself and just be interested and go right along, looking and learning, trying and doing, and letting each year find you a larger, wiser, better person.

SOCIAL AGE TEST

The Twenties

A Liberal Education

1. My education is
 Inadequate 4

Fair 6
Very good 8
All that can be desired 10

2. I read
Backward into history and literature and outward into all the interests of my day 2
I have a regular plan of reading books old and new 2
I own the books I value most and keep adding to my library 2
I can use reference books, and keep accurate, intelligent written notes on them 2
I can distinguish and evaluate the first-hand sources of information in books as compared with comment or secondary material 2

3. I learn from life
I can use a museum or a laboratory 2
I can successfully carry through research involving interviews with people and observations of the behaviour of others 2
I know what the inside of the following looks like: a factory, a slum, a night club, a police court. (Substitute any other four institutions you wish) 2
I more or less regularly attend political meetings, concerts, lectures, and conferences in my immediate environment. (Substitute anything similar which seems to you of genuine social interest) 2
I travel whenever and wherever I can, if only to the next town 2

4. I can write
A clear, courteous, complete business letter 2
A newsy social letter 2
A straightforward account of anything that has happened, in vigorous, concrete English 2
A full, orderly, and convincing business or professional report, in standard English 2
A real love-letter 2

5. I can talk
 - I can pronounce my own language, clearly, pleasantly, and without obvious provincial accent 2
 - I can hold my own in general social conversation 2
 - I can make a simple public speech without embarrassment, halting, or stupid mannerisms 2
 - I can sell a customer or convince a board meeting 2
 - I can pay a compliment, say thank you gracefully, beg pardon convincingly, and adequately express kindness, affection, and concern where it is due 2
6. I know enough about economics
 - To want to make my living by honest productive effort instead of financial or social hocus-pocus 2
 - To think twice before I take on a mortgage, sign a lease, borrow from a moneylender, or buy stocks on margin 2
 - Not to make snap judgment but to seek honest information on such questions as: labour disputes, devaluation of the currency, crop curtailment, trade agreements, tariffs, and taxes 2
 - To budget my own spending intelligently 2
 - To make and follow an intelligent plan for the accumulation of reasonable property and the attainment of security 2
7. I have mastered five of the following practical arts:
 - First aid
 - Simple nursing
 - Carpentry
 - Simple repairs to cars, machinery, or electrical apparatus
 - Cooking
 - Sewing
 - Vegetable gardening
 - Painting and decorating
 - Masonry
 - Knitting

8. I have two or more cultural resources such as:
 Sketching
 Modelling in clay
 Working in iron
 Pottery
 Weaving
 Bookbinding
 Playing some musical instrument
 Singing
 Imaginative writing—such as stories or poems
 Play production
 Aesthetic dancing
 Nature study
 Some form of collecting
 (Substitute any other two hobbies of genuine artistic or intellectual interest, apart from reading)
9. I am skilled in two out-of-door sports
 Swimming
 Skating
 Skiing
 Mountain climbing
 Long-distance hiking
 Tennis
 Golf
 Riding
 (Substitute any others)
10. I have adequate mastery of the social arts
 I can dance 2
 I can play bridge (Substitute any other parlour games) 2
 I understand and practise without hesitation or embarrassment the ordinary rules of social etiquette 2
 I can entertain pleasantly at home or in my own rooms 2
 I can plan an interesting programme for an evening out, at the theatre, on the dance floor, or in some other place of entertainment 2

CHAPTER VIII

While You May, Go Marry

"WHAT I don't understand about the girl of to-day," said a nice, gentle member of the faculty in a women's college, "is the open, shameless way girls like Mabel come right out and say that they want to get married! In my day, we might secretly hope that some day it would happen, but we would think it very unmaidenly to admit it, and we were prepared to live dignified lives without it."

But another member of the faculty, a sweet, refined person in her sixties, answered, with shy honesty. "Perhaps they are right. I said to Mabel that she must remember there are certain opportunities in life that come only to a young woman. So probably she was not mistaken in thinking that at her age——"

"I answered Mabel, too," interrupted a brusque, able old lady who always called a spade a spade, to the terror of politer colleagues. "I said: 'More power to you all. It's the way to save yourselves from being cross, cranky old maids like me!' "

A much more simple, candid attitude to marriage is one of the signs that our whole civilization is growing up. It is due to the much greater maturity now allowed to women. All changes and improvements in ideals of sex depend on the development of women. In distributing the honours of sex, nature was very unfair to men. She gave him only a trivial, inconsequential part in the perpetuation of the species. All the dignity of sex is woman's—its pain, its heroism, its creative glory. Some share in woman's unique prerogatives was transmitted to men when they were raised from the position of casual begetter to that of father—a partner, living permanently with the mother, sharing the comforts of the nest she made for the babies, taking over as much as could be assumed of the responsibility of common living and of nurture. This

achievement, foreshadowed in the arrangements of some of the birds and higher animals, is a great improvement on Nature's careless and slovenly method of keeping life going. Early Chinese sages dated civilization from the establishment of permanent homes. They thought it was something their superior race had invented.

Just as the shift from homosexuality to heterosexuality is the sign of proper growth at fifteen or sixteen, so a shift from an attitude of flirtation, of "varietism", to a serious interest in and expectation of marriage is proper maturing in the early twenties.

Immense harm has been done because it has not been realized that attitudes right and necessary at one stage of development are wrong and dangerous at another. There is no phase of living in which time and age matter as they do in the life of sex. Rules which apply to the period when mating is physically possible but socially undesirable—that is, to the teen ages—must be quite different from those which apply to the age when mating is socially and personally the most desirable thing in life. The first great landmark in the growth of the personality is the beginning of adolescence. The next is the laying aside of virginity. It is the end of social apprenticeship, the entrance into the full experience and social heritage of the race, final adjustment of the organism and emotional attitudes to the conditions of full maturity.

Some day, when we deal with these matters in an honour- and adult fashion, it will be recognized that there is a point in any young life up to which virginity is desirable and ought to be encouraged by social teaching and oversight, and beyond which it is not only undesirable but dangerous, and leads to a deterioration of the personality as a whole. For the average person this point usually occurs between the twentieth and the twenty-fifth year.

Probably the ideal of the "pure woman", meaning the child-woman, is as potent a cause of marital failure as adultery. But many of the more intelligent married persons have an intense objection to it, founded in bitter experience.

And many of the more advanced young persons in the twenties are making a really determined effort to clear it out of their systems. Women don't intend to be purity on a pedestal all their lives, and they want to civilize, educate, and discipline men up to meeting them on a decent level as persons.

Whatever opinions an intelligent girl of the college level of potential development arrives at eventually, the fact is that sexually and emotionally she often matures very slowly. Many feminine tragedies in marriage could be prevented if we only realized this. Much breath could also be saved in discussing the *moral* problems of young girls, and much more expert attention directed instead to their *social* dilemmas, which are many and dangerous. For perhaps the majority of healthy, well-built, capable girls of the type that goes to college but can be found also earning its living in business and the arts—girls warmly sexed, capable of being passionate, devoted wives and sound, fertile mothers—sex as an ethical problem does not exist till some time in their early twenties. Then they may wake to it suddenly and with a tremendous personal upheaval. I have heard other college alumnae make the same observation, and one or two psychiatrists. A graduate of one of the great women's colleges, herself happily married, remarked with a smile that it made no difference what a girl had been in college—whether giddy, boy-crazy, popular, or unpopular, uninterested in men, studious, strict, reserved—about three years out of college she would turn up on a married friend's door-step with just one question on her lips: "What do you know about contraceptives?" "They all come to it," said this young woman, "and at just about the same age."

If genuine sexual maturity coincides, as it often does, with suitable love and mating, many of the problems of life are solved at the outset. But in many cases social and practical difficulties intervene. Marriage may be economically impossible. The beloved may be already married. The beloved, though suitable for a young companionate

relationship in the twenties, may not be one who can grow and develop through the years to all the requirements of lifelong marriage. In many cases the moment when virginity becomes intolerable, and the impulse is to throw it off quickly and be done with this childish state, is just a matter of personal and emotional maturity, associated with no genuine love. I have seen more than one fine young woman just deliberately plunge into an "affair"—with a married man, with some lover of a moment whom she had no intention of marrying—and go through with it with some exhilaration, much personal pain, and a tremendous growth in clarity of mind and decision of character, and come out of it sharply and with dignity, and have nothing more to do with such arrangements until she made a happy, thoughtful, and stable marriage, which she usually proceeded to do without much delay.

Under ideal circumstances, virginity till about twenty and then marriage as soon as they are really in love is normal for young people. Whether complete virginity on both sides is the ideal condition for the establishment of a permanent and lifelong marriage remains a debatable question. There are some mistakes one is bound to make, and to make them in relation to the permanent partner of one's life starts marriage off with a lot of scars! On the other hand, affairs outside of marriage, especially among the very young, are under present circumstances bound to be abnormal in a great many ways, and usually so unhappy that they leave scars, too. About all that can be done now is to expect virginity for both sexes till twenty, and to safeguard it by reasonable codes and social oversight, but during this period intelligently to prepare young people for assuming full control of their own affairs with the end of their education and the start of wage-earning.

Where schooling is prolonged late into the twenties, as in some of the professions, the problem becomes much more complicated. In general, the happiest solution seems to be one of these going-to-school-together marriages undertaken with all the hope and expectation of lifelong union,

but with full knowledge of birth control and a willingness to wait for children till financial independence is achieved. Now and then some generous well-to-do parent says: "Oh, let them have their children early. We will look after them," or "We will put up the funds." But this is quite demoralizing. A home not completely supported by the father at the head of it, and completely managed by the mother, with no parent looking in or able to interfere, is not a fit place to bring up children in. But a personal companionship, with all the dignity of a legal marriage, during the later school years is quite another matter. When the schooling is finished, and the life work begun and the home for the children to come established, there may be the same sense of really beginning now which comes to some with the first wedding-bells and bridal veils, but there may be also a much greater personal security and mutual knowledge.

This was the arrangement suggested by Judge Lindsey. He called the first period of marriage "companionate marriage," and the second "State of family marriage." It has even been suggested that there might be two kinds of ceremonies—the first promising only mutual kindness, consideration, and assistance in personal growth and happiness; the other promising support for the home by the father, careful management of it by the mother, and serious effort to preserve the relationship in dignity and honour during all the youth of the children. In most cases, companionate marriages will merge into family marriage. For ever and ever till death do us part, is a vow that love will always make, and love will always try to keep, first and last. But it is a wholly personal achievement, and can be ensured by no external agency.

A poor kind of companionate marriage is the very young marriage so often encouraged among the well-to-do, which, after a brilliant start, ends on the rocks. The enlightened elder, looking sadly at sweet John and Nancy, rosily involved in love's young dream, shrugs his shoulders and says, "Poor things! They don't know anything about it,

and there is no way within the bounds of decency of teaching them. All we can do under the present social law is to let them try, and if they don't succeed, to help them out of it."

For, however you look at it, human love is difficult. On the urgent, but careless, senseless, indiscriminate physical impulse we have built an elaborate and delicate structure of feelings, of pride and modesty and personal dignity, of intense happiness and intense pain, and have hedged it about with all the social junk of the ages. Parenthood is easy enough, but lifelong love and rapture in marriage are infinitely difficult. A very fit and healthy young father for your children at twenty-five may be an exceedingly difficult man to live with at fifty.

To put on the inexperienced young person at the very start of life the most serious choice of his whole career just is not fair. But there it is, and willy-nilly, youth has to find the wisdom to make it. Plenty of them do make it wisely, and never more wisely than to-day. Everywhere one may see them, these intelligent young married persons in their late twenties, who somehow found an open-eyed, downright wisdom and firmness most of their parents did not have. They read nearly everything that was to be read about marriage before they married. They belonged to discussion groups or thrashed personal problems out among themselves, young men and women together. They may have kept their own virtue intact, but they looked with tolerance and curiosity on those who did not. He had a few girls before he met her, and kissed as many as would let him. She has probably been steadily engaged or about to be engaged for half-a-dozen years, and learned about men from all of them! Between them and the old hearthstone and the opinions of Aunt Lottie stand several years of highly gregarious living, with their own generation, in a great variety of situations and places.

For the making of a stable union on an adult plane of desire and feeling premature sexual experience or marriage and virginity too long preserved are both fatal. For a

few years continence preserved by the exercise of a certain amount of will-power, and the impulse to sex sublimated in sport and general social life, is a thoroughly healthy start for mature living. A too young marriage has very few advantages over a too young "affair" outside of marriage. Whether premature physical indulgence, outrunning social and emotional readiness, especially readiness on the part of the lady in the case, who is generally the slower one, is legalized with marriage at one end and divorce at the other, or not, makes very little difference. It is a poor beginning for a grown-up emotional career. But it is a worse beginning to get no sort of start at all—to be carrying on into the thirties attitudes which were very sweet at seventeen, and virtues once green and lusty and promising sound fruit, but now getting dry and withered and somewhat absurd. The years fly very swiftly, and unless one makes a real effort to grow up emotionally, one may wake up some morning and find that it is no longer worth while.

And what can be done about it? Everyone in the middle twenties should consider honestly if in this most crucial matter he or she has reached the emotional age which corresponds to his chronological age. In the matter of sex the ages are well marked. If you really don't care for the society of the opposite sex, feel easy only in gregarious groups of men, usually mellowed with drink, and shy and stupid with women, or if you are a woman and go perpetually with gangs of girls, live with a beloved woman companion in a sweet spirit of domesticity, with a good deal of personal affection in the shape of "dear" and "darling" and kisses—if you are like that, you aren't fifteen yet. The homosexual period is normal and well marked in most young lives. It directly precedes adolescence, and is distinguished by scorn of and antagonism to the opposite sex and crushes on one's own, and by a joyous running in gangs. Many people who would feel outraged by the very suggestion of homosexuality feel positively pure and holy in maintaining a social equivalent of it far into mature

life. There are a few men who even now do not know that to be a "woman-hater" is at their age a badge of shame, and many a woman who still thinks it so sweet and superior to be a "woman's woman".

In our civilization the first period of "heterosexuality" succeeding homosexuality in the middle teens is a time of great social variety and experiment. Joan, who at sixteen loved only Bob, is at eighteen not sure that she loves anybody, and at twenty afraid that she loves at least three suitors all equally eligible!

This period is very nice, and everyone ought to make the most of it, but it ought to end some time. For many modern persons it never does. The more scintillating circles of the artistic and literary, and the more prosperous walks of business are full of people who keep going on the sixteen-to-twenty level of flirtation and experiment, putting husbands and wives on and off like coats, always falling back on the first period of courtship and pursuit, and then being disappointed in the results and trying again—in love and out of it, now at the altar and now in the divorce court, and between times everywhere that they might as well not be. One bright graduate of the inter-war literary circles of Paris and Dublin blandly boasts that he has possessed some four hundred ladies. But any really good husband of his age knows four hundred times as much!

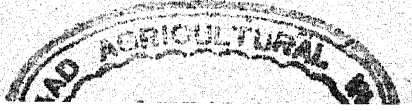
Sometimes young people are led by circumstance into continuing the superficial social flitting from love to love, in respectable or not so respectable forms, long after they have personally outgrown it. This is true of nice girls in social sets who have too much the habit of being popular. After it has served its purpose in her education, there is no greater waste of a young woman's youth than being a free show and free entertainment and free erotic excitement, evening after evening, for a lot of men she does not care for. The time ought to come when one accepts as a proved fact the proposition that one is an attractive woman and that, tactfully worked on, almost any man will fall more or less in love with one. To make a break for freedom

from this tiresome round of being social and popular is difficult for some girls. But every year one sees the débutantes successfully doing it, graduating from balls and dances into earnest pursuit of social service or the arts of business. The Bohemian crowds in the big cities which make a business of staying less than twenty, with all the resources of art, literature, and drink to help them, are even harder for a popular person to get out of. Theirs is a religion of varietism and a sacred code of promiscuity. If you begin to desire a little simplicity and stability in your personal relations, you have sunk from the holy circle of the enlightened to the low level of the *bourgeoisie.* Henceforth life holds no adventure for you, no drama. All you want is decency and creature comfort.

Nevertheless there comes a time when, with some determination, one ought to begin to weed out one's gay and casual companions and superfluous lovers and admirers. Simplify your list of friends. Cut out whoopee that secretly bores you. Begin to visualize and look for a few people you can really care for. Try making friends in new circles, and don't be afraid of a little solitude now and then.

For girls brought up in comfortable circles with the usual round of youthful fun behind them, there is no better preparation for home and marriage than two or three years of wage-earning, entirely on their own. It enables them to shed the home and the original social circle and to begin to make new patterns for themselves. It makes firm the character, enlarges the intelligence, and gives the slow and wayward feminine organism time really to grow up.

Some unprepared young people are those from circles which frowned upon the normal social variety, the growth in the social arts which the teens instinctively seek. They carry into their twenties too many of the limitations that it was proper and wholesome to put upon them at fourteen. They have been brought up by old-fashioned people, especially old-fashioned women, to whom they were not antagonistic, whom they love and respect still. They



accepted wholeheartedly the admonition to live cleanly and think purely, to occupy themselves with study and sports, and to put sex out of mind. This is often the best advice in the world for day-school children at fourteen. It is not so good after twenty. These young people go on being good in the fourteen-year-old way. They continue to try to put all thoughts of sex out of their minds. They think it a little indecent to read anything about it or to be curious about it, and look with horror on the goings-on of their more adventurous contemporaries. They do not dance much or go out to parties. Usually they compensate for it all by a continuous stream of dream-life which they quite honestly try to keep "pure", a persistent, often most devitalizing reverie, which makes for an ever-increasing stiffness and reserve in the presence of the other sex. They believe that they are keeping themselves in all honesty for the great day when the One Girl or the One Man will arrive. But alas! for the girl, the one man never comes. For the man she often comes late, and he has not the slightest idea what to do with her. Miserable, depressed, full of queer little phobias and anti-social attitudes, they may ultimately turn up in the psychiatrist's office or the clinic for the mentally ill. This is the shabby trick that modern civilization has played again and again on good, pure, aspiring people. The apple of the knowledge of good and evil which Eve stole is indeed a bitter fruit. Bite into its evil side, and it chokes you. Bite into its good side, and it chokes you just the same.

Very fine and able young persons arrive in the twenties in this state. By that time, in competition with their less conscientious contemporaries, they are sunk either in social ineptness or in modes of living which isolate them from prospects of happy marriage. One type, having finished his or her education, is living a somewhat lonely and constricted life as a young wage-earner, often in a strange city, often with little money and few friends. He or she is good, and wishes to be good, and holds both sex and marriage high, but has been forced by social limitations into a danger-

ous habit. About this it is difficult to speak frankly in a book for general reading, yet no writing about the difficulties of the pre-marriage period in the twenties can be honest or helpful which minces any words on the subject. So I will fall back on a book review published in the *Journal of Mental Hygiene*, and written by a professor at —— College. "Masturbation," he says, "is practised by ninety per cent of males and a smaller percentage of females. Moderate masturbation is performed for pleasure and sexual relief among normal young people" as a substitute for relationships which are socially undesirable.

The difficulty with this is not at all what quack literature has said. The competent advisers of young people have kept up a steady war on the quack literature and have done much to disabuse and reassure the public mind. Physically and nervously, the practice may not be unwholesome within limits; indeed, complete physical relief is greatly preferable to that suspended state of erotic reverie on a "pure" plane which many try to keep to, and which is vicious in every way, devitalizing and socially corrupting. The whole danger is in the activity of the imagination. The accompanying fantasy usually centres in individuals, and leads to great shyness and constraint in the presence of the individual concerned or in the presence of any member of the opposite sex, and stops, with a dreadful bar, every normal motion towards even ordinary acquaintanceship. Any girl who has been adored in secret by some really superior man by whom she was perfectly willing to be wooed, and might even have married, knows how painful, how utterly baffling such a situation is. It is so sweet to be left all evening at a dance, stuck with all sorts of dull fellows, when the man who you know has his imagination (if not his heart) set on you, won't come near you! And why? Because he has been thinking altogether too much about what it would be like to hold dear, sweet, pure you in his arms, and now he is ashamed!

This is one of the most serious forms of arrested development, because it so often occurs among very superior

people. The mind and the imagination and the character have outrun social experience and social aptness. Often these young people have been especially educated to that end by people who did not know that something else had to be educated beside the mind and the soul, and that discreet and socially safe behaviour in the young might be purchased at too great a price. Anyone in the twenties or later who recognizes himself or herself in the portrait ought to embark on a long and systematic course of re-education. The difficulty is the result of the training of years; it is bound up with everything fine and good in the personality; often with great intelligence. It cannot be got over just by wishing or spasmodically trying. One has to re-orient one's self in every way, and over a considerable period of time.

Often intelligent people who are in this bondage of "goodness" and feel it tightening around them year by year, make a desperate break for freedom through sudden dissipation. It is the principal cause of sudden sexual aberrations among those who have lived strict and decent lives hitherto. In a dreadful minority of cases it is the cause of sudden murder or rape. It is sometimes the state of mind behind increasing drunkenness, especially among rather intelligent, superior women who drink. It may look harmless enough, but it is nothing to play with.

If you are one of those many good, mature young persons hitherto pretty busy with school or work, who wish marriage or love on high and honourable terms, who think about it and dream about it perpetually, and yet make no actual headway anywhere, and even feel a wall of isolation cutting you off from the experience of your gay contemporaries, here is a programme: Give yourself eighteen months to become a different person. Divide this time into three six-month periods. During the first six months don't bother about your feelings or your morals or your hopes and expectations, but use practically all your time in actively changing your environment and your personal appearance.

Probably there is nothing wrong with your personal appearance. Very good-looking, smart, modish people get into this trouble. But change it anyway.

If you are living with members of your family or in your original social circle, as you very likely are, leave them if you possibly can. Go to another place. Make a long visit. Get an apartment by yourself. Get a job in another town. Go away.

If you can't go away in body, go in spirit. Make as many friends as possible among people whom your family does not know, preferably among many different kinds of people. But don't hurt your family's feelings by telling them about it. After the middle twenties you have a right to some life of your own.

Get some kind of social background or set-up that is all your own, and that expresses you. Join a club that none of your family belongs to, which has a nice lounge or reception-room where you can see people. Or elect some favourite restaurant or hotel as a centre, or an obliging friend's house. Pick a new environment, and then pick new friends of both sexes whom you may meet there.

Meanwhile change your looks. If you are a woman, get a new kind of bob or permanent wave, and of course, if you have long hair, cut it off. Pick a new type of clothes, preferably as snappy as possible, of the generally youthful and jaunty type of the clothes in the shops. If your figure won't carry them, immediately go on a diet till it does! If you are a woman, invest in chiffon stockings and a bright red lipstick, and then see that you use both, even if they do make you feel like a fool. Complete your six-month course by learning to dance well, to correct any defects of physical posture, and to master one sport. If you are accomplished in sports already, add one other set of parlour tricks to the dancing. While doing this make friends with all and sundry who are also learning, and go wherever these things are done.

After six months of this, progress to the next step. Become a joiner. Pick out three different kinds of club

or study-group or dancing-class or theatre-group where you may meet young people of your own age and of both sexes, and take an active part there. The more they run to actively doing something together—going on picnics, putting on plays, etc.—the better. Groups which intelligently discuss sex or modern ethical problems are also good. If you are in a small town, join a few associations that will take you away to other towns and cities, and never miss a ride in a car to some party or meeting in another place. At least three evenings or afternoons a week should be given to your career of joining.

Meanwhile twice a week wangle a date or "throw a party". You can't? Just determine to, and you'll learn. For girls the problem is much more difficult than for young men, for men traditionally have the right to ask girls to go places. But girls may make their own opportunity if they will.

Presumably in all this career you have made some new girl and woman friends. If you are a wage-earner in the city alone, I hope that by this time you are set up with some suitable and obliging housemate in a little apartment of your own, which has a gracious and clublike background, and a pan to scramble eggs in! Girls can live this way as cheaply as in bed-sitting rooms, and much more sociably. If you are still at home, and the home can be made presentable, insist on having guests there on pain of just walking out.

If neither of these conditions prevails, haven't you some friend with a nice home, and can't you say: "May I bring So and So over" or otherwise persuade her to invite So and So and you? If you haven't much experience in these matters, do not begin by asking a young man you have cast interested eyes on—not at first. You will die of embarrassment. Learn on somebody else. Ask two or three girls, and two or three men—anybody, whether you like them or not, just to get started. And having started, keep on. Only be sure you achieve at least two social occasions a week. If some obliging girl friend produces

two beaux, that relieves you of responsibility, and counts for one evening. And don't mind if it is an unknown engagement, even if your mother forbade you ever to accept them. You are no longer a boarding-school girl. You are a young woman who is seeing life!

Meanwhile practise being very nice and awfully interested and rather enticing to various men you don't care about, and then take courage in both hands and ask to a mixed party, including several persons who can protect you from yourself, one of those really charming men on whom your incorrigible fancy has alighted. Be nice to him, single him out a little, but mix him in with other people and get used to having him around with others on a pleasant social plane, before risking more personal contact. Both girls and men of a certain type have the idiotic habit of freezing up on any person to whom they have a secret attraction, however slight, while being pleasant and open to everyone else. This is what comes from too much activity of the imagination. Put a lid on your imagination. Keep yourself so busy out among people that you have no time to dream.

If you are a young man, the procedure is quite different. You will have to learn to go through some of those preliminaries which a certain kind of man finds so extremely difficult. Become a joiner, too. And then set yourself to ask some girl to do something with you at least twice a week. If you need support, make up a party of four. Don't mind rebuffs. Pick out the prettiest, nicest girls and go right after them. There isn't a woman living who is not flattered by attention from any man, however much she thinks it best to turn it down. Try to make the occasion interesting to the girl, and to build around her an atmosphere of flattery. Every woman deserves flattery. It is just a proper tribute to the sex. Above all, learn seventy-seven times seven ways of telling a woman that she is beautiful. Don't tell her that you love her unless you mean it. That isn't fair. But tell her she is beautiful just on principle. That commits you to nothing.

If girls let you call on them or invite you to parties again and again, don't think your charming presence is enough. Contribute something to the evening. Come prepared to be helpful and entertaining. To houses you frequently visit, bring little gifts—a packet of cigarettes, some flowers, a book you have been reading which she might like. Men have a very dull way of thinking that it is a woman's business to provide a free club-room for them and free entertainment and meals, and sometimes even free smokes, night after night—and no responsibility for it all on their part. If there is some particular girl for whom you cherish one of these secret adorations that make a man tongue-tied and preclude common civilities, try to get her asked to some party where she will mix happily into the general landscape, and where you can surprise yourself by treating her, in the heat of the excitement, as just an ordinary human being!

After six months of the first kind of effort, and six months of the second, you may not need any more help. There is very likely an engagement ring on her lovely finger already. But if you still feel isolated and hopeless, go over your social programme, and see where it can be improved. Glamorize it. Put sparkle and variety into it. Go in for some course of personality training, and see what more you can do to make yourself a wonderful person with a great deal of appeal. Learn some parlour tricks. And meanwhile enter upon the most difficult and dangerous part of all. Become really devilish. Congenital bred-in-the-bone niceness must sometimes be removed by social surgery before you are fit for the great experience. And now, beautiful maiden that has never been kissed, just make up your mind that this state has lasted long enough. Reconcile yourself to the fact that some nice man is going to kiss you, and then, by whatever means your own wits and taste can devise, see that he does it strictly of his own accord! I am not recommending you to do this wildly or promiscuously, or even that you continue it after it has played a proper part in your education. But do it enough

to transfer your libidinous tendencies from your too-fervid imagination to your too chilly flesh. The day you wake up to its real possibilities is the day to stop. Your education is finished!

As for young men, the whole difficulty with the sex is that they won't go patiently through the proper routine for getting a genuinely joyous and willing response out of a quite properly unwilling woman. They want things cheap and easy. And yet all they really value is that which comes hard. Or else they are noble souls who perform wonderful knightly flourishes only in imagination. Generally, in contact with a nice girl, they have the notion that they are just too dangerous for her to risk. So they go along restrained and dumb, adoring pure woman hotly in the chilly recesses of the imagination, and meanwhile getting such relief as they can on whatever low plane is available. There is nothing better for such a man than to engage in a nefarious plot to bring a truly nice and respected girl who is at least twenty-four years old and able to take care of herself, to the point of at least one willing caress. Start with the "You are beautiful" formula, and stay pleasantly on the plane of words and polite consideration and little gifts for some time. Progress gently, and with great consideration. Accept any rebuff obediently and quietly, and then try again. Somewhere along the way you will discover a strange thing about yourself. You are not a wicked burning fellow that has to keep a lid on yourself lest you assault some pure female you admire! You are tender, and sentimental, and her dignity and her feelings really matter to you—and then if you don't go on and honestly fall in love with this girl, you will with the next one!

In all this I am not advising nice girls to be hussies, and men with consciences to become Lotharios. I merely say that what is the matter with many of them is that, in their long and secret struggles with the gifts God gave them, they have acquired a kind of crime complex. They think that sexual temptations are far more urgent and devastat-

ing than they actually are, for people like them. They have no idea how, in a little actual experiment, all their other kinds of excellent training, their intelligence and their character and their genuine refinement and good-will, will intervene and even raise and glorify and make right and beautiful what now seems at once so desirable and so bad.

A young woman in her late twenties who had gone recklessly through an affair which had many potential dangers, and certainly would have been something to save a younger girl from, said gravely: "It was the best thing in the world for me. It made me realize what a good woman I really am. And it taught me, too, that most men are gentlemen."

For the inhibition that keeps some of the finest women from happy marriage, and greatly represses men and makes them stupid and unhappy husbands, is not really an inhibition on sex. That is usually quite awake and aware, and the thinking about it may be frank and intelligent. The inhibition is social. It often dates from early and mistaken warnings which associate vague and undefined evil, of stupendous proportions, with the social preliminaries of love. Once one finds one's own little social bar, and deliberately teaches one's self to cross it smoothly, everything else is all right. Many a husband remains shy and sheepish in the expression not of sexual desire but of ordinary human affection. Many a wife automatically starts throwing up barriers of behaviour against the love she desires and has no real intention of denying—becoming so cold, so cross, so preoccupied that Don Juan himself could not get through to her. Since arrested social development of this sort probably prevents or spoils more marriages than does open immorality, it ought to be a subject for public discussion.

To go on bravely learning whatever there is to learn about love and sex, believing in it heartily, seeking for it honourably, and never being satisfied with anything short of full and honest mating with someone you can respect

and be proud of, and love in all ways and on all levels, and be intensely happy with, presumably for life, at least as far ahead as you can see—this is the road of genuine growth, and for body and soul alike, the way of eternal life.

CHAPTER IX

The Case for Chastity

In August, 1937, *The Reader's Digest* published an article by Margaret Culkin Banning entitled "The Case for Chastity." After the two million subscribers for this admirable magazine, and all their friends and families, had read it, copies of the discussion could be obtained in fifty and one hundred lots for distribution to college students. This offer aroused some discussion among college deans, clergymen, and other counsellors of the young. Many of them said frankly that they agreed in substance with the article, and thought that the more intelligent young people agreed, but that it was impossible for any elder to thrust such a piece of printed matter even on those who might seriously need and wish advice. It would seem a gratuitous intrusion into their personal affairs, and its implications would be insulting.

With full prescience of the ribald titters in the outer circles of the audience, it still seems necessary to meet the challenge of this magazine article and the general discussion of it. So with much reluctance I ascend the pulpit so often occupied by much graver and more honourable dames than I. And I will ease myself into the discussion by reporting what I said to Margaret (not Banning), and Margaret said to me apropos of the magazine articles. Margaret need not recognize herself if she does not want to, for as a matter of fact there are three of her, not one. She is, bless her poor heart, altogether too typical.

The paragraph referred to a survey made by Dorothy

Bromley and Florence Haxton Britten. "From 1100 questionnaires sent to college students, and from 300 interviews, it seems plainly apparent that there remain few taboos about sex in college groups, and that while some girls prefer to wait until marriage, they are not shocked by the sex experience of their friends."

This statement I discussed with Margaret, a Junior in a provincial university, a good student, partly working her way through. She comes from a very simple middle-class home in a Midland city, and has a particularly prim mother without much education but with considerable native intelligence. Her mother's attitude to all these problems was expressed in a remark apropos of birth-control propaganda: "I don't know what they make all this fuss for. It's easy enough when you have all the children you want just to slam the door of your room in your husband's face and not have anything more of that sort to do with him!" Margaret is a singularly pretty girl, of a refined, exquisite, angelic sort, and her look of lovely untouched maidenhood is matched by gentle refined speech and unusually quiet manners. She looks and acts like a sweet old-fashioned girl, and carries into her twenty-first year a fresh, dewy, I-have-never-been-kissed look. This pretty young angel belongs to a clever group of collegiate young, including several older young men studying law or medicine at the university. They are all from humble, decent, conservative homes, two of the brightest of the young men being sons of foreign-born parents—fruit peddlers, merchants, and such. They all have read and discussed books by Doctor Robie, Marie Stopes, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the poetry of Richard Jeffries, etc., and are well provided with all the more curious facts about sex, the human anatomy, anthropology, psychology, psycho-pathology, sexual inversion, perversion, and what not. They are all very earnest. They intend to make a success of living. And they are all separated by an impassable gulf—ethical, social, intellectual—from their original homes. Margaret tells me, with starry eyes, that

she wants an education—a real education—not just book learning, but "something to show me how to live, to make me really a better person." After which very admirable statement, Margaret pleasantly admits, apropos the discussion of "The Case for Chastity", that she herself has had six or seven different intimate "boy-friends" during her brief college career.

This statement she hastily amends by saying that most of the time there has been "only Frank." Asked what Frank thought of her occasional divagations, she said of course he was jealous, but he just had to learn not to be. And she gives me the neatest little dissertation in the world on jealousy as a regressive state in the male and a relic of a barbarous ownership of women now happily defunct. Before Frank, it seems, there was Bert. But she threw Bert out completely because she wouldn't stand for his jealous rages. He had to learn that he didn't own her. Questioned a little further on her various affairs, she bursts into a hot defence of them against "dirty-minded" elders. She can't understand their mean, horrid ideas, she says. She has loved every one of these lads. They were dear, dear friends, and why can't a girl have many boy friends, just as she had many girl friends? "Do you say, because I have this friend, I never will have another or a different one?" What is so wonderful or particular about this last seal of intimacy? she asks. It establishes and cements a friendship, and as such she gives it, and in no other way. She speaks sweetly, pleadingly, with face glowing in appreciation of the various dear lads, and something about her way of telling it all does make a mere elder feel rather horrid.

Since all this seems rather remarkable in such an obviously idealistic young girl of twenty, Margaret is asked just when she started on this generous career. She says she started at fourteen, in a school of the respectable Midland town, under her own prim mother's roof. For this she has no defence whatever. She is bitterly resentful of it, says it was due to her mother's complete stupidity,

that a lot of other mothers were stupid; they didn't bring up the children to mind or let them know where they were; they let them run all over the map; there was never any grown person to talk to or to help you—if you tried to get any help they just flew into a silly rage and scolded you or hushed you; and the consequence was, says Margaret, with quiet bitterness, "we girls grew up at fourteen from being careless disobedient children into"—and here she lapsed sharply from her usually careful refined speech —"into being little bitches."

As she talked I realized a strange thing about Margaret. Having apparently acquired a physical tolerance or immunity to a certain kind of shame under childish circumstance which she now resented and regretted, she had lifted herself in these college relations to an entirely new moral level. They were genuine friendships. They were justified in her eyes as friendships. Her headlong reading of sex-literature had been caused by rebellion against her mother and her family and whatever she had known or been taught by implication while with them. In this college promiscuity she was out in a higher, cleaner world, animated by ideals, clarified by talk and discussion. These young men were her "friends". They discussed all sorts of things together. They were going to do wonderful things together. Among girls and men alike, there was a code, a kind of chivalry. In comparison with boys at home that she knew as a little girl her young men shone with a holy light.

I referred to all the risks she and her friends were running as carefully enumerated in the article under discussion. She admitted that there were risks, and said they had been thoughtfully considered. As for birth control, she said: "We have—and—it seems to be all right." As for disease, she said: "We are no fools. We don't intend to take risks," adding coolly, "I had a Wasserman Test the other day."

"But still the risks are there," I said.

"Yes," she said, "they are." And she added bitterly,

"And they are great just in proportion as girls are nicely and carefully brought up by dumb parents, and don't belong to abandoned crowds like ours who know how to look after ourselves and help each other."

Finally I said: "Margaret, do you think all this will help or hinder you in making a lifelong happy marriage to one man?"

"That," she said, "can only be answered when I do make such a marriage."

"But you do want to marry one man and live with him and love him only all your life?"

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, her lip quivering, "I do."

"Margaret," I said, "you have read a great deal of psychology. Has it occurred to you that in all this there is something you have completely missed, that you have been just a dear, affectionate little girl, going along through crushes and friendships in a boarding-school way? Just lately you have been looking extremely tense and troubled. Do you think that you are growing up, and that to keep up now a way of life that was once exciting to you and is bound up with a great many very sweet and happy memories and much genuine affection and idealism and a lot of youthful fun—do you think that just to keep up something you can't bear to let go and would be so lonesome without—you must more and more really repress yourself?"

At this point Margaret suddenly stiffened up, and her lovely intelligent eyes fixed themselves on me in a tense, startled way.

"You read so much about inhibitions and repressions," I said, "I want to ask you: Do you really think that this way of life removes repressions or inhibitions?"

She answered slowly, and with difficulty: "Some repressions—yes. It kills off nasty ideas. It cleans the atmosphere." This with one of her little resentful flashes.

"And it creates no repressions?"

"Yes, some."

"Very deep ones that might be difficult to live down."

"Yes."

"Would you admit that in all your intimate friendships, sweet as they rightly are to you, and full of all sorts of social interest, you are as a woman absolutely frigid, and must remain so to go on?"

Margaret again looked tense and startled. Finally she said slowly: "I don't believe I understand."

"If you don't understand," I said, "at least you have read all about it. You know these ideas and words, at least in books. You and your friends read everything."

Margaret thought about it for some time, looking miserable. Finally she said, in a low voice: "Perhaps you are right."

"And when you meet and marry this one man, in life-long monogamous love, are you going to be more or less repressed in relation to him, for this very unrepressed way of living now?"

"More repressed," said Margaret, in a choked voice, and she dropped her head to her arms and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Margaret is not typical of experimental college crowds. She is what one might call the "typical extreme". She is the extreme of the normally virtuous and monogamous woman pushed by social circumstance into the opposite extreme. She is the affectionate, intelligent, slow-to-mature woman, who with wise protection and direction goes virginally through a series of friendships, crushes, and what she believes to be falling in love, and comes to marriage in her twenties with her first genuine awakening to all the needs and implications of sex. There are hints of such awakening in her talk, and, under the circumstances, to a girl of her intelligence and imagination, they are very painful. She is anybody's nice daughter placed by social conditions in an entirely unsuitable category. And the saddest thing about it all is that she got where she is by using to the best of her ability both her mind and her moral sense.

A girl with moral energy enough, and great persistence,

might go on from there to a genuinely happy and faithful marriage, and to wise motherhood. In every generation a few women of her type have actually done so. The honest annals of any community going back way to our great-grandmothers would probably show a few of them. But there is every chance that she will weaken by the way, and the very forces which have pushed her out of a standard line of development will further defeat and pervert her.

The most tragic thing about Margaret and her friends is something utterly desolate in their attitude to those who should be their guides and guardians. Intellectually and socially they have completely outgrown their homes. They think not only of their own parents, but of most older advisers to whom they have been exposed, as poor dumb innocents in an as yet embryonic state of development.

Sometimes they are defiant. Sometimes they are tender of their fathers and mothers and other elders, afraid to disturb them in their sweet innocence, unwilling to bring to them, through themselves at least, a rude awakening to the facts of life. One of the most moving pleas I ever heard was that of a young woman whom the only and beloved son of a nice, gentle Catholic mother of foreign origin had "got into trouble". In the midst of all her own troubles, she was determined at any cost to save his mother from the knowledge that her boy could do such a thing, and earnestly, tenderly, with a kind of passionate charity, she sketched in a picture of the poor gentle woman in her humble immigrant home building all her hopes on her boy going to college.

They are almost as desolate in their relation to the social order under which they live. "The Case for Chastity" points out the immense danger that the young experimenters with extra-marital relations run—the danger of unwanted children, of disease, the horrors of abortion. 10,000 women die of abortions each year, it is said. But how many of those cases are medically inevitable, and how many due to the disreputable, clandestine, illegal conditions under which abortions must be performed? So with

disease. The authorities are already warring on the taboos of knowledge and discussion which have made this a quite unnecessary horror and social danger.

There is melancholy truth in Margaret's assertion that in so far as girls and boys are not nice young people under unusual stress with nothing but their homes behind them, but do actually belong to what she calls "an abandoned crowd", they are comparatively safe. This is in no wise to defend these pre-marital arrangements. They are of all kinds—some bad, some foolish, and some perhaps actually as wholesome as anything could be in the given circumstances. But generally they are melancholy enough. It is hard enough to start a genuine marriage with everything externally in its favour—the congratulations and expectation of friends, the public relationship of trust and love, the common responsibilities. How much harder to make anything of personal relationships which society dooms to furtiveness and to fear! In all such groups, out of the very difficulty and danger, there blossom some very sweet flowers of mutual kindness and generosity and chivalry. So it is also in war, but who would encourage war for this reason?

What is urged in "The Case for Chastity"—that sex outside of marriage is usually a disappointment—is in many cases true enough. Robbed of the old drama of preparation, the old robe of solemnity and state, the much-vaunted "relations" of the sexes often fall pretty flat and tame. No sensible person can be excited long about the obvious physical facts of life. If nothing is built on them, the whole dream of love collapses, and with it what seems the whole meaning of life. It is always a problem to keep the sexual release, which should be the first real maturity of the personality, from falling flat. It falls flat in most young marriages. The honeymoon is a disappointment to many young women and some young men. Sex falls flat in many premature love-affairs outside of marriage. Shocked, discouraged, the poor experimenter cannot believe that this is all there is to it. It must be the fault of the partner in

research. So he tries another partner and it falls flat there. A little social excitement, a little physical easement, and then vague shame and boredom, and sometimes a dull dislike for one's partner in the adventure—that is all there is to it.

In simple and busy societies, when this happened during the first year of young marriages, the better people pulled themselves together, went on with their household duties and with earning a living, and out of a little honest work together actually began to develop some kind of mutual affection and a kind of comfort in each other and dependence on each other. The dullness was there, but they forgot it. The children came along and provided the mother with some genuine emotion, and the father with a great deal to do. And so they pulled along. They thought this was the way of the world. Many respectable people, so used to each other that they would suffer genuine agony in separation, are married like that. It is the typical marriage of Babbit whose wife, says Sinclair Lewis, was as "sexless as a nun."

When this happens in premature experiment by young people outside of marriage, there is nowhere to go from there. More experiment leads to intensification of the same miserable state. In the more demoralized groups both young men and women drink to dull the disappointment and to clutch at some artificial excitement and sense of release. Often they keep up a pretence of more fun than they are having, privately thinking that there is something wrong with them because every time they bite into the apple of life it turns to ashes; and they try to cover the sense of failure with some more whoopee.

Though many young people are led by whispered conferences among their fellows and by confidences of the recently married to think that this is all normal, it is not. The age-long celebration of love is no lie. Poetry has no language and pigments no lustre equal to the reality for those who are able to find it, and to find it for life.

All that is wrong with these numerous cases of dis-

appointment, in marriage and out of it, is that the individual is not really prepared. In some way the whole experience is immature. But nothing fixes one in immaturity like going on from one attempt to the other without stopping to grow up a little more and really learn something.

Fortunately a great many of the young experimenters find this out. Disappointed, shamed, they pull out of the whole thing sharply, and with a little more thinking and general growing up they then proceed soberly, and with adequate emotional preparation and knowledge, to make a real marriage.

There is no question in anyone's mind—least of all in the mind of the young—that the end of all pursuit of love in youth is a lifelong marriage which is intimately happy and progressively releases the best of the personality, and which is crowned with healthy, happy children growing up normally into good men and women. Cut off from the older generation and the tribe by so many social changes, subjected constantly to the chaos and motion of modern life, what have two young people now in life except each other? What can they hope to make of this confusing social scene which drives home to them every day the fact of their own unimportance, except this one little creative structure—this housing within four narrow walls of a life truly their own?

But desiring happy and permanent marriage as they do, the young people do not believe that the older generation has a formula which ensures it. They look cynically on a great many respectable marriages. They are caustic on the subject of their own homes. And so they take up and try to work out every kind of idea which they find in literature and among the psychologists. Intelligent, stable, slowly maturing young people with plenty of interesting social life, and a variety of emotional outlets, do extremely well with it. Whatever experimenting they do is all to the good. It makes better husbands and wives and wiser parents. But naturally there are a good many who do

not do so well. Whether these cases are more numerous than they have ever been is, however, a question. It is true that types of girls who, a generation ago, would have cherished their virginity as their most precious jewel now dispose of it readily, and for a great variety of reasons. But that the result is any large increase in unprovided-for children, or any failure on the part of these same girls to marry happily and make devoted and faithful wives, or any prolonged disposition among women to promiscuity, has yet to be proved.

The whole tendency of modern thinking is to shift moral disapprobation from the Magdalene back to the Pharisee —which, it must be admitted, is a highly Christian proceeding. The moralist goes after the shameless lovers of to-day, and what does he hear, in a mixed chorus from the psychiatrists, from the young, and, disconcertingly enough, from a great many honourably married couples of older years?

He hears that an unmarried mother is pretty tragic, but it is even more tragic never to be a mother at all; that a lad and a girl living together without a legal ceremony are under present circumstances doing a pretty foolish thing, and one not conducive to prolonged happiness, but that two nice maiden ladies, living in livelong domestic partnership, with dignity and mutual affection, do not on the whole represent a pattern of home more desirable for society. There is nothing to be said for the bad young girl, but she may still be something better for the race to pin its hopes on than the good old girl. I have said this once or twice in public, and who is the first to come up and shake my hand and say "Bravo!"? Why, one of the good old girls themselves, bless their honest hearts!

This is to cast no reflections at all on religious celibacy. Religious celibacy, among a few very specially selected souls, properly trained for it, has in the past been of the greatest social value. But in the Christian Church in the West and the Buddhist Church in the East religious celibacy at one time raised the whole structure of social

civilization to an entirely new level. It immensely widened the range of love itself, and gave marriage a new dignity. Silly and careless misrepresentations of it among half-baked intellectuals are to be deplored.

But between religious celibacy, for the very few who are called to it, and permanent marriage, there is for normal mature persons no safe middle ground. Sexual abstinence for a period may have a tonic effect. But it cannot be recommended as the permanent basis for a mature, well-rounded, rich, and loving life. And it is the unfortunate effect of well-intentioned but stupid teaching that it pushes young women into old maidenhood, and young men into such cruel misunderstandings and frustrations as husbands that they had better have stayed out of marriage entirely. And behind a great deal of the present tendency to sexual experiment there is not one but two social influences. One is the careless and half-baked and superficial kind of "intellectual" opinion, based on a smattering of Freudian psychology, which greatly overestimates the happiness and release of sexual intercourse as such, and greatly minimizes its great social dangers. And the other is a prim and ignorant morality, which confuses respectability with virtue, and ignores all psychic disintegration and abnormality outside one or two conventional taboos. A great many experimenters may be running straight into trouble whose seriousness cannot be minimized, but it must be recognized that often they are trying to run away from equally great disaster on the other hand.

Serious discussion of the matter is difficult enough in the present changing condition of society, and genuine facts hard enough to come by. It is not helped by the fact that much of the moral horror among older people, and their tales of the wild young people, have nothing to do with facts, and no honest basis in good-will and charity. Criticism and admonition alike are only a careless kind of gossip which serves as a wish-fulfilment for those who have somehow missed something of love and realization in their own lives. The middle-aged roll tales of the wicked young

—usually quite apocryphal tales—under their tongues. They get tense and excited. And all the time the trouble is not with the new generation, but with their own.

Young people, in one of those tragic involvements of youth which are nothing new, which have taken a toll of each generation, usually need two things more than anything else. They need expert practical assistance, and they need moral reassurance. Let us stop gossiping and being pious, and say to them instead: "Short of venereal disease, which is a physical disaster like infantile paralysis, and ought to be treated as such, there is no difficulty which you cannot work through, and be a better and happier person. It is painful. But it need not be a lifelong tragedy unless you make it so. Learn your lesson, and grow right out of it. But don't try to carry your burdens alone. You need help, and if you look for it, you can find it. Around the corner there is a doctor, a priest, a pastor, a wise and understanding person who will help you. Don't think all your elders are fools or prim old babies. This is the saddest of all the misunderstandings of youth. The machinery of genuine assistance exists in practically every place; do not stop till you have found it—and with it the path out to happy and self-respecting living."

CHAPTER X

Finding the Life-plan

ALL unhappiness, failure, abnormal behaviour was described by the psychologist, Doctor Adler, as being due to an "error in the life-plan". What happens to-day was usually predetermined by what we were thinking, feeling, striving for, months, perhaps years, ago. Every crisis in our lives is at once the *dénouement* of an old plot and the beginning of a new one. We never live one minute at a time. We are always cashing in on our past and investing in our future.

We spend our days trying to live down our childhood. Theologians used to call that state of inadequacy into which man was born the state of "original sin". Now we call it the "mother image" or the "inferiority complex". We used to seek our salvation. Now we merely try to grow up. It all amounts to the same thing. However we look at it, we start life at a great disadvantage, and by the time we reach chronological maturity we carry all the scars of twenty-some years of battling against overwhelming circumstances with very inadequate weapons.

Growing up isn't easy. The first twenty-five years of life are spent just growing up physically and socially. It is a process so hard, so violent, so emotionally and mentally distorting, that we usually have to spend the next twenty-five years of life convalescing from it, and repairing with medicine and surgery and corrective exercises all the damages done to the psychic and social organism in the first fierce upward push through the years. Persons who at fifty have achieved an harmonious adjustment to life, who have a perfect integration and functioning of all their faculties, who are at peace with their past, happy and successful in the present, and not afraid of their future, have done well. Most people never reach that happy stage. They are psychic invalids by the time they reach physical maturity, and never achieve much more than a sick person's success or adjustment to living. The germs of mental disease and social failure are in all of us. There is in the best and happiest and most hopeful person in the early twenties many a weak spot that needs strengthening and watching.

Of the students entering the University of Pennsylvania recently it was reported that seventeen per cent were seriously maladjusted, so much so that one might predict some sombre tragedy—mental or moral breakdown, or suicide—if they were not helped. Twenty-five per cent were well within the danger zone. Similar reports are made from other colleges. Persons may qualify for the upper walks of modern civilized life in all the mental,

physical and moral tests which the college applies to entering students, and yet when their reactions to ordinary circumstances are examined, one out of four is not ready for successful living.

In making these examinations a standard is now applied which differs very much from that which teachers and persons in authority formerly applied. A group of teachers was asked to pick out the students who would probably make a mess of their lives. They picked the disorderly, the ones who had been involved in school pranks, the ones who had been in sex scrapes, the idle, the unpunctual—in other words, the student who usually is expelled from school. The psychologists, looking around, picked an entirely different set—the very shy, the unhappy, the ones who had nothing to do with the opposite sex, the very timid, the extremely studious if at the same time they had apparently no friends or social resources. One excellent student, with good examination results, and an interest in art and music and literature but in nothing else, was so spotted by a psychologist. Two years later that boy committed suicide.

Once we are in the thick of life—trying to keep the job and the wife, to pay the rent, to bring up the children—the shocks come thick and fast. They batter every unprotected spot in our souls. They open old scars. They are salt in unhealed wounds. They beat us where we can be beaten, and break us wherever we will break. Most of these weak places are un-grown-up places—feelings, habits, attitudes which are hang-overs from childhood. They are cases in which we are trying to fight a real war with our old toy swords.

Every young person, facing life, ought to do it with a well-worked-out pattern of personal and social adjustment—a genuine life-plan, one that is flexible, that can be altered from day to day, even from minute to minute, but one which at the outset, in all its proportions and its leeway of material, is large enough and strong enough for grown-up living, designed for full-sized and grown-up life,

not just left over out of a child's wardrobe. To do this requires a thoughtful review of one's childhood, and a steady seeking after mature substitutes for many techniques which have helped one to get along well enough in the protected life of childhood. Doctor Seabury suggests to patients that come to him suffering from severe mental or emotional disturbances that they strike up an acquaintance with the children that they once were. If you are John Jones, aged thirty-one, victim of a severe nervous depression, take under your wing the little Johnnie Jones that you were thirty years ago—bright little codger in rompers that he probably was. Look at any picture you can find of him, remember just what he was like and how he lived. Then, with your arm around him, or with him snuggling next to you in bed, let him tell you all his troubles. Begin as far back as you can remember him, and come along with him down the years, talking things over with him. For nearly everything that bothers you in your grown-up life is some disappointment or frustration or misunderstanding in the life of that small boy.

However grown up we may think we are at twenty-five, we are going to carry forward into the years the shadow of the child we used to be. It may stand between us and our beloved, and with its weak, naughty hands tear to pieces the finest fabric of love. It may taunt and tempt our children, and entice them away to evil courses against our gravest conscious teaching. It may tamper with our careers, and lose us our jobs. It may thrust the glass of liquor into our hands, and drain the money out of our pockets. Many of us are thus dogged by the personality of childhood.

No one can say good-bye to the child completely at twenty-five. But one may make a beginning by trying to see just what there is about childhood that makes the getting rid of it such a long, slow pain to civilized man.

Here, for example, is little Teddy on the living-room rug, trying to build a castle of blocks. Patiently, cheeks burning with excitement, tongue hanging out, he puts

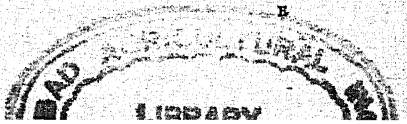
block on block, one by one, and at a certain point, just as he utters a squeal of triumph, the castle collapses. What does Teddy think? He thinks the blocks are "bad". They just won't build the house for him. So in a fury he flings them to right and left. He cries. He stamps. He calls them names.

Now, one of several things may happen. If Teddy is very well trained, and naturally healthy and independent, he may ultimately have a second thought about the blocks. It may dawn on him that these blocks are not quite like persons. No use getting mad with them! Their hearts are hard and their heads are made of wood, and if he, Teddy, can't conquer them by force, he may do it by guile. So with much study he may really discover a way of getting them to stay together clear to the top of the castle.

In that case he will have really conquered. He will feel happy and triumphant and ready to go on to new achievements in life. There will be nothing left over from this experience to hurt—nothing but pleasure and the hope of better things to come. This kind of experimenting and failing and changing one's strategy, and then succeeding, is normal growing up. A perfectly healthy person in a perfect environment would presumably arrive at maturity having learned all the lessons of life this way, having discarded successive patterns of behaviour with the months and years, and wearing now a fashion perfectly adjusted to his chronological age and his immediate needs.

But many circumstances may prevent this triumph of Teddy's. Nurse, hearing him cry, may intervene and say: "There, there. Naughty blocks! Nana will help you." From this Teddy makes two deductions. One is that blocks are bad to him. He now has it on high authority. The other is that he is under the protection of a good, kind person—immensely large and all-powerful—who will intervene to make bad blocks do what he wants them to.

Or Nana may not intervene. He may manfully and intelligently try again. But the blocks may just not be suitable for building castles. He is bound to be frustrated



whatever he does to them. So he must accept the bitter fact that having brains and trying hard are of no use in life!

Or Nana may be absent, and the blocks suitable enough for a strong, intelligent, healthy little boy but not suitable for him because he is tired or has a tummy ache because he sneaked chocolates out of Nana's box, or is sleepy and ought to be in bed at this hour. So he will feel very grieved, and very angry with the blocks, and utterly incompetent in dealing with them.

At this point, if he is an intelligent, imaginative child, he is likely to sit dreamily on the rug, and build the house instead in imagination, see beautiful shining blocks go up, layer by layer, and not one thing done to it by Teddy. And he will smile and tell himself a story. "This is my house and I built it." How much easier to build this way! So he discovers "fantasy", the "flight from reality".

Or if he is more practical and realistic, he may reflect on the house Frankie, his friend, built yesterday with these same blocks, and compare his own failure with Frankie's great success, and deduce from the comparison that he is inferior to Frankie. There are all sorts of things other boys can do that he can't. And this will be a fine nourishing start for an inferiority complex.

All these circumstances and reactions are the beginnings of neurotic patterns of behaviour—false deductions, imperfect adjustments—which persist into grown-up life.

We used to think that these inevitable childish failures and disappointments were of no consequence. Next morning Teddy would be shouting and laughing, having completely forgotten his blocks. But now it seems that nothing is forgotten. Under the surface of the child's apparent forgetfulness the shocks and hurts live on, often growing secretly with his growth.

During the later years of their youth, in the high tide of the first physical, social and sexual maturity, people usually make a very great effort to fit their external behaviour to grown-up life. Jealous and cranky little girls put on sweet, unselfish manners. Bullying small boys grow

up into thoughtful young men. Much of this young life of maturity is lived in circumstances which encourage a grown-up front. One is among many people, in school, moving around the world. One is always under tension, trying to impress a girl, or make good in a job.

This frequently leads the individual and his friends to think that he is much more grown-up and psychologically adjusted than he is. For if this effort is merely external and made under outward social pressure, or in that rather fallacious glow of hope and expectation which the new physical energies of youth inspire, it will not last beyond a few years.

Many hopeful, healthy, apparently well-trained and well-adjusted young people of twenty-five will begin at thirty-five to show signs of the "infantile regression"—the return to being the children they once were. If they then make an intelligent effort to outgrow it, and really build anew, they may go on to a really grown-up life, secure and confident; but if they do not they tend to sag, and be disappointed, and so to drag on towards old age.

While no one can overcome the child within himself completely at twenty-five, he can make a fair beginning, and can be so warned against the successive crises of later life that he goes over them smoothly and with only a temporary diminution of happiness or personal power. The simple story of Teddy and his blocks represents such obvious frustration and misunderstandings in life that it may be assumed that we all have something of this sort buried under our bright young complexions! It is the part of wisdom to admit this, and to start building a life-plan which will counteract them.

There is, for example, Teddy's conviction that the blocks were animated by some specific ill will against himself. Most people have this notion, which is normal to children and to savages and is only slowly outgrown by very intelligent people. They think that the boss has a grudge against them, that fate is peculiarly unkind to them, that whatever happens is just an inexplicable and not

at all deserved meanness of somebody or something.

Not till one is genuinely grown up does one realize that in most circumstances, good and bad, there is no such personal animus or focus upon one's self. Things happen according to laws with which one's own wishes have nothing to do. In a certain number of cases one can by really thinking and experimenting turn circumstances to one's own ends. In many cases one cannot. The situation is hopeless. Swallow your chagrin, and turn your attention to something you can control. The old household jingle has never been improved on.

> If there is a remedy try to find it.
> If there isn't, never mind it.

For make up your mind about it. Frustration is to be your lot in life for many years to come. At twenty-five you are as much of a child in the big world as Teddy is in the home. Probably if most of us had realized at twenty-five how much we would have to take on the chin, we just would not have had the courage to go on. And, apart from a few accidents, almost all one's troubles in life are the result of not knowing enough. But knowledge comes only with experience and suffering. Having one's bright efforts nipped in the bud, and one's most flourishing efforts at self-expression and achievement lopped off, as with a pruning-knife, is normal growing up between twenty-five and fifty.

So steel yourself to take your frustrations, to lose your job, to quarrel with your girl, to have your first business fail or your first novel turned down—and to have this happen again and again—and be prepared to learn on it all. One form of preparation is to moderate your ambition. An entirely false and delusive sort of ambition is pumped into us in school, and fed to us in advertising and success literature. The fault is not in the ultimate goal, which may be reasonable enough, but in the kind of tension and expectancy which it is believed must be worked up to realize it.

One of the notions that men have, for example, is that by throwing themselves in fiercely for a few years, they may make their pile and live at ease all the rest of their lives. Artists and persons in public life believe that with one big strike they are made. Do something dramatic. Get yourself before the public eye, and you can live on it the rest of your life.

Such notions are delusions in the rapidly changing modern scene. What forlorn ghosts of yesteryear are the bright young successes of the twenties! A few years ago an old lady of eighty-six died in England. For fifty years she had lived a quiet and secluded life, quite out of the headlines, known by nobody. She was the Empress Eugenie of France—once the centre of fashion, the queen of beauty and love, whose appearance on the streets of Paris was a pageant, and whose hats were copied by every woman of every walk of life on both sides of the Atlantic. A brief and gorgeous flare of fame and luxury, and then half a century of anti-climax: is that a life? Even those who have the vast and startling success that youth dreams of, often get very little out of it in the long count of the years. But since most people are ordinary, there is every chance in the world that, however you try, you will not be a gaudy headliner, and the only results of all your effort will be thoroughly to spoil such achievement as might have been yours. One of the most unhappy men I know is a man who had considerable luck in his youth. "All my big chances came to me too early," he said wistfully. "I fumbled every one of them. If I had had less luck and fewer opportunities, I should have had better fortune."

A too intense ambition does not make opportunity. It blinds you to it. So in planning for life, take it easy, but never give up. Set a moderate goal, and having realized that, try for a little bigger one, and so climb up one step at a time. If you dream of the great things you could do with £10,000 capital, save £10 out of your salary, and see what you can do with that. Several great modern businesses, and the whole insurance enterprise, have started in

just this simple way. If you want to be a great prima donna, start in the church choir. Plenty of great singers have. But starting easy, building a sense of success as you go, plan to push on, and on, and on. This is healthy growing up for the child. It is healthy growing up for the man.

And meanwhile avoid foolish little Teddy's way of developing an inferiority complex. Don't compare yourself with anyone else. A child gets an inferiority complex that way because he is small among big people, and the comparison is usually to his disadvantage. When you are starting out in life, you will probably have the same trouble. You won't be so bright as some, or so rich as others, and competition and comparison are bound to discourage you. Instead compete with only yourself. You always have the advantage there. The person you were yesterday should be less than you are to-day. The performance of last year can always be bettered a little. By always competing with yourself and bettering yourself, you will grow on and on.

Another idea of Teddy's is that, however badly the blocks behave, some great, good, all-wise person or power is going to intervene to protect and help him. This notion is entirely justified in his experience, for Nana and Mother always do intervene. Such intervention is necessary to the child's very existence. It is all very well to say: "Let the child learn by experience." But if Jimmy starts to run across the street in front of an oncoming car, mother can't let him experience the car. Help from above, help from outside, often unexpected, coming at the last minute in response to an agonized cry, but readily attached to ourselves on other occasions by sidling up to grown people and being nice to them—this in early maturity is the conditioning of all the life we have known on this globe. Little wonder that we outgrow it slowly and some do not outgrow it at all. It is the most persistent, the most likely to recur of all the childish attitudes. Kipling remarks that most dying soldiers will call for Mother. An obstetric nurse says that women in childbirth constantly call for their

mothers. To reach any sort of independence and secure happiness and achievement in life, one must outgrow the need of mother and father—mother for comfort and reassurance and kindly offices, enthroning us, giving us pleasure; father for security, for daily bread, for protection, for prestige.

To most people the boss remains the father. The job is a symbol of membership in father's house, and losing a job is as forlorn as having father's door closed on one. To many people on the dole, the Government has become father. Most people—I should say in particular most men—spend their lives looking for mother. They disappoint and frustrate their wives, putting them in the place of the dear household angel looking after and pleasing their sweet little selves, being sure that they have meals on time and fresh clothes from the laundry.

If a woman of much social experience, with a long and socially miscellaneous girlhood, and a wifehood in sophisticated circles where a mere incident like marriage means no real diminution of emotional attention—if such a Candida looks around on the modern scene, she can probably pick out or remember at least a hundred men who at one time or another have sidled up to her and said she was beautiful, or lovely, or just too—too.

And if she thinks them over, and remembers why she deftly detached herself, or did not and was afterwards sorry she didn't, she is a very lucky woman if she can spot ten out of a hundred who weren't looking for Mamma, who in all personal relationships stood squarely on their own feet as men, ready to give as much as they asked, really able and willing to offer a little of that masculine security which most men pretend to, and few enough of them can produce in a crisis. The number of men who can really hold a woman up on occasion instead of leaning heavily on her sweet shoulder and being held up by her instead is very much smaller than the official publicity for the sex would lead us to suppose.

To attain some independence of the apron-strings it

is not necessary to go about defying authority, insulting affection, or putting on a fierce I-am-the-Captain-of-My-Soul expression. Many people, uneasily conscious of their inward leanings, do just this. It is always a sign of weakness. On some occasions one may with simple humility and honesty admit that one needs a little help and reinforcement in life, and then look around for it on grown-up terms. On others, one may just as humbly and honestly look after one's self. Situations differ. Many people need a little practice in standing on their own feet, making decisions without consulting anyone, refusing to talk any personal affairs over, making their trials without advice and taking their bumps without squealing. Anyone who has reason to suspect that he is unreasonably dependent ought to put himself through this discipline. In many other situations what is needed is not personal help or sympathy but more impersonal and expert advice. So instead of looking to a friend for help, go to some entirely impersonal agency—a Citizens' Advice Bureau, a library, an information service. A little moving around of this sort in search of information or help from entirely disinterested sources is very useful to one who still leans secretly on a Papa or a Mamma.

Though such independence and self-reliance is very necessary and ought to make the backbone of any life, it is also very lonely. There is a place for helpers that engage the heart as Father and Mother did at the height of their reign over us. In these pages it has several times been suggested that, in weaning themselves from the original family, people seek other older helpers and confidants. But in seeking such help, try to be sensible. Realize that you are only one of many, and do not seek a favoured-child position in relation to any older person. Some of the most tragic situations in the world develop out of a tie between some younger person of promise and ability and an older one who assumes a too-exclusive control of a younger person's life—the kind older man who lends a young one money, but thinks he should balance it with

advice; the manager who develops a young star; the publisher who builds a young author; the elder with a lonesome place in his heart into which some younger individual inadvertently snuggles.

Those who have had to break such relations know that they have more than the bitterness of a break with one's original family. They are complicated by responsibilities or commitments which reach through all the fabric of one's grown-up life and career. They lead to unreasonable possessiveness and exactions of gratitude or repayment on the part of the elder, and unreasonable expectations of help or profit, bitter humiliations, jealousies, regrets on the part of the younger. When on both sides business and sentiment are well mixed and laid over an old parent-child complex, there is no social situation more dangerous.

To avoid this, it is best to limit your relations with all older friends, patrons, advisers to well-defined channels of consultation or co-operation; to see that there are several relations of this sort in your life, and not only one; and to keep all mutual dependence as far as possible on a pay-as-you-go basis. Make any investment in your future pay the investor what is reasonable, but no more. Keep the rest yourself. Don't allow any indefinite expectations to grow and blossom in your imagination. You did get a large order from Mr. So-and-So, and he did like you and tell you to drop around and see him again. But he has not adopted you as a father in this process. Let it stand just where it is, and proceed cautiously step by step.

Above all, don't mortgage your future in any present mood of dependence or gratitude. The head of a great firm, a man of position and reputation, took an interest in a young man in his employment, and advanced him rapidly. The benefactor had only one child, a spoiled daughter, a neurotic, rather dissipated young woman. Naturally the young man was pleased with the great magnate's approval, proud to be asked to his house, happy in the enfolding sense of father and home this gave him. The magnate, on the other hand, could not help

reflecting now and then: "If only I had had a son like that!"

The daughter, sensing this opinion of father's, seeing in her father's favourite another man to lean on and boss with tears and tantrums, one day came flying to the young man's flat, threw herself on his neck weeping, said she was so miserable at home, please marry her and take her away.

The young man did not love her, hardly even liked her, but he was so grateful to her father and had made such a transference of the sense of obligation to the kind magnate's home that, seeing the father approved, he married the girl. He has been expiating that folly ever since.

While some help, advice, patronage from older people is necessary, it is better to depend as far as possible on a free and friendly exchange as equals with those near your own age. Genuine friendship is a mature achievement. There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. The full value of man-to-man, woman-to-woman relationship cannot be reached till we have cleared the domestic images right out of the picture, till your friend is your friend—free, equal, interesting, full grown, shining alone in his own light—and not a substitute brother, sister, mother, father, aunt, uncle, son, daughter.

On the other hand, nothing hastens general maturity and balance in all personal relationships like an adequate marriage based on passionate physical love, intelligently interpreted and fulfilled. In a true wife or a true husband the father and mother images fade out, like candle-flames in the full ray of the sun. For this reason shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife.

Economic and social independence, friendship, marriage—do not these mean maturity? But there is one more substitute for the lonesomeness for father and mother. Most people need it. Far too many are led by modern modes of thought to try to do without it.

It is a personal religion, or a personal philosophy of life which lays hold on the heart with warmth and urgency.

The fact is that we cannot stand alone in life. This feeling that something good, all-wise, all-powerful looks after us is necessary. We have to graduate from the earthly father to a trust in something fatherly in heaven. Those who do not do so go around hanging their great need on every kind of poor earthly person and situation; they are troubled people looking for god in every ordinary man.

Even a very naïve father complex, safely hung on God, and satisfied in a regular round of church or service, is usually harmless enough, and very comforting to the individual concerned. There are many religious people whose ideas seem childish, but they generally conduct themselves with far more sense than gamblers, for example, who believe that the Lord God in the form they call "luck" will intervene in their behalf, or think they have a revelation from on high in the form of a "hunch".

To find a heart-warmed theory of living, a faith, a resignation to things as they are and must be, to lift the need of and faith in father to the height where one can say: "In His will is our peace," is very difficult to-day. So many of the old religious formulas fall dead on our ears. So much ardent belief and faith and beautiful behaviour has been tied up to propositions which we cannot accept, which seem even false and dangerous. There is, for example, the persistent association of religious faith in the past with a kind of anti-sexuality. It is false. It is contrary to the belief and teaching of the founders of the great world religions. It runs square against what must be the modern person's faith and practice. But there it is. There is also the equally false idea of the war between matter and spirit, between flesh and soul. Most of these notions have to be shed in any mature plan of life. Both Christ and Buddha in their day protested as earnestly against being bound by the original family or given over to severe asceticism as any Freudian psychologist. The Son of Man came eating and drinking. He thought Mary Magdalene a better person than the Pharisees. "She shall be forgiven much because she loved much." He said that

he piped to the people, but they would not dance. No modern psychologist goes further than that.

There is no conflict between the modern plan of life, founded in understanding of human psychology, and the greatest teaching of the past. There is very little conflict with the best social practice of any age. But there is a very great conflict between it and a kind of popular household tradition, between it and the notions one picked up in childhood from teachers and pious persons about the town. Most of us enter maturity with all these simple good persons who scolded us, and advised us, and tried to set us in the right way, heavy upon our consciousness. Possibly we did not understand them very well, and what we thought was their teaching was only our very immature conception of life. For example, most young people grow up with the notion that any respectable female of mature years is an absolutely sexless being.

They blush to associate certain types of thoughts and wishes with her holy image. They take it for granted that either she will not "understand", or she will disapprove. The few who grow up and really talk to one of these angels honestly sometimes get a great shock. Often dear Aunt Eliza is not responsible for this notion of yours. You have made it yourself. She was not green in the days when she scolded and advised you, but you were—too green for anything but what she gave you.

On the other hand, the teachings of our elders which we are forced to revise in seeking a plan of life are often complicated by the fact that in relation to the young all elders are hypocrites. Most of the intimate and serious facts of life are closely associated with the elder's sense of personal dignity. And personal dignity is something one just cannot put at the mercy of every immature intelligence.

For any young person to find his way out of what he has been taught, and what he thought he was taught but wasn't, is very difficult. It will take some serious thinking and very open-minded and objective observation for a number of years before he has anything like an effective

life-plan. And the search for it is not helped by the fact that in the twenties one is often in careless and voluble antagonism to nearly every ideal one has inherited from the past. Life still looks easy. The head of a sanatorium for the cure of dipsomaniacs says that most of the men who come to him of their own accord are between thirty and fifty. Up to thirty, he says, the average person is sure that he can get over any bad habit whenever he wants to. After thirty he begins to suspect that he may need help. On the other hand, after fifty he just stops trying. The difficulty with this is that if one slips along into the thirties without any systematic plan of life, fifty comes fatally fast!

So it is best to begin early to find the plan of life. Begin, if you wish, by throwing over your family's religion, and secretly snooting Aunt Susan. One must look with suspicion on any young person who seems entirely happy in the church or social circle of his fathers. You may come back to them. But there is a period during which you have to throw them away, and look around. If you will choose them again, it must be with mature judgment and open eyes.

Learn from popular modern books on living the current theories of good health and diet, of economics and just business practice, of household management, of psychology. But do not despise the old either, or too readily identify the cultural inheritance of the past with what you think you don't approve of in your childhood upbringing.

No person in that yeasty stage of evolution at which bright young persons are likely to be in their twenties can be very useful or effective. The yeast is necessary and part of growing up. But it isn't any reason for starting a youth movement, or wrecking institutions that have served a long time in the past, and which, with a few minor changes and improvements, will probably serve a long time to come. Meanwhile, if you can't reform the world, nobody is going to stop you from reforming yourself. If you have political plans, social plans, business plans to which no one will listen, there is one plan for which you may have a delighted

audience. You may work out a genuine technique of living, an independent and generous life-plan—and then, with great glory and *éclat*, you may put it over on yourself!

FROM TWENTY-FIVE TO FIFTY

CHAPTER XI

When Does Life Begin?

"WHEN," I said to a physician, "does the human being show the first definite, indisputable sign of old age?"

He answered: "The day he is born."

And he went on to explain that medical science knows only one sure sign of increasing age—the slowing up of the rate of organic activity and growth. Everything else —wrinkles, avoirdupois, the failure of this or that faculty —may conceivably be the result of particular circumstances that may be corrected. They may occur in one organism and not in another. But the slowing of the organic processes is inevitable, and when this reaches a certain point, all functioning stops in death. The first time when this is clearly evident in a given human being is the day of birth. After birth the rate of growth and change is definitely slower than it was in the months preceding birth. So there is a sense in which life ends the day it begins.

On the other hand, right up to the ultimate end there may be a new beginning. The consciousness of beginning is part of living itself. Any set of circumstances which closes a chapter of life may have all the excitement, the sense of change and growth and new possibilities which seems like the first sentence in a new and better chapter. Most people go through a number of these endings and beginnings in the course of a long life. They may continue right up to the hundredth birthday. Here is a dear

little old woman of seventy-nine whose life ended last year, with the death of a beloved husband with whom she had lived fifty happy years. She was prostrate. She fell into an illness from which no one expected her to recover. What more could there be for her in life? But after a winter in the hospital, here she is on her eightieth birthday, completely rejuvenated. She looks years younger. One would say she was a rather healthy person in her sixties. She is alert and happy. She says she has the most wonderful sense of beginning that she has ever had in her life, that the scales have fallen from her eyes, that much which she went through blindly in her long, tumultuous happy years of life with her husband she now understands for the first time. She says that he has not left her. He is with her still, part and parcel of her life. She feels herself to be a whole, simple, free, complete woman living out, as it were, her life and his in one. She enjoys everything. She is taking up interests she has laid aside. She exerts herself physically and socially in ways that amaze and shock her children and grandchildren. However one explains it, the fact is indisputable. Life begins for her at eighty.

Many of us have observed this phenomenon in the lives of older persons. One psychologist asserts that old age is something one goes through and comes out the other side of. Probably we go through several old ages in the course of one life. Again and again we have the illusion of coming to the end, and then of finding that it is only a beginning.

So far as real beginning is concerned, one can hardly set the date too early or too late. We speak of youth and of maturity. Yet many children have had careers that put their elders to shame. When did life—life as the mature person knows it, in a great public career—begin for little Shirley Temple? Here is the sweet young Bartholomew lad, in his first long trousers, with a contract for a salary of £400 a week. Joan of Arc lived till only twenty, and in that time she remade European history. Alexander conquered the world before he was thirty. He whom civilization proclaims the greatest of all men, too

much of a man to be only human, died on the cross at thirty-three. Of two great poets, Keats and Shelley, one died at twenty-four and one at twenty-nine. William Pitt was prime minister at twenty-five. The Mississippi Valley was conquered in the American Revolution by a lad of twenty-five—George Rogers Clark. The domain beyond the Mississippi up to the Pacific was first explored and mapped by two men, Lewis and Clark, of whom one, Lewis, was aged twenty. The idea which first directed Jefferson's attention to the possibilities of the Far West and the Louisiana Purchase, which inaugurated the great China and India trade, matured in the head of a college student, a runaway lad from Dartmouth College, John Ledyard. The cotton gin, which transformed the physical life of the world, which indirectly brought on the American Civil War, was invented by a lad just out of Yale, Eli Whitney.

On the other hand, the record of extreme old age is just as impressive. There is hardly anything that youth considers its province which has not been effectively done by people in advanced years. Mrs. Anna Van Sikke swam twenty miles in the Pacific Ocean on her seventieth birthday. In the days when soldiers and conquerors were young, the Roman armies against Carthage were led by a general of eighty, Masinnissa. Recently at a large social gathering an old lady of eighty-four wagered that she would outlast and outdo any woman of any age who was somewhat over weight and not in immediate training in a given set of young dancers' exercises. With my own eyes I saw her take on the fat sisters who were willing to try, one by one, and wear each one down and throw her out, and appear still quite unwearied and unbreathed.

Like the various forms of physical exertion, poetry and the arts are usually fields in which youth shines. But Goethe finished *Faust* after he was eighty; Sophocles wrote *Oedipus Coloneus* after eighty; Tennyson wrote *Crossing the Bar* at eighty-three; and Titian painted *The Battle of Lepanto* at the tender age of ninety-eight!

Yet the illusion that life is ending often comes very early. In the lives of young girls there is often a sense of being socially discarded, too old to be attractive, ready to fade into an unloved grave, following a very early introduction to formal society. Many a débutante encounters it when she faces her second or third season at twenty and is not married yet.

The pangs and disappointments of old age frequently settle on Seniors at the end of their college career. Life is done. There is another hero on the gridiron and another belle of the commem.

People who survive the first senescence at the end of the teens or the end of college usually pick up and go cheerfully on till about thirty. But thirty is another of those tragic milestones. A man who crowned a long life of public service with an entirely new start and a new and great position at sixty-eight told me that on his thirtieth birthday he wept. He thought he was too old now to amount to anything. And on this assumption he went ahead and built three distinct and notable careers, each enough to make him known on both sides of the Atlantic.

The thirtieth birthday has had for years a special significance for women. It is their good-bye to girlhood. Sophisticated women often assert that virginity is of no value in a woman's life after thirty. A brilliant and distinguished woman who celebrated her thirtieth birthday by inaugurating a very unselfish affair with a well-known man remarked, apropos of the arrangement: "Who cares for maidenhood after thirty? Is there anything better I can do with the last fag-end of my virginity than to help a fellow-creature out?" In France, thirty was traditionally the age when a woman graduated from the seclusion of early wifehood and motherhood into a general social career, as mistress of a salon, and the object of various kinds of romantic attachment. *La Femme de trente ans* was thought to be a very dangerous creature indeed.

Nowadays the tendency is to move the crisis of life up

ten years, from thirty to forty. Forty is the age when most men begin really to worry about their careers, and to feel themselves possible failures. Forty is, and has always been, the great high point in romance for women. Several years ago, in my book on Personality, I referred to the number of women of forty who were heroines of historic romance. Since then we have seen the man who might have been the greatest king in the extent of the social influence he wielded and the territory whose populations were concerned in his action—we have seen this king give up the world's most majestic throne for a woman of forty!

Despite the common belief, I think that life doesn't begin at forty. That is far too early. It isn't the finish of any normal period of growing. It is only the middle. At that age one's children are only about half grown or just getting into college; the mortgage on the house generally isn't paid off, and there are no secure savings capable of standing long strain; in a very few cases one may have advanced to being manager of one's firm, but generally one is only half-way up the grade, with the final crown of successful work some distance ahead. One may be restive at home, and inclined to look around for some belated appreciation. But generally the original responsibilities to home and wife, even a certain amount of day-by-day co-operation with an unsympathetic or outgrown partner, are still holding one fast.

The real finish of a period of growing up, and the real beginning of something beyond, comes in most successful lives much nearer fifty. It may not come till some time after that. It coincides generally with the completion of really critical responsibilities to the household—the achievement of a competency or position which relieves financial strain, the growing up of the children, the long step upward and outward into public life or general reputation. It means a reorganization of one's love-relations. The children no longer have the place they formerly had. They ought to be weaned off, and some other human concern put in their place. In relation to the partner of

one's earlier domestic life there is much reorientation. Sometimes it means a love wider and deeper than ever before, a release into that genuine companionship with which the children and the house and the job have tended to interfere. Sometimes it means a subtle and unadmitted release of conscience, especially among men. The wife is provided for. The children are grown. The duty to the home is really done. Ho, then, for fresh fields and pastures new.

Formerly at this age women would fade out of the social picture. But now, with the safe passing of the menopause, they are discovering that life for women may truly begin at fifty. They have shed the burdens of sex, but may, if they please, keep its joys and privileges.

It seems a more reasonable plan of life, then, to think of the period from about twenty-five to fifty as one whole, usually dedicated to the home and the job, but involving, if one is to get through life handsomely, a strengthening of the weak spots left by one's first push up into maturity before twenty-five, a re-training of one's habits and attitudes to meet the conditions of maturity, and a resolute removal of all traces of those little oddities, social slacknesses, and emotionalisms which, during this period, miraculously change from smart hang-overs of childhood to signs of approaching old age! Up to twenty-five one is an unfinished person. From twenty-five to fifty one is a domestic and economic institution; after fifty one is a finished person, or nothing.

Yet it must be remembered that there is nothing inevitable about these chronological periods. They are only very rough averages, and no one is obliged to conform to an average. No decade of life has a sole claim upon fame or happiness or experience. Anything can happen at almost any age.

Above all, there is no point in comparing one's self with others of like age, and being discouraged if one has got much less out of the grab-bag of life. Fortunes rise and fall, money and fame may be alike short-lived. Great

reputation, great public importance is usually confined to a short period of any life, and there are many advantages in reaching it late rather than early. The history of those who leaped very young to a high place is pretty tragic —Joan of Arc burned at the stake at twenty; Alexander dead in a brawl at thirty; Napoleon dying on St. Helena at forty-five; the tragic trio of poets, Keats, Byron, and Shelley; the musicians—Mozart, Schubert. To keep the laurel crown is harder than to win it, and the more years there are under it, the more securely it seems to rest on the brow.

Since the days of Aristotle there have been various speculations on the right age to marry. On the whole, twenty-five is the point of most general agreement. During the depths of the depression the head of a college for women said that she was going to write an article entitled *Who Says That There are No Jobs?* She said that she always had more calls for women workers than she could fill, but the trouble was that these calls generally specified women between twenty-five and forty-five. And the women of that age usually had jobs or were married and made a job of that. Twenty-five to fifty is the full-time section of the average wage-earning life. One is neither too young nor too old. If one has health and determination, and keeps going, there is usually work to be found during these years, even in hard times.

So one may take twenty-five as the milestone at the entrance to the great rushing middle period of life, and fifty as the milestone at the exit. One goes into this period feeling like very much of a person. Hitherto one has lived a selfish and self-important life. One believes the world is one's own cheese, and one has in one's hand the knife to cut it. Then, almost before we know it, we are in an entirely new situation. As persons we cease to matter. We are only something to hold up the roof, to keep the house going, to bring in the bacon, to pay the bills. Even selfish persons behave rather unselfishly during the high days of raising the family and sticking fast to the job. We have

no time for ourselves. We worry. We rush. We are, at home and abroad, perpetually concerned for something besides ourselves. Life is bestriding us, and all we can do is just to go.

The result is often a notable deterioration in personality. The individual ceases to matter in his own estimation, and this is reflected in dress and bearing, in all the subtle signs of growing middle-aged. A hairdresser reports that, as compared with young women and older women, middle-aged women are very stupid about themselves. They always want the kind of wave that isn't becoming. They are determined to accentuate all their weak points. Young women, she says, have natural style, and some older women recover it, and turn it into personal distinction. But during the period when the children are growing up and usurping the landscape, it is likely to vanish entirely. What happens to Mamma happens also to Papa. He forgets that he matters. He just works and pays bills. He frequently has not got high enough in a business or a profession to feel that he matters even there. He just plods along.

So one emerges from this cart-horse period of life considerably damaged. Most people think that this is just normal growing old. Usually the visible deterioration is no such thing. It is the result of conditions that could be avoided by proper physical and mental hygiene for these years. Every period of life has its risks. We recognize the risks of childhood, and avoid them by physical care and education. We begin to recognize those of the older years, and to provide against them. But no one seems to think about the middle years. They seem the great high tide of maturity—the time when one can do anything.

Yet on the management of these years depends one's chance of coming fresh, handsome, undaunted and unexhausted to the great last period of real living, beyond fifty—the time when the great bask in their fame, and the rich in their wealth, the time when the personality revives and comes into its own, the time when bills should have

ceased to nag and the family to annoy, the time when one can rule life and not be ruled by it—the time of love's second bloom, and a whole life's harvest. Twenty-five years of such life is a reasonable expectation. Fifty, taking one right up to the end of a century, is not at all impossible.

From twenty-five to fifty is, then, the critical period of life. It is the roaring arena between the romantic paradise of youth and the Elysian Fields of age. When does life begin? Who that is thick in the responsibilities of the middle years really cares? The main thing is that it shouldn't end—not till we have raised the children; not till we have made security—not till we have found again a lost love, and recaptured a vanished dream.

Swift years, heavy-laden years, the years that really test us—the years when for some people youth disappears for ever, and when others, far fewer, discover that no one needs to grow old. We, most of us, go into them cheerfully and hopefully enough, but how will we come out—battered, bruised, tired; or serene, poised, victorious—the personality that has at last come into its own?

CHAPTER XII

On the Job

LOVE and work are the double foundation of adult life—love with complete fulfilment in marriage, work focused in the need of earning a living. The two great characteristics of childhood are that, for the child, sex is in abeyance, and that someone else supports him. The two fundamental signs of maturity are that for the man sex is released, and that he supports himself and probably some others. We have built our whole structure of civilized living on the two great biological impulses—to nutrition and to propagation; and with regard to each of these the change from childhood to maturity is profound, and completely reverses all attitudes and expectations.

Just as adult adjustment to sex and marriage is hindered by attempts to apply to the grown-up situation taboos suitable to the immature, so earning a living is for the average person all snarled up in notions carried over from the economic subserviency of childhood.

And to get some twenty years of childish psychic adjustment out of your system is a job for most of one's adult life. Only in very recent times and in a few favoured sections of the world has anybody managed to grow economically beyond fourteen. The arrest of economic development at fourteen is obvious in the policy of some countries now, and in predatory groups of business men even in the more grown-up lands. For fourteen is the age when some boys, having attained very nearly a man's growth and strength, begin to assert their desire for all the bright and wonderful possessions that give prestige, by just going out to take them. In cruder country districts they rob orchards, shoot birds out of season, make off with boats and tools and small movables, and are generally local nuisances. In the city they join gangs, and war on small shopkeepers and police.

Usually they get very little for all their efforts, but they have a simple way of compensating. If they can't have it, you shan't. What they are not allowed to take they destroy. On this handsome theory of economics have been built most predatory business, and the whole militarist-feudal system whose rebirth in Germany, Italy, and Japan was such a serious matter for the rest of the world.

Considerable civilizations have been built up on the fourteen-year-old theory of economics. At least half the young executives in business are cherishing under the polite fronts a fourteen-year-old robber baron. Some day, by a smart turn, by a swift descent on a competitor, they intend suddenly to walk off with a lot of loot. They think this is all right. They look at you quizzically if you question the idea. Keep that for Sunday school! The Bears and Bulls charge and roar like so many boys' gangs. They are strong; they are ruthless; they are fourteen. Great predatory opera-

tions, whether carried on by bombs dropped from the air or millions dropped in speculation, are most impressive in the eyes of other boys, but they are all conditioned on one circumstance—that there are still plain Papas and Mamas in the world to do the real work, and produce some solid substance for bright boys to steal.

Even where the predatory operations are not obvious, the general social standard remains very childish. In most people it has not even got to the point of being fourteen —to even the blind, destructive effort to do something one's self. It is content to be six or seven. Very often the fourteen-year-old predatory males, flourishing their spoils, like to keep themselves feeling strong and mature by maintaining their wives and womenfolk at a more youthful level still. This is the way of most rich circles, especially the newly rich. You can see the fourteen-year-old captains of finance with their nine-year-old wives or seven-year-old lady-loves at any resort any day. The six-to-nine-year-old attitude assumes that to be supported—that is, to have money not earned by one's self, available in apparently unlimited quantities—is the most desirable state in life. It reproduces exactly Johnnie's sense of security in his father, and the prestige he enjoyed when he flourished his toys before other children in the neighbourhood. Practically everyone still accepts this attitude, even honest people who really work for a living. What working girl can avoid an involuntary obeisance to the débutante as she sails by? Almost all working people accept their inferior status as opposed to those who do not work for a living, that is, they are more or less grown-up people content to be bullied or patronized by social children. Before any really handsome spending—a vast estate, a diamond necklace, a yacht—we are all pop-eyed.

Yet most people have to work for a living. In a certain way they must grow up and stand on their own feet. So their lives are spent in an attempted compromise between the outer necessity and the inner picture carried over from childhood. The failure to make a successful

compromise accounts for practically all economic insecurity. Those who don't compromise, but really grow up and get rid of all childish hang-overs, are so few that wherever they may be found we should make them national heroes, and put up monuments to them!

The compromise begins in the attempt to give some kinds of work the appearance or the associations of idleness. The white-collar class is content with less money than skilled industrial workers because it at least looks a little more like the idlers. Persons in the professions are not paid crudely and directly. That would look too much as if they worked for a living. They send a bill, and you send a cheque, and it's all so indirect that you can forget the unpleasant transaction and make believe the doctor calls to feel your pulse because he likes to hold your hand! In the big metropolitan centres and among the most widely experienced people money and work transactions begin to take on an adult frankness and simplicity. But woe betide you if you carry over this frankness into a small town. There everybody that is anybody is mysteriously maintained, as by an invisible parent. If you are so unfortunate as not to have a little money left by Grandfather, at least you don't advertise the fact by any vulgar simplicity about work. The decent reticence still maintained by old-fashioned ladies about the disgrace of work is lovely to behold. Here is a circle in which very beautiful embroidered maps of the old town as it used to be are pressed upon you by one kind lady or another. "Aren't they lovely? Won't you buy them?" "Who makes them?" Ah, silence and meeting glances. They would rather not say. A member of a very old family has—er—er—had reverses, and needs a little money! Her pride in having been a child who was supported is greater than her adult pride in really beautiful craftsmanship.

Practically everybody going out to look for his first job has more of this nonsense in him than he knows. Deep in his soul he is automatically eliminating this possibility, or not trying that, lest it be mysteriously contaminating.

He is trying to surround the one thing he has determined to do with some special prestige which will somehow cleanse it of the stain belonging to other honest work. All artistic and intellectual circles are cursed with this childishness. There are the artists who will not be commercial and can't be anything else; the musicians who will not be popular and can't be great; the architects, the engineers out of jobs, capable persons, of excellent and variously useful training, but so enamoured of one little picture of achievement which in their minds they have somehow freed of the sweat of honest work for money that they cannot think of any other way of using what they know.

Anyone who wants to keep any decent adult dignity and independence, to care for those he loves, to build up his own future, to enrich and beautify his life and be a free man in a free world, has to learn to nail in himself and others every trace of this childishness. You work because you need money, and you need money because you are a man or a woman with a man's or a woman's responsibilities, and not a babe in arms. It is the basic sign of your real grown-up-ness. Cherish it, and if necessary flaunt it. If you don't find all the work you can do, and make all the money you can possibly need now and for the future, you are not some special kind of rare and valuable person —you are just an infant.

It is necessary to be drastic on this subject, because however we may think we are free of the nonsense, if we honestly weigh our behaviour and our motives, we will find some of it.

Will you take any job, rather than have none? Will you work for a little rather than not work at all? Oh, yes, we have heard all about it. You will lower your prestige. You won't "get back". There is a little truth in this, but only a very little, not so much that an honest and determined man can't easily overcome it rather than starve.

Do you hate to hunt for a job? After all, it ought to be about as much fun to hunt work as to hunt a deer. Most

of the travelling about in search of work is entertaining enough. Many of the contacts, even with those who refuse you, are very pleasant. You learn a lot and you see a lot, looking for a job. What weights your feet, and tugs at your heart, and strikes humiliation deeper and deeper into your soul as, unsuccessful, you turn away from door after door? It is shame. It is the shame of being no longer the child that is supported, looked after, safe in mother's arms, but a man, out on your own, with a man's lot to meet. Many and pathetic are the tales of unemployment, and no one would minimize them. But take the sheer childishness out of them, and the tragedy shrinks considerably. And I venture to say that if anyone honestly makes a list of one hundred possibilities of work, any work, at any level that he can do, for anything he can live on, and goes out and looks for one after another, bravely, with a high heart, with pride in wanting to work, in having some work to offer for his own support, and interest in the adventure, he will not be long unemployed. And once employed at anything, at any price, in six weeks he can find his natural level. He will be pushed up to the point where he can do his best at a fair price, and when the bargaining power is in his hands, he can make up for temporary privations by using it! Many men have made a come back in hard times by proceeding in this way.

Some men are at a disadvantage now against women in business because they carry older patterns of prestige and special economic privilege masking as masculine superiority or professional codes. Women came late on the business scene. They took themselves out of the protected category by the very fact of being members of the female sex that worked, and this shock forced them to grow up a little. They have had to take what they could get, and this has taught them a little economic realism. The result was all too obvious in the depression in the numbers of couples where the wife kept a job and the husband did not. It is a state of affairs which threatens more and more to put men on their toes, if they want to keep what, through long

ages of feminine immaturity, their sex gained for itself, and what it is probably best for the social order that it should have.

A version of the richest-child-in-the-neighbourhood complex is the business and social showing off—the idea that if you pretend to be earning a lot of money, by some magic you will earn it. Once in a while this works, because there are suckers—even in the business world. But mostly it just gives you a headache and some bills you can't meet. When you run into a competitive person in business or social life, hand him the victory at once on a silver platter, while you save your cash and your peace of mind and possibly sell the customer into the bargain!

A pleasant social front, the maintenance of one's social personality at its best, some courtesies given and received, a little breezing around, a general habit of putting your best foot forward—all these are very necessary in a successful life, and many fail for lack of them. They humanize and civilize business, and they have often some practical by-products.

But this is just a varnish to put on honest work at one's own job, and on financial realism. It is nothing to build your hopes on. It ought to take no large part of your working time. And you should never look for favours from other people without having a pretty clear picture of genuine favours you yourself can give in return.

Another kind of childishness is the indirect approach. Young people especially are very prone to think that they can get jobs or business opportunities by hinting at it, or by giving someone an opportunity to offer them something. This is all part of the camouflage of money and work, with its origin in the belief that not to work and not to have to count pennies is a superior state. So you are embarrassed to ask for a job, embarrassed for yourself and for the other person's sake. Such embarrassment is readily communicated from one who feels it to one who, normally, might not. But it is always immature, and a

simple, direct way of just ignoring it, or of going ahead with business in a plain way, usually settles it.

There are occasions when a little diplomacy is desirable. There are tactful methods of presentation, ways of divining the other fellow's needs and adjusting your own propositions to them. But you arrive at these only when you can maintain a simple, objective, unembarrassed attitude on all questions of work and money, when you can think of the other fellow and think of the business in hand, and not care a hoot for your own prestige as a person who "doesn't really need this, you know".

Of course it is an advantage to be in a favourable bargaining position. But only in very rare cases can you pretend to such a position if you actually lack it. Smart success stories are full of instances in which the man without a sixpence has made the other man believe he had millions. It can be done, but there is a grave question whether you are bright enough to do it. The favourable bargaining position can in most cases be maintained by actually having an alternative to the arrangement proposed—by having another possible job, or another customer, or a little money saved, or another person with capital in the offing. The amount of trouble and expense usually necessary to keep up a bluff will also enable you to get right out and find the real thing.

There is also the carrying over of all sorts of emotionalism from the family into business—personal jealousy, petty bickering, bright expectations of profit based on someone's apparent liking for you, social competitiveness, flirtation. There is the disobedient child-attitude—the attitude of the fellow who never punches the time clock, who stays out too late after lunch and breezes in with a pleasant smile, the person whose desk is in disorder, who loses things, who forgets, who disobeys regulations in small ways. There is the child's way of working, irregularly and in enthusiastic spurts. Bright and attractive young people often go through school with a whole collection of these bad little habits of which they are rather proud. But a job is not like school

and home, a shining centre for your remarkable self. Sad as it may seem, you don't count much there—only the work you accomplish—if any.

Another kind of childishness that curses most honest wage-earning is a false security in the job, or in current success. In his parents' house, the young child felt really secure. Whatever happened, this was his, and he belonged to it, and it would take care of him. This feeling is readily transferred to your job. You have it. It is home and comfort to you—your wall against the world. In business and the professions the security is attached to sets of persons or of circumstances. The lawyer feels secure in the big magnate who employs him regularly. The business man feels secure in two or three big accounts.

But actually there is in the world of work no security corresponding to the security of the child in the home—nothing you own and have a claim on as you had a claim on your parents. For, alas! you are not a child now, but a man, and to a man the sense of security is a delusion. The only security is that which you make for yourself, and the one good way not to have this security is to look for security in somebody else!

Modern economic life is needlessly insecure. But until we get a better arrangement the only security is in recognizing the insecurity, and being prepared against it, as the frontiersman was prepared against attack by natives. The best job may fail. The most carefully saved money may be lost. The finest line of business may go out of style. Changes in taste and in widespread social needs are now very rapid. The men of middle age who now have great careers in wireless and aviation could not have prepared specifically for those careers in their boyhood, because they could not even visualize such work. They found them by being conscious of change and opportunity as men. The widespread use of rubber has come in within the memory of living men, and so, too, the great electrical industry. The only way of being secure is to build yourself up to the modern age by discarding childish patterns

of behaviour based on quite other conditions than those of the present swift, grown-up world, and to pitch right into the world as it is, in your maturity, and to keep changing with its fashions, and progressively learning its new techniques.

Two elements of security the good workman has, however, through all change, and on these he may build higher and higher through the years. One is genuine knowledge of his craft. Styles change, business changes, but genuine craftsmanship does not. It takes the same kind of ingenuity, judgment, accuracy, sense for machinery, to devise a primitive wooden Chinese water-wheel and to work out the latest improvement in motors. There is very little difference in the kinds of skill and judgment required to address the Roman citizen from the rostrum in the forum and to address the modern citizen from the microphone. People who really know their craft, who are satisfied to do only their best as workmen, and who are reasonably aware of social change, can shift swiftly and competently with the times, and be just as able on the new job as on the old. Genuine craftsmanship is always mature. The attempt to triumph through actually making and doing something is the one force that really keeps the child growing up, and it is, by the same token, the force that keeps the man grown up.

Another element of security is of greatly increased importance to-day, because of the masses of people any individual may reach through his work, and the various facilities for teaching them. This is the building of a personal following. Everywhere, in every work, we are building a following, performing before simple and nameless people who, when the time comes, will vote for us or they won't. Phoebe, the little manicure girl in the beauty-parlour, is nice to the customers. She performs her work swiftly, daintily, competently. And within a week or two after this prize arrives in the shop, persons are asking at the desk for the privilege of being manicured by Miss Phoebe. These are her following. If she has enough people

who like her, she can set up a shop of her own, or buy out this one. Persons who think we live in a world ruled by great magnates, or bankers, or ladies of social influence have another thought coming. We live in a world ruled by unknown masses. Silent, ruthless in rejection, tenacious in devotion, your mass is waiting for you. Let your competitor compete. Let someone else show off. Let the other politician call a meeting, and the other author have a special dinner given to him. Either you have your following or you have not, and the day the votes are counted, the sales are reckoned up, the royalties are distributed, will be the day for shouting.

Time spent in looking for help from persons of influence had better be spent instead in seeking and understanding your own possible kingdom of nobodies. A true following is a democracy. Every man has one vote. Mrs. So-and-So may be a very influential lady, but Mrs. Such-and-Such down the back street is just as likely to buy your product, and her voice goes just as far in selling it to her neighbour.

Be your age, in your age. Don't look back to the home or the feudal society. Look forward, in an adult spirit of courage and enterprise, to the world as it now is, and is bound to be more and more. As George Bernard Shaw says: "Look to the rising, not the setting sun."

OCCUPATIONAL FITNESS

Test for Thirty

1.	I can	
	Barely keep off the dole	4
	Earn a humble living	6
	Adequately support a family	8
	Build a future career and genuine security	10
2.	My training is adequate	
	I am thoroughly trained in one craft	4
	I have considerable training in two associated crafts	3

	I keep improving my techniques by both practice and formal study	3
3.	I know how to work	
	I have adequate physical strength and competency for my job	3
	I can set myself to work without hesitation or delay	2
	I waste no time between motions	2
	I stick at a task till it is really well done	3
4.	I have no habits which interfere with steady work, such as drink or gambling	2
	I get along pleasantly with co-workers and with my superiors	2
	I do not resent criticism or suffer over it unduly	2
	I do not look for special favours or any great luck	2
	I am perfectly reliable	2
5.	I constantly extend my possible vocational range	
	I read in the fields of my interest	2
	I extend my acquaintanceship among members of my own staff	2
	I watch for new developments in the whole field of my work	2
	I build a following among those who like my work and whom I seek to please	2
	I keep a list of possible other jobs which I could do	2
6.	I provide against unemployment	
	By as much cash saving as possible	2
	By keeping as free as possible of rigid financial commitments, such as long-term leases or heavy mortgages	2
	By investing when I can in personal property that will carry over hard times, like a car, good clothes, a place to live rent free in the country, ground to raise vegetables in, etc.	2
	By reserving plans for further study, or for the improvement of personal property, for slack periods	2
	By foreseeing industrial or financial changes and having another rock to jump to	2

7. I am aware of the age-limit of average employability in my craft or profession and am working on more than one plan for forestalling it 10

8. I know how to spend what I earn
 My fixed overhead is adjusted to my minimum, not my maximum earnings 2
 I spend nothing just to keep up with the Joneses 2
 I know how to find the graces and decencies of life within the limits of my pocket-book 2
 I am not an easy mark for insurance agents or investment brokers 2
 I am not trying to carry some idler in the family who could probably carry himself 2

9. I regard my personal competence as my greatest social security. I keep
 My health at its best 2
 My mind from rusting 2
 My social habits from getting set 2
 Myself a free, flexible, wide-awake social agent 2
 My emotional attitudes such that I can live down hardship without undue pain, humiliation, or fear 2

10. I take an intelligent share in improving all working conditions and all conditions of social security
 I belong to a union, professional or business club, or other craft group 3
 I take a trade or professional magazine 3
 I use my influence and my vote intelligently to further real improvements in work and living 4

CHAPTER XIII

The Technique of Matrimony

THE main characteristic of the years between twenty-five and fifty is that one is married. Few people who have not

yet achieved matrimony expect to avoid it altogether, however big they talk. While they pretend to enjoy single blessedness, they are usually on a still hunt for means of ending it. Those who have been married once and are now divorced are, during these years, usually not done with domestic servitude. They are just temporarily unemployed.

Marriage is the characteristic condition of these years. It is, as a real institution, almost exclusively confined to them. Normally after fifty one's marriage does not seriously matter—to anyone but one's self. It may now be worn honourably as a decoration. It remains, of course, an unutterable personal comfort. But as a social institution it has ceased to count. The best thing to do with it is to turn it back into a personal love-affair.

But during the great heyday, marriage determines everything. It keeps a man at his job, and turns the belle of the ball into the house-wife. It replenishes the population, fills the schools, supports the life-insurance business, keeps advertising alive, and prevents estate agents from going broke. It eats up the surplus wheat crop and wears out the surplus cotton. It is the greatest of the social institutions, and makes all others subservient to it.

Because marriage is so important as a social institution, it is very easy to forget that it is also the greatest personal adventure. Young people in love are in a dream, in which to each the personality of the other is of cosmic significance, and all their personal contacts a large and beautiful drama. What he said, what he did, what he thinks, the way she looks to-night, her smile, her curls, her voice—life is only this.

> A man would give his hope of bliss,
> And all his earthly goods for this,
> To waste his whole soul in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips.

But after marriage lovers often undergo a rapid transformation. She is no longer a unique, incomparable She. She is a Wife. She steps smoothly behind a mask shaped

for her by tradition, but painted with the colours of the present mode. He is no longer the lover, the hero. He is just that indispensable but somewhat absurd person, a husband, the butt of comedians, well meaning but idiotic, the ass on whose back we have laid the burden of the race.

As for that great climax of love, the utter possession of each other, the "being always together, we two", somehow it does not amount to much. One has lost a dream, and gained instead a comfortable but not very important habit. So, at least, it seems to him. To her it is not even comfortable, but it leads through secret tensions and physical misery to the great compensation—to motherhood.

This is marriage for the average, probably for the numerical majority. It is marriage as depicted in the comic magazines and in popular comedy. Even as such it has its advantages—advantages so great that neither men nor women with no higher vision of it would miss it if they could help it. It has a prestige in the community, a kind of central importance. It leads to all the obvious kinds of property, and pride in displaying the same—the house, the car, even the economic appurtenances of the children. It is a guarantee that one is a grown-up and responsible person and has missed nothing in life. It keeps one busy and interested. It may have its secret frustrations, its deliberate sacrifices, even its sharp agonies, but, by and large, there is a lot of comfort in it, and mainly a lot of kindness and affection. It delivers the individual from the fate that one fears most in life—from being completely alone.

This good old kind of marriage has served so well in perpetuating the race and bringing up the great mass of citizens that it is easy to forget how far it falls short of the possibilities. Among great masses of people it is still not known that it is usually built upon a fundamental physical and emotional frustration. What passes for sexual intercourse between many people is sufficient to build a large family, but quite insufficient for the maturing of personality

and the welding of soul to soul in lifelong and mutually inspiring love. A woman may be the mother of twelve children, and still be as emotionally virgin as a nun. It is easy enough to assault a woman's body, but quite another to reach her soul. And not till her soul is reached is her sex released in that genuine response which a man blindly seeks, and the lack of which, if he cannot find it, will leave him dull and disappointed, physically drained, but not emotionally and nervously revitalized—not closer to another soul, but separated by a dreadful, impalpable bar. The result of this sort of conjugality is dislike on the woman's part, carefully covered with patient yielding, and a generally martyred attitude to life. On the part of the husband it leaves an apologetic feeling, a conviction that in comparison with pure woman he is rather low. Really good people have often contrived to build over this recurring conflict and shame a whole structure of social compensation, in kindness, in unselfishness, in affection, in mutual responsibility. Even an enlightened person like Judge Lindsey admits that marriage is a state of "tragic tension".

Even under the happiest circumstances—when there is a great affection, natural sympathy and companionableness, and consideration and self-control, and humour and common sense to carry over hard places—marriage on this basis is damaging to the personality, and prematurely ageing. It makes a woman unduly sedate and self-effacing, and strips her too soon of the natural lures and charms of sex. It makes a man stodgy and middle-aged, and too easily resigned to the various limitations of life. For compensation even a sensible mother is likely to expect too much affection or attention from her children, especially after they are grown. And the man is likely to exact too much obedience to his authority.

In contrast to this there is the marriage which is the modern ideal. It is based even rather shamelessly on "romance". That high and glamorous state of illusion in which two young people marry is, we believe, a state

of mind that can be kept right through life. If romance fails, we think it quite all right to break up the household, put the children somewhere in school or shuttle them back and forth between two estranged parents, and seek a new romance elsewhere. Bad as this is, even very thoughtful people believe it preferable to bringing children up in a home that covers a hidden shame and sore, where the atmosphere is rent with quarrels, or lurid with scenes, or, if these are avoided, where there is continual hypocrisy.

Where the high mood of romance is retained, all the virtues blossom. A man and a woman have the greatest incentive in the world to self-discipline and self-improvement, in the desire to shine in each other's eyes, to keep on fitting into each other's beautiful picture. Because we all enter marriage very imperfectly grown up and educated, there is plenty of room for improvement in us as persons, even as seen by the eyes of love. Most people love in each other an ideal, and if they are honest they will keep trying to bring each other up to this ideal. People genuinely in love, glorying to the full in the intimate relationship, are often great critics and improvers of each other, and they have some violent quarrels. But beyond each quarrel is the greater reconciliation, and a new push upward together, side by side, and for the time being in step. A marriage that is a full organic mating, a mutual pursuit constantly renewed and constantly reaching a new and interesting consummation, is the great school of personality. It burns out the mother image in the kiss of passion. It releases other frustrations in the supreme release of sex. It matures and revitalizes the organism to the last tingling nerve. It makes one grow up, for who would be a child again when one has learned what the child never can know—how to love with body and soul. It keeps one young, for the lover is always young, and the truly beloved blooms with a beauty always new. Modern psychology traces almost all socially obnoxious behaviour to an insufficiency of love. Some say that jealousy, shyness, nagging, showing off, vanity, despondency, etc., etc., are

due to sexual frustration, and some to the failure to grow up, and when one proceeds a little way into the analysis of any sufferer, one finds that they amount to the same thing. Childhood normally ends in marriage. But it must be a true marriage, intelligently entered into and maturely fulfilled.

Lifelong "romance" can generally be assured if two reasonably healthy, well-intentioned young persons, of the same general social level and not too young, understand at the outset that a complete physical union is not something that comes by instinct. The romantic love which we have built on the original casual mating and lonely motherhood of the mammals is a highly civilized creation. To take her and leave her, and let her find compensation for the indignity in the pull of the young at her breasts, is the way of the beasts. The fact that it is the way of a great deal of fairly responsible and well-intentioned marriages does not make it any better. The real release in sex is not the rather easy and obvious physical release of the male, but the much slower and more secret release of the woman in that orgasm which is unnecessary for fertilization but necessary for the vitality and happiness of lovers. It is in bringing her to this that a man finds that which makes him feel really a man, which gives him back life for life, and turns passion into love. Out of the pursuit of this have grown all the arts and graces of civilization, the drama of wooing, the beauty of dress, the disciplines of courtesy. In earlier civilizations it was often perfected outside of marriage—in the relations of the most polished and gifted courtesans of Greece and Rome to their intellectual lovers, and in the medieval courtly love, which was a sublimation of adultery. But it meant so much in the release of personality, in the heightening and beautifying of the whole drama of living, that it has been brought from these circles into the home. It was the love of full-grown people, interested in each other for their own sakes, and substituting for the home other kinds of social and artistic co-operation. In particular it was what full-

grown women, in genuine possession of themselves and taking life on their own terms, could make of love. It was so often missed in marriage because women were married young and in ignorance, traded off as so much property; and the capacity for anything like full sexual experience often comes to women rather late. The usefulness of a woman's body as a child-producing machine was so obvious that only slowly was it perceived that she had certain capabilities of emotional and nervous response which had nothing to do with children, but which, if developed, magically transformed the rather crude machinery of propagation into the instrument of man's highest spiritual experience.

How all these esoteric facts are to be discovered by young seekers in marriage, in the present condition of reticence and public deceit, it is difficult to say. Some very earnest attempts have been made to provide education for marriage. The city of Philadelphia has had a frank, honest, and intelligent institution called The Marriage Counsel which gave direct and practical help. Marriage counselling has been tried in other cities. It is probably only a question of time before it will be established as one of the necessary institutions of our civilization. Some of the more enlightened doctors and some clergy are now adequate marriage counsellors—that is with beauty and dignity of speech, and genuine tact, they can make it clear what the conjugal embrace and genuine fulfilment in marriage for the wife as well as the husband really consist in. They can suggest helpful reading. They can answer questions honestly in modern terms, and not with the traditional hocus-pocus. It is not an easy thing to do, and no one should be trusted as a counsellor who has not been radiantly married for a long time to an obviously blooming and happy mate. Properly loved women are pretty women. Whatever features the Lord gave them, they shine, they glow from within. Nothing betrays an inadequate husband like a faded, oldish, fretful, or prudish wife.

The business of a good wife is to keep her husband from being young. The business of a good husband is to keep his wife from growing old. Unless men are spurred and challenged into really growing up through learning how to use their male prerogative of really conquering the reluctant female, they tend to be just small boys in Mamma's house, surreptitiously indulging in sex in the marriage chamber or out of it, and quite properly ashamed of themselves for it. Unless women are properly beguiled and seduced and relentlessly forced to that utter passionate giving which the best of them will evade if they are allowed to, they get old and Motherish, and class the husband as a dear nuisance along with the children.

Apart from intelligent and detailed marriage counsel on the part of someone fitted both by his profession and by his success in marriage to give it, the candidates for the great experience must do the best they can with books. The ordinary run of whispered information, from miscellaneously experienced braggart males and confidential wives, is likely to be utterly false. In particular there is the sort of bold bad man who thinks he knows all about it, and who is just as dumb as they make them. Some of the information about ways to conquer the sex which circulates in loose male circles is from the point of view of the lady utter nonsense. It represents a small boy's vanity, not her interest and response at all. What a man looks upon as wonderful indications of strength and potency are singularly uninteresting to the female imagination. What she is interested in is not any male means of showing off, but a little art as directed to her personal release. As for women's chatter, it is in general on a level much more printable, but it turns too much on ways of enticing and ensnaring men and leaving themselves nicely cold and well out of inconvenient emotional involvements. What a woman really needs to study is not ways of making him respond to her, but ways of making herself respond to him. So in general the oral tradition is all wrong, and it is better to have as little to do with it as possible.

Books are much more helpful, and there are a number that are not bad. Public opinion still does not allow them to be specific enough, and tolerates a great deal of sweet and sticky nonsense in place of honest information. The best way is not to depend on one, but to read a number of them. If one reads enough, they seem to correct each other. Of the books that circulate among young people, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a feeble, silly story, but the parts which they are usually most interested in are the parts that are really worth something. They do manage to convey some of the information which men should have about women, and women about themselves. Doctor Robie is good. Despite his great limitations of taste and outlook, he was a very honest man, and succeeds sometimes in being blessedly and helpfully specific. Havelock Ellis, is, of course, in a class by himself. He is the poet and philosopher of enlightened marriage. Van de Velde's *Ideal Marriage* is another excellent book. About the best that intelligent young people can do is to realize that there is knowledge and experience to be found beyond the obvious means of propagation, and with determination and mutual experiment, and love and reverence for the beloved and concern for each other's happiness, to try to find their way to happiness. The lessons of sex are never learned. There is always some new and exciting revelation over the page. To realize this is to grow up and yet never to grow old.

Yet the claims which have been made for marriage technique as the corrective of all connubial ills are somewhat delusive unless there is also an honest attempt to grow up in other respects. Doctor Robie testified that he transformed his own marriage from a long-standing irritation and distress into a magnificent middle-aged love-affair, by finally divining and making his strict wife recognize a few physical and nervous and emotional facts about herself. But this lady was obviously an adult person in her other attitudes, generous, well intentioned, and mentally honest. She was merely untaught. Many a

marriage between fine grown-up people is unnecessarily dull or strained or quietly martyred in some way and leads to premature elderliness simply because they do not know enough. This kind of person can be magically rejuvenated, and sometimes awakened to an incredible glory of mutual love, by proper marriage counsel. But those who can be so transformed are already good people and honest people, wishing to do the very best they can by each other.

There is, however, a kind of couple, usually rather young, who go from one counsellor to another—to the doctor, to the psychiatrist, to the vicar—and frequently write for advice to authors of books like this one. They accumulate a vast array of facts. They say they try everything. In fact, they obviously enjoy trying. And still they aren't happy. She frets and he bullies, and before all the genuine grown-up responsibilities of marriage and decent social behaviour they both lie down and die.

There is also the couple in which one is much more mature than the other, but reserved and unduly self-protected. The other woos and fusses alternately, tries to behave prettily, and breaks down from sheer lack of appreciation or boredom with the discipline of being good. He or she frequently gets the great idea of improved marriage technique and tries to sell it to the other, but fails to make much headway. This kind of behaviour knows no sex. One finds the childish one now in the man of the family, and again in the lady. Probably there are slightly more childish men than women now, because all the circumstances of modern life force women to grow up in the home and out of it, but tend to leave men just where they were.

Physical release of sex does these children no good. What they need to be taught first is unselfishness, and self-discipline, and the ordinary decencies of behaviour. A man can't offend his wife all day by rudeness, carelessness, and inconsiderateness, and male vanity, and expect magically to make up for it by any technique of wooing. A woman can't make silly demands, and waste a man's

5. We build our common life in a spirit of genuine independence
 - We are not ruled by in-laws on either side 3
 - We don't try to keep up with the Joneses 3
 - We are willing to overhaul and discard notions of gentility or social procedure left over from childhood, and make new ones together 2
 - We don't encourage long visits or intimate running in and out on the part of any friend or relative who is not equally welcome to husband and wife alike 2
6. We are not jealous
 - Of social attention to our mates even if it looks pretty pointed 3
 - Of each other's friends, male or female 3
 - Of each other's careers or public achievement 2
 - Of each other's personal popularity 2
7. We do not
 - Nag 1
 - Scold 1
 - Boss 1
 - Compete with each other 1
 - Make too much fuss about each other in public 1
 - Cap each other's stories 1
 - Edit each other's remarks 1
 - Steal each other's thunder 1
 - Think how wonderful is some other woman's cooking or looks or influence in behalf of her husband or public hanging on his words, or some other man's manners, income, job, enterprise, or devotion compared with the enterprise, or devotion compared with the poor things God gave us 1
 - Feel embarrassed by our mate's dress, manners, or stories when no one else apparently does 1
8. We are in substantial agreement on
 - Household expenditure 2
 - The general standard of life to be maintained 2
 - The amount and kind of social life we want 2

Our individual and common ambitions 2
Where we don't agree we can have it out in a spirited and thoroughly articulate quarrel, and then kiss, make up, and laugh 2
9.. We do not let birth-control harass or defeat us
Either
We accept willingly and completely the whole Catholic position and
Welcome each child gladly 4
Accept the limitations of the rhythm method in the spirit of the great saints and celibates of the Church 3
Preserve the values of personal love and companionship, and mutual growth in grace over and above physical parenthood 3
Or
We adopt the liberal Protestant or anti-Catholic position with real knowledge and a reasoned ideal of love and family life
We know the various possibilities of birth-control and their advantages and disadvantages 2
We have a reliable contraceptive and a technique of using it which interferes as little as possible with love and peace 2
We are in agreement about the size of the family 2
We plan for each child with happiness and anticipation 2
We regard the limitation of the family as a means to a better quality of parenthood, mutual love, and social living and we so use it 2
10. We keep on growing together
We discuss our differences 2
We make up our quarrels in genuine penitence and new understanding and a deeper accord 2
We are patient with each other's emotional crises, or difficulties of temperament, habit, or training 2
We can at times go our separate ways, with con-

tinued understanding, and come back to each other in renewed harmony 2

We further each other's genuine development and creative achievement 2

CHAPTER XIV

Grow Up But Not Old

SOMEWHERE between twenty-five and fifty there comes that moment when whatever is left of childhood seems to undergo a metamorphosis and appear as the first signs of old age. Even physically, the round, the plump, the small-featured, kittenish person, who once looked young among the young, begins to be the first to look older among the growing old. There is a kind of rangy, slender, bony person with large features who looked old in youth, but seems to look young in age. What we want is neither childhood nor age, but maturity, and that life is the best which keeps the high even range of maturity longest. We want the mental age of children to be more than their years, and the social age of old people to be less than their years.

Yet there are many characteristics of youth which it is best to keep as long as possible. They are all signs not of youth as such, but of the intense effort of youth to grow out of childhood. Almost everything that helps a young person to grow up keeps an older person young. There is, for example, that physical discipline which sixteen takes to with such energy—the determination to be beautiful, to keep slender, to have a fine complexion, to follow the style, to shine among one's fellows in social accomplishments. This is the first sign that the careless, egocentric life of childhood has given away to some kind of social concern, to a real vision of one's self as an actor on the stage of life. In a person growing older it is a sign that life is still high, and, having escaped its first childhood, has no intention of absent-mindedly falling into its second.

Another force which makes the young person grow up is the impulse of sex. Its awakening is the sign that childhood is at an end; its genuine fulfilment the sign that mature life has definitely begun. So long as sex is dominant in the personality, one goes along on high, and it does not matter what the calendar says, old age is still absent. Childish civilizations, knowing nothing of birth control, scared about the increase in the population and too many mouths to feed, develop the notion that sex ought to fade out early. In women, never having been wakened or brought to realization, it usually did. In men it did not —at least not so often, for about the conduct of men no questions were asked. It was only observed that men stayed young longer. But women were frail flowers whose bloom was short. All of which women accepted because, in the matter of sex, Nature has been over-generous to them anyway. She gave them motherhood. It was so great a gift that they did not think to ask more.

Now that we have begun to apply a little disinterested observation to the facts of life, it seems evident that once the full release of sex has been attained, it need never end. The feeling that it ought to has unduly hastened age, and made many old people foolishly ashamed of themselves even in the dear and hallowed intimacy of marriage. Doctor Robie claimed that he restored youth and health to old persons in their eighties by inducing them to take up again the physical bond of marriage which they had shamefacedly abandoned from the feeling that at their age it was not decent. Now that more and more women have really grown up and have the courage to tell the truth about themselves, they are shamelessly admitting that sex quite cheerfully survives the menopause, and all a woman has to expect from what was formerly her obliteration is a general rebirth!

Another force that pulls youth out of childhood is continuing education, partly desired by the young, and partly forced upon them. Continuing education makes them grow up year by year. Continuing education of some

sort, systematic, formal, in lessons, courses of study, adult education centres keeps people not so young from growing older.

Still another force that makes for growth into maturity in the young is a genuine interest in work, a desire for accomplishment, for making or doing something for its own sake. The people who don't really grow old are those who never accept the relapse into idleness or dependence, who never are willing to say: "I am too old to do this." They just go ahead and do, at forty, at fifty, at sixty, at seventy, at eighty, at ninety, and as long as they do—they should not worry about grey hairs. From the twenties on childish people begin to say: "I am too old!" They shrink from trying, they narrow their choices; they accept defeat; they go out to meet old age, and invite the world to throw them on the dust-heap. For in many ways it is easier to be a child or an old person than an adult in the prime of life. One can escape responsibility in that way; one can excuse one's own shortcomings; one may creep into one's own corner by the fireside, and moan contentedly about one's troubles while someone else brings in the bacon. One half of what people begin to fear as coming old age is personal and physical neglect, and the other half is sheer laziness and defeatism, a desire to get the burdens off one's own shoulders on to those of someone else. Most people are too lazy really to love and really to work, and childhood and old age seem to let you out of both.

During the rushing period of middle life one usually has to carry something on one's back anyway, and so give the illusion of being grown up. But we suffer needlessly under the weight, and get old and tired, because we do not continue the various attitudes and disciplines which have brought us to such maturity as we have: nor do we sufficiently protect ourselves against the personal and social hazards of middle life.

The first great hazard is the home. Love is always rejuvenating; but the home as an institution is singularly ageing. In the first place, it keeps about it all the memories

of our original childhood, and is a constant temptation to lapse from the high social standard of maturity to the easy days of rompers and mud-pies. Very often it keeps also the memories of a lower state of social civilization than that which we have attained in the business or social world. Mother and grandmother, into whose ways we so naturally fall at home, were excellent persons, but perhaps not the ladies on the cover of *Vogue*, and grandpa was a fine old man, but not the living image of *Esquire* and Company. So home is a place to be a little slack in—slack in appearance, in manners, in speech and thought. How many people are conscious that when they talk together at home they talk several levels below the conversation every single one of them is quite able to keep up in other circles?

In the second place, home, in the intense days of middle life, is an institution that exists mainly for the children. This is peculiarly true of the modern home. We have stripped it of all mature persons except mother. There are few of the grandmothers, aunts, uncles, grown-up cousins, etc., who a generation ago were part of the family picture. There is not always a separate nursery and a nurse for the children. It is a place where much of the day one lone woman presides over her offspring. In many cases the house is small, the doors of the rooms all open into one another, and the outside door opens directly into the living-room, and is, if possible, kept open; the doorstep in turn looks out across into someone else's yard, porch, and home. This is charming and friendly, and a rather delightful feature of modern home life. But it has its disadvantages during the predatory youth of the children. For unless one counteracts it, it means that the house from end to end is possessed by gangs of the very young, not only one's own, but all the neighbours' children. They sweep through like the wind, and then out again, and through the next house, and so on, making havoc of all the privacy and grown-up dignity in the village. Against situations which give the young all the advantage, one

grown-up mother is likely to be helpless. The general helplessness of all the elders of most towns and villages against the organized life of the young is pathetic.

Mother, having been completely conquered, in her lonely isolation, usually seeks a companion in misery by conquering father. He comes home, absent-minded, uninformed about the children, and takes her word about everything; subtly, unconsciously she reduces him to the servitude of herself. They give up their comforts that the children may have something they want. They refuse the children something, and a kind neighbour or friend who meanwhile has been worked on by the gang, calls up and begs them to reconsider. She is going to let Bobbie and Jennie do so and so. And Bobbie and Jennie do so want your children along, etc., etc. So father and mother yield. Mother occasionally gets tired, and ineffectually nags. Father gets angry and scolds. Both remain in profound ignorance of what the youngsters actually do, and are in utter servitude to them. All they can do is to sacrifice a little more, work a little more, and forget themselves and all their desires in trying to meet the combined expectations of the children and the neighbours. So daughter grows lovely and has the most charming clothes and a smart permanent wave, and mother absent-mindedly does any old thing to her hair, and chooses her dresses in moments of aberration between selecting a sports outfit and an evening dress for daughter. And son goes grandly off to the university, while Father ruefully admits that it is years since he really has read anything, and all this stuff son is learning he once knew but has forgotten. And so son and daughter are handsomely prepared to take their place in life and fade out in the same way.

And all the time father and mother are being systematically ruined by a small physical circumstance: the food on the dinner-table suitable for growing children is most unsuitable for grown-up people. These steaming hearty meals, rich in carbohydrates and proteins, abundant in quantity, which mother joyously provides for the dear

little rosy mouths, are just so much poison when loaded into the digestions of the mature. They need fewer calories and much less concentration of solid nutriment. If they begin to worry about their waistlines, or are put on a diet by the doctor, they may escape their inevitable doom. Otherwise they rapidly approach the outline which popular fancy sets for father and mother—mother plump and sedentary, more able to sit than to walk, and father rounded out in front. Avoirdupois somehow means genial parenthood to the popular imagination. That's what they get for eating their dinners with their young!

When the children of the family reach the threshold of maturity they are usually driven by their vanity to a headlong attack on the domestic cuisine. They seem to know that food that grows flesh and bones ought to be limited when the flesh and bone have attained to something like their normal size. But father and mother have no vanity now, and so they keep on eating like children. For there is a strange assumption that bodies must be guarded and watched while they are growing, but may be left quite to themselves when they are grown.

Yet there is nothing we can do for children more important than preserving their parents for them in their prime, able not only to care for them at home, but later to open their way into the world, and then serenely to support themselves in style and be somebody exciting for the grandchildren to visit, instead of being just depressing and more or less dependent in-laws.

The middle years need physical, social, and mental hygiene as definite as that for childhood. The hygiene of childhood seeks the maximum of healthy and well-balanced growth, with the fewest possible setbacks in the way of illness and accident. The hygiene of middle age should be directed to keeping off every sign of deterioration, maintaining the organism at a high easy stage of health and balance.

The signs of deterioration, usually considered just normal signs of age, are: over-weight, with the accom-

panying stiffening of the joints and reluctance to move; disturbances of the digestive eliminative system because of poor diet; deterioration of appearance, especially of the skin, which is generally caused by poor diet or too much food plus some personal neglect; the premature breakdown of one organ or function, usually because of inconsiderate and uneven activity, but partly owing to, congenital weakness which may be artificially remedied, as in the case of the eyes and teeth; a general slowing up and dulling of the personality, and fading of the appearance due to insufficient or badly managed sexual life, affecting the activity of the glands, and diminishing the whole psychic energy; a loss of beauty and personal and social effectiveness due to carelessness of grooming, failure to observe the changes of fashion, and general lack of social consciousness. Very often at forty-five or fifty people will make a determined effort to overcome some of these deficiencies and to retrieve a little of their lost youth. But the time to act is in early middle age, by creating a way of life which will automatically prevent such premature decay.

The preventive hygiene for the busy, home-bound, job-bound early middle years consists of a very careful diet, adjusted to maintaining weight at a slim adult standard, with the avoidance of highly concentrated foods and irregular eating. With so many difficulties arising out of conditions of work—hasty lunches, cold lunches, counter snacks, long, over-weighted business luncheons at hotels, late dinners, hurried dinners, no dinner, too much dinner, the management of food for the adults of the family requires the same careful planning that is required for the children. In the past it has been too often supposed that Johnnie must eat spinach but father may eat anything.

And of course the whole programme is complicated by drink and smoke, which sometimes enter pretty continuously into business and social relations. Cocktails may be very cheerful at the end of a long day, but in the long run they are murderous. Smoke is a comfort, but one for which one pays a price. Yet each person has his own point

of tolerance, and extreme temperance in one respect may balance a little indulgence in another. The main thing is to take the question seriously and to work on it till one has the means of keeping handsome and healthy year after year, without colds, headaches, or internal upsets, or change in weight or coarsening of the skin; and the place to begin this regime is at the dinner-table, because most people who can really say "No" to food can take care of drink and smoke easily enough.

The second essential in the preventive hygiene of the middle years is some plan of exercise and relaxation to balance the extreme strains of work and domestic responsibility. One is so driven, during these years, and so completely absorbed in matters outside of one's self, one often feels so well and so energetic, that it is not noticed, till too late, how thoroughly one part of one's system is being overworked and the rest forced into desuetude. Each condition of work or responsibility has its peculiar strain. There is the constant standing, and many small motions of housekeeping, with never a chance really to swing out, and never a long breath of fresh air. One needs exercise that is big and generous and carried on out-of-doors to counterbalance this—brisk walking with long strides, tennis, swimming, if possible. There is the day-long sitting at the desk of the executive, the too heavy lifting and hauling of the farmer. Each kind of work ought to have corrective and balancing exercises prescribed for it. Perhaps this may some day be a new profession, and every kind of craft will have attached to it a physical consultation for that craft! Indoor workers need outdoor exercise; outdoor workers like farmers need indoor games which cultivate relaxation and grace; housewives need exercises with big swinging motions; etc. Meanwhile, till we have such consultants, each must use his wits, detect the kind of over-development and under-development his life subjects him to, and seek in his off hours for counterbalancing activity. The worst thing to do is to steam along furiously on one track, and then to switch to some single track of exercise

and steam along furiously on that, never thinking how many other functions may be falling into disuse. This is the way some business men play golf. The best rule is nothing too much, but something of everything in the way of activity and exercise. And since the whole tendency of the years of greatest activity is too much concentration of effort, the more diffuse one's activities are in the hours off from work, the better. This is the value of hobbies. They spread the attention; they lead to considerable and various activity off the main track of one's effort. Every busy person needs one or more hobbies. For housewives, knitting and sewing and even gardening are not proper hobbies. They are too much like the day's business. They need something quite remote from the home, something like a study of foreign affairs. This was the great value of the old missionary society. It removed the housewife so nicely from her position before the old kitchen range to a remote compound in China!

Another element in physical hygiene for the years when one is not yet beginning to be old is professional attention to possible breakdowns or weak places in one's organic equipment. A yearly physical examination is an excellent investment for one's own sake, and for the sake of one's dependants. Eyes and teeth need to be kept in the best condition, and something should be done at once to forestall any possibility of that most melancholy defect of age—deafness. The time to attend to all these matters is long before one feels the need.

As for personal grooming, the special concern for this seems to disappear with the teen ages. Most people go along through life with whatever standard was reached at that time. Modern advertisements and intense competition in business have made us conscious of these matters, and have made them of serious concern for those who wish to keep jobs or mates! How middle-aged people are to recover that sense of style which most of them had for a time and many of them now so signally lack, it is difficult to say. Lessons abound, in the magazines, in the shop

windows, in the advertisements, but it takes more sense than many not-so-young people have to interpret them. The best thing is never to lose your sense of style, your vital interest in details of dress, grooming, fashion, manners; keep it alive by attention, even after many other things seem more important to you, than your own person.

Just as many young people have to be taught to get their minds off their persons, so many people in the heyday of unselfish activity have to be taught to put their minds on their persons.

This brings one naturally to social hygiene. Most parents are convinced that social life for the children matters a good deal. It is a way of teaching them manners. They forget that it matters for themselves. It is a way of not forgetting manners. The provisions for social hygiene should begin in the arrangement of the house. It should not be just a nursery or the children. It should contain at its heart and centre a shrine to the companionship and love of the two who have founded this house. Mother's room, Father's den, and the grown-up social rooms, whatever they are called, should be handsome, awesome centres of purely grown-up social life in the eyes of the children, important places into which they may venture only on rare occasions and if they are very good. And there should be doors that close firmly on noise and little hands, and times and seasons dedicated to purely grown-up life and love! Most men crave this, and respond only too happily to a little arrangement for it on the part of the wife. The delinquent is usually the lady of the house, who lets herself be too completely possessed by the children, and then starts offering everybody and everything else up to them on a silver platter.

The schedule of home, too, should allow for periodic elopements on the part of him and her. As an eloquent writer in the *Reader's Digest* says, before running away with anyone else's wife, try running away with your own. These patient couples who never go anywhere except in a big car in which they carry the whole family, who feel selfish

if they go to the theatre without getting tickets for everybody, are going out of their way to find a seat in grandfather's chair. Keep a place in the budget and the time schedule for regular, we-two indulgences for the lovers of the family, even if it means a less expensive doll for Susie and a cheaper pedal car for Jimmie at Christmas. Some day they will be lovers, too, and your example will be infinitely more precious to them then than anything you can buy now.

Social hygiene as at present interpreted by advanced wedded couples, as well as those temporarily unwedded and still hoping, means considerable free motion among interesting persons of the other sex. A little outside flirtation, a tendency to go about socially as individuals, not as married couples, various kinds of individual and personal friends on each side, male and female, give freshness and variety to the intense and serious drama of married love. It is positively delightful to one kind of wife to come upon a husband cheerfully flirting with some charming lady. It gives her a startled outside view of him as still a handsome and altogether desirable person, and renews her triumph in really possessing this treasure. So with husbands. Now that convention no longer requires jealousy, many men are happily free from it. They think a little attention from other gentlemen merely a proper recognition of their good judgment. All this may be playing with fire for the naïve. But to learn to manage it is a way of staying young and in love with the woman thou gavest me. Just how much of this is suitable depends very much on the group in which one moves, for, however amusing and refreshing to their personal relationship husbands and wives may find it to have various kinds of friendships outside, neither ought to be willing to submit the other to embarrassing comment or premature commiseration. The reason why considerable flirtation and independent moving around socially are not only compatible with a happy marriage but sometimes positively conducive to it, is that marriage and this sort of social fun aren't in the same class at all. Genuine adult

marriage is founded so deep in "rocks of remembrance and mortar of pain", it holds by such great and solemn ties of vital responsibility and utter intimacy and mutual knowledge, that an evening devoted to dancing with someone else at the night club only renews one's youth by playing an old game that once was serious but now is only fun. And when he and she ultimately abandon their philanderings of the evening and seek each other out to drive home together, it is the triumph of adult marriage to report gaily and humorously to each other on the doings of the evening, and think how much better what they have is than what young people think they want!

But perhaps this is only for the rather sophisticated. In any case, at any level of life, proper social management in marriage allows for much more genuine intimacy and getting away together on the one hand, and much more independent locomotion and purely personal outside interests on the other, than is usually provided for in the family scheme. The man who used to like to sneak away evenings to the club and the dear company of his own sex had some justification. He became less of a tragedy in married life when she began to sneak away, too; and, when they also began to leave the children and the family and sneak away together, many domestic problems disappeared.

Physical hygiene and social hygiene for the high-pressure days of work and home-making ought to be supplemented by various kinds of mental hygiene. One kind is a deliberate keeping up of one's education. Education nowadays resembles cars. Your original training is worth something to you only if you keep exchanging it from time to time for a new model. How many of us going back to the old Alma Mater and attending classes are amazed to discover that the psychology, even the physics, the economics, the literature we learned in college seem now to be quite out of style, and that the present generation is gobbling up something quite new! Where was the theory of relativity in the older physics, where were complexes in that course in moral philosophy that once set us

to thinking about our souls? Once we read Tennyson and Browning in literature. Now they read Proust and Thomas Mann. Of course many of us have a sneaking idea that what we learned at school was not of much importance and we might as well forget it. It was the general training of the mind that mattered. But the general training continues to matter only if we keep on using our minds in some systematic way. The best material to use it on is something that contrasts with one's own daily work. Men used to laugh at the kind of things to which housewives would take when they had an afternoon off from the children—such as the study courses of the old-fashioned missionary society, or the women's club courses in Renaissance art. But women's instinct in these matters has always been sound. They were counterbalancing the narrow, intense, and personal concerns of the home by something as large, diffused, and personally unimportant to them as possible!

During the middle years when the mind swings in such a continuous round from household bills to the job and back to the children and then to the bills, and then to the job, and then to the children, everyone ought to keep following in lecture courses, in adult education centres, in reading courses, some kind of systematic study of something well outside the day's personal concerns. This ought to be supplemented with a good deal of attention to professional and impersonal opinion about one's daily responsibilities. Some reading and study concerning the management of the home, the technique of marriage, child-development, business management, investment and finance are usually necessary to keep us abreast of modern living, and to make us aware that our troubles aren't peculiar to us alone, but are common experiences for which solutions have in many cases been provided.

And all the while there should be the continued search for a theory of living. As we grow older our conception of life and its aims must change. Some convictions grow clearer, confirmed by experience, and some, which we

inherited from our forbears or arrived at ourselves in the glow of youth, must be discarded. Middle life has an ethical basis which childhood lacks, and which old age, if it is foolish, may not keep; for most of the time, whether we like it or not, we are forced to behave in a fairly unselfish fashion. The work must be done, the home must be supported. If we go out to meet this great lesson of the middle years gladly, if we let circumstance shape us and make us strong, but not overwhelm and break us, if we confirm the necessity for self-sacrifice in a reasoned will to live effectively for others, we are building sound, serene, and sure the foundation of all our future peace.

CHAPTER XV

Keeping Ahead of the Adolescents

POPULAR tradition has represented the adolescence of the young as a period of great storm and stress, during which the elders of the household ride serene in the calm harbour of maturity, sympathetic, detached, quietly amused. Possibly parents were able to attain to such an attitude in earlier and simpler civilizations. They didn't take their children so seriously in those days, and there was not so much tension and struggle in the economic and social atmosphere of maturity. But in many modern households three-fourths of the ferment of adolescence seems to be in the souls of the parents.

For the day Harold and Helen graduate into long trousers and long evening dresses, the day they begin to be as tall as their parents—or taller—and possibly more charming, the day they begin to drive the car, and think they own the living-room, and to display as young adults the many accomplishments and different kinds of knowledge which we have painstakingly put at their disposal —that day may be very hard for poor old father and mother. Hitherto we have reigned as twin deities in a

little shrine built to our own importance. We have dispensed our love and care benignly to creatures smaller and more helpless than ourselves. We have gloried in their dependence, and their constant need of us has been incense in our nostrils. Father and mother, with their children at their knees, have felt very close to each other, and secure in this little world of their own making.

Suddenly the picture changes. From a parent's point of view adolescence is always sudden. There is a period when the physical growth seems enormous. One day father looks down from his superior height on a small boy, and the next day he is craning his neck, looking up to a son half a foot higher than he. One day Helen is a little girl putting her dolls to bed, and the next the dolls have disappeared, and there she is, a young lady, applying lipstick before her mirror. Since at this time of life father is very much preoccupied with business and bills, and mother with household and social life, they may go along in a dream, believing things were as they always have been, till something brings the change in the children home to them with a sudden shock.

The shocks are of many kinds, and they test our dignity, our common sense, and our real grown-up-ness. Here is a father deeply grieved and angry and critical of his daughter because she will not willingly let him kiss her. She has been his pet. She has sat on his knee. And now when she looks so tall and slim and lovely, and he feels so proud of her, she consistently dodges any caress. Any man of sense ought to understand why. The instinctive self-protection which comes with dawning womanhood does not distinguish one man from another. But affection often knows no common sense. Very often if the mother takes the matter in hand, she can point out to daughter ways of being thoughtful and affectionate to father without involving herself in instinctive discomfort; and if she talks it over with her husband, she can make him realize the reasons for the sudden change.

There is also the father who resents cosmetics and the

appearance of boys around the house. His little girl is his own. Her small allurements seem to him disloyalty—even an indecency, as if she were his wife and were luring other males to herself. Any man who catches himself in such reactions should do a little honest thinking on the subject, and not be afraid to call a spade a spade in appraising his own feeling. For extreme cases a dose of Freud is indicated.

When the children reach the age when they begin to look and act like adults, men often become violently jealous of the wife's attention to the children. It seems right and natural to a man that a woman should love her baby. The baby merges in his picture of her, and he and she seem to share the love of the children in common. But when a tall young son or a snippy young daughter intervenes, it is quite different. They look so much like strangers. They may be so demanding. They may easily do with the mother what he was accustomed to do—such as driving her about in the car, doing errands for her, etc. Women are often extremely tactless at this time. They allow themselves to gang up with the children against father. They often do not realize how, in his rather narrow business life, with only short periods at home, a man may have counted on the various little usages and forms of companionship which the grown-up children rudely interrupt. It is easy to tell daughter or son to drive down to the station for father. But suppose this poor dumb man has been counting for twelve years on the moment when he sees your own face peering at him through the windscreen of the car! Any woman who begins to detect disappointment and jealousy in her husband, even if it shows in very unpleasant forms, should instantly take counsel with herself, and thank God that, under the exterior of this plain middle-aged man, she has her lover still, and, banishing the children and their innumerable concerns from her mind, joyously start working on him instead.

Since, in the nature of things, men often see very little

of their children at this growing-up stage, they may have a great sense of confusion and intrusion in the new social life of the household. They do not recognize in the strange young adults the children they used to romp with. Consequently an affectionate man may feel very much more dependent on his wife. Only she is real. Only she ties the past of the home with the present. She won't change and desert him. Since mothers in general are too much owned by their children, since they feel responsible for making and overseeing the new social arrangements for the young, they often do look like deserters. This is the hardest situation a woman has to meet in marriage. Probably more husbands stray away from their wives, lonely and disappointed, and seek solace from some other lady, at this period than at any other. If a woman can handle these difficult days when the children fill the house with their parties and seem to need everything, and father feels of no account, the love of early married life can be renewed and knit into a firm fabric of companionship to last through all later years, long after the children are gone.

But the mother often feels constantly worried by situations on which the husband refuses to put his mind. The social training of the children, their friendships and contacts, the situations which later may develop into marriages or opportunities for work, seem very important to the mother; and important, too, is their social safety in a world of drink and motor-cars and heedless sexual experiment. Where men have been absorbed in business and women in the home and social world, many men are blind and dumb in regard to subjects that keep mother awake at nights. "What do they need all this running around for, anyway?" they say. "I didn't have it, and I got along all right."

It is true that women go to silly extremes, building up quite unnecessary social life for the children, altogether too ready to offer father and all the family possessions on the altar on which they have already martyred themselves. But men have a stupid habit of shutting their eyes to all social situations whatsoever. During the earlier

married life the wife manages all these things, and all they do is obediently put on evening clothes when she announces: "We are dining with the Farnsworths to-night, dear." But when the children grow up, and the dear manager seems to be managing for these other adults instead, they feel rather outraged. Many men suffer from a constant state of suspicion and vague resentment from the time the children go to their first grown-up party. They do not know what it is all about. They are sure someone is putting something over on them. They grasp at odds and ends of old-fashioned parental authority, and then feel that they are making fools of themselves.

"May I go to the races?" asks daughter, coming in breezily. "No, you may not!" roars father, and follows it up with remarks on her cheap tastes. Daughter weeps, mother tries to explain, and is silenced. Father has his say. And then it comes out that all little daughter meant was may she go to the riding-meet of the school in which father has been paying for riding lessons all these years, and to which she would be carried in a school bus under the chaperonage of her teachers! He has been paying for the riding lessons, because Mother said it was the thing to do, but his only associations with horses are jockeys and bookmakers. After a man makes a fool of himself in that style once or twice, what can he do but keep silence in public and grumble in secret? The amount of resentment and of really vulgar suspicion an otherwise well-intentioned man can lay up against his wife and children under such circumstances is appalling. All that is the matter with him is that he had failed to grow up with the social opportunities he has provided for his children.

The difference in social status between the children and the parents is a sore point during the adolescent and school years. Father and Mother, having had themselves the simple, and probably rural, upbringing of a generation ago, have worked hard and prospered a little, and have sent their children to good schools, have given them dancing, riding, and music lessons, and have brought

them up with the children of more metropolitan and sophisticated families. While the children are little, this is all to the good. Father and Mother are proud of the nice school and interested in all that it does. They enjoy seeing their children neat, fashionably dressed, performing with other nice well-dressed children before interested parents and friends, and if the other friends and parents come in big cars with chauffeurs, this is very pleasant. It confers a distinction on the children, and indirectly on themselves, who can afford such opportunities, too. Father and Mother like all this because they think they control the situation and themselves bask in its glory.

But when the children blossom out as young adults, the fat is in the fire. On an adult plane, the children differ in a thousand subtle ways from their parents. Hour by hour, minute by minute even, they may make father or mother feel humiliated. Daughter glances at Mother's hat, and politely looks away, and instantly Mother knows that the hat is all wrong. Father makes a dogmatic assertion. Even if son does not correct it, he feels uncomfortably that son is thinking of something he heard at school or some remark by some other boy's more experienced father, and he becomes uneasy. To be sure, young people are conceited, and think they know everything. But what really makes this hard to bear is that father and mother secretly think that the children *may* know better. Any adult can put the conceited young in their places very promptly and win their respect in so doing, if he really knows what he is talking about. But when the adult doesn't know, all these household bickerings result.

Two matters, in particular, become bones of contention at this period. Only parents well fortified with years of sound ethical thinking and general social awareness can handle them victoriously. One is the matter of social habits, involving drink, smoke, and sex, as well as minor usages like the time to come in at night, and the question of chaperonage. The other is the attitude to authority—obedience, respect for established standards, and the like.

From the beginning of time the older generation has quarrelled with the young on these matters. Every new generation starts by defying authority and dissipating more than is good for it. The parents who are confused and feeble before the children's self-assertion are those who never effectively made up their own minds on these matters. The typical father drinks and smokes and has had perhaps a few sexual aberrations, but he has always felt that they were not quite right, and when asked if his children should do likewise may violently say, "No." The typical mother may be much more puritanical in practice, but she may, woman-like, wonder if it is all so serious as the moralists make out, and be sure it will come out all right with the children, especially if the Joneses, who are such nice people, do it. In such families the children go on blindly, some in one direction, some in another, the stronger ones getting along well enough, the weak ones falling into every kind of bad habit, all living a vague life of subterfuge, keeping the worst from mother and occasionally rowing with father. Meanwhile the social question involved is wrapped in a poisonous mist of suspicion, innuendo, moral discomfort, and shame.

So with authority, obedience, respect for law. Many parents, having been mildly rebellious in their own youth, have no very firm convictions on these subjects. They never have been sure that children should obey their parents. When the youngsters were babies, they forced obedience by physical compulsion in points that really mattered, locking the child away from trouble, slapping his hands to make him take them off something he should not have, putting him to bed and leaving him there, etc. The rest of the time, they let the children do pretty much as they pleased. In the amiable and moderately safe village life this has worked well enough. But when the age of physical compulsion is past, what is the parent to do? It is just as important that Helen should obey you when you tell her never to get into the car with a young man who has been drinking as that she should obey you when you

prevented her in babyhood from running before an oncoming car. The hazards of the teen years are very great, and the only children that can be trusted to go safely on the kind of expeditions our young do go on are those who will do what they are told, and give a complete and candid accounting for themselves at all times. To achieve such obedience suddenly, after the young person has outgrown the age when he may be locked up or spanked, is almost impossible. It is attainable, and many modern parents can and do trust their children; but this mutual faith and confidence is the result of years of firm, frank discipline. If the child has always seen his parents take a careful and law-abiding attitude to public matters, if he knows that father will not take a cocktail before driving a car, if he hears moral dereliction among the acquaintances of the family discussed in a manner which is reasonable and kind but which sharply distinguishes right from wrong, if he feels that rules made for him are not arbitrary and casual, but consistent and for the assurance of his personal safety, he will in general fall in readily with his parents' requirements when he is older, and the question of obedience will not exist. He will do as he is told because he can hardly imagine doing anything else. Over and above this, there are occasions right through the teen ages when the parents must expect unqualified obedience even against the young person's will. They ought to be very rare, for authority of this sort is easily damaged by over-use. The only parents who can successfully demand it are those who, in their work and in their public relations, set an example of obedience in their own lives. They obey an order from superiors whether they like it or not, and concur with a law they believe stupid till they can change it by proper means.

The age of adolescence is the age when all that was weak, inconsistent, vague in our earlier training of the children and in our personal attitudes suddenly comes to light. Children at this age reveal to the world with devastating candour not what their parents pretend to be,

but what they really are. And in the children much that has been latent in the parents may be brought out in glaring colours. Here is a lady of social position who in her earlier years of widowhood was weak and careless about the behaviour of attractive young men around her house. When they got drunk on her cocktails, she scolded them prettily and tucked them up on the couch to get over it. She now says she objects to drink. Her own behaviour is most circumspect, and in recent years has been positively puritanical. But now that her own son has grown to manhood, he accurately reproduces the social picture of her early years, being as handsome and mannerly a young drunkard as you could find. Thus many parents, faced with the performances of growing-up sons and daughters, are forced out of the careless security of their earlier years into some very grave taking stock of themselves.

Along with the sense of inferiority before the children's social or cultural accomplishments, and of comparative failure in keeping their confidence, and authority over them, parents at this period have some private troubles. The sight of the tall son, or the blooming young face of daughter in the mirror making mother look faded, is often the first dreadful warning of approaching age. And with this comes the consciousness that what we hoped to achieve in life we may never now achieve. We are getting old, and we have fallen short. Much of the fretfulness, irritation, general confusion, and injustice which adolescent children have to put up with is due to this ferment in the parents fatally paralleling the ferment in their own young souls.

But not all parents are outmoded, pushed aside, left lonely and neglected, flouted, humiliated and thrown into social confusion by their young. There are parents who can ride high and serene, helpful but detached, above the flurry and self-conceit and windy experiment of youth. But they are the parents who have really come of age. They don't come of age all at once, nor do they wait to do it the day son is fourteen. They are persons who were

growing quietly and steadily during the babyhood of their children, talking over their problems together, keeping a general social awareness, interested in the life of young people older than their own, looking forward two or three years to the situations that would soon have to be met. They are parents who do not narrow themselves to the household or the business dream, going along too absorbed in immediate problems to know what the world is doing, what it is saying, how it is mixing its drinks and wearing its hat. They are parents who make some effort, as youth fades, to build up in the personality assurance, dignity, and social competence to take its place.

They are parents who never resent youth because they never compete with it. They are only too glad to have finished being as young as that! Above all, they are parents who stick by each other, in adult companionship and the sharing of common standards, and in open and general discussion of all mooted problems. Neither gangs up with the children against the other. Secure they stand side by side, and make together a genuine adult power in the household against which armies of adolescents break in vain. There are few adolescents fortunate enough to have such parents who do not look on them with pride and respect and yield readily to their direction. What! You are such a parent, and your children don't respect you? Are you sure? Think again.

SOCIAL AGE TEST

Am I Old Enough to be a Parent?

1. As a parent I am

A failure	0
Nothing for my children to be proud of	4
Good enough	6
Very good	8
Excellent	10

2. My personal behaviour and whole standard of living and of achievement are a credit to my children 10
3. As a parent, the person I bring up and educate most successfully is myself
 Taking care of the children has disciplined me in neatness, promptness, responsibility, and real finesse in keeping my temper 2
 Trying to support them has taught me how to work and to fill the exchequer 2
 The new ideas of education and training for them have filled out my own antiquated education 2
 The behaviour of children constantly shows me what the behaviour of adults ought not to be 2
 I impose discipline with conviction because bringing up children shows me how much discipline I need myself 2
4. My children are romance and entertainment to me
 With them I live again the fairy tales of youth 2
 Through them I begin to see the humour of being young 2
 With them I can let go and just play 2
 They keep me from taking myself too seriously 2
 They remind me that times flies and the world changes 2
5. I do not offer either my mate, or the house, or the family purse to the children on a silver platter
 I keep an area of the house for the definitely mature 2
 I am opposed to losing husband and lover in the father of the family,
 or wife and sweetheart in the mother 2
 I do not gang up with the children against my mate 2
 I have an adult emotional life quite independent of affection for them 2
 I have an adult social life quite independent of them and make a fair allowance for it in disposition of the family car, social rooms, surplus profits 2

6. I keep my children growing in independence
 - As fast as they can take over the physical management of their own lives, they do so 2
 - As fast as they can be trusted with social liberty, they have it 2
 - They are taught to perform their share of services to the family, these services increasing in number and responsibility each year 2
 - They are expected to behave, at home and elsewhere 2
 - No attempt is made to gloss over the limitations of the family purse, the facts of sex, or the fatal truth that their parents are only human and liable to err 2
7. I have attained to genuine consistency and security in my own attitude to
 - Authority and obedience 2
 - Social dissipations 2
 - Changes in morals and manners 2
 - Fundamental right and wrong 2
 - Religion 2
8. I do not impose on the children queer and exceptional behaviour patterns
 - They are allowed the usual liberties 2
 - They are not limited in their associations to a special church, sect, or social class 2
 - They are exposed without worry or fear to the various current opinions in school and social life 2
 - They are not expected to keep different hours, to dress differently, or to follow social procedures markedly different from the standard social practice of their fellows 2
 - They are forbidden only those practices which are an obvious risk to health and social safety and are generally so regarded 2
9. I do not
 - Nag 1

	Give orders which I don't expect the children to obey	1
	Storm or threaten to fly into tantrums myself	1
	Fret or sulk	1
	Feel jealous of the children's opportunities or social accomplishments	1
	Feel inferior before their education or attainments	1
	Compete with the children for the love or notice of the other parent	1
	Believe everything they tell me	1
	Think them very different from or greatly superior to other children	1
	Resent the fact that the young will act youthfully	1
10.	I keep well ahead of the rising generation in	
	Awareness of style and fashion	2
	Personal grooming and manners	2
	Acquaintance with all details of my environment	2
	Mastery of current opinion and social procedure	2
	General *savoir faire*	2

CHAPTER XVI

The Dangerous Age

Rose had been a show girl back in the gay nineties. In her old age, prim and pretty, under her frosted, old-fashioned pompadour, she used to be the authority for young brides on "the dangerous age". Rose thought every woman should understand about the dangerous age. In a low whispering voice, looking rather wicked and immeasurably wise, Rose would explain to brides about sex. It was in man a fierce, wicked, and most dreadful force, and the awful thing about it, my dear, was that it was worse just about the time you thought it should be all over. And then she was off on tale after tale—about loving husbands

of twenty years' standing who suddenly went wild over a show girl; men who were seduced in their almost old age by the bad little minx, Mademoiselle X; men with lovely wives, beautiful nearly grown daughters, fine sons, lost to virtue, drinking, throwing away their money, setting up secondary households. A sad, maudlin tale—the facts of life as known to the show girl of old. But most men, said Rose, repented of these follies. They'd give anything to get back to the old respectability. They were that fond of abandoned wives and alienated children that it would make you weep to hear them go on. And here is where wives, thought Rose, made a mistake. If only they wouldn't take it so hard. If they would forgive, most of the husbands would come back to Mamma—meek, chastened, sexless now for ever, and settle down for life by the old family hearth.

Asked whether women, too, had a dangerous age, even Rose was embarrassed. Having become respectable in her later years, Rose cherished female virtue. It was her opinion that women had no sex at all. They were merely silly in their youth, and yielded to men. As for wives and mothers who actually left their homes and children for the arms of a lover, and did it "when they were old enough to know better", Rose would not even discuss such a subject with pure young brides. From such a spectacle the show girl turned away her eyes in genuine horror.

Yet similar belated flares have often been attributed to women, too, and of course there is for them another kind of dangerous age. From the time a woman was thirty-seven up to her fiftieth birthday, any show of temper, indisposition, flightiness, foolishness, was attributed in mysterious whispers to "her age, you know". Husbands usually received a great deal of advice on this subject, accompanied by the most bewildering veiled illusions.

We don't take age so seriously nowadays. Every day men and women go handsomely past the dangerous age and never know they are doing it. Yet the kind of episode which gave rise to the superstition is still common enough.

Here is a collection of contemporary middle-aged adventures, all true:

Mr. Perkins, an upright man, educated in a famous university, with an excellent achievement in his profession, has been living for twenty years a sober and godly life. He has a fine house and a nice wife in the suburbs, a daughter in one of the best women's colleges, and two or three children elsewhere at school. For some time his wife has been putting a smooth front over something his friends believe to be not quite right. And then it is out. He is having an affair in town with a woman—and what a woman, my dear; she is fat, she is foreign, and she has a grown-up fat daughter! One sees him with her at Russian restaurants, and in all sorts of wild Bohemian gatherings to which she takes him. When the scandal is uncovered, Mr. Perkins is defiant. He moves out of his home bag and baggage, and goes and actually lives with the fat, foreign woman and her grown-up fat daughter, not only lives with her but shamelessly enjoys it, and the house is just full of the wildest foreign people—musicians and Communists and writers of dreadful novels. Can you explain that? It must be that Mr. Perkins has reached the dangerous age.

Mr. Farnum was just as bad as Mr. Perkins. For fifteen years he had been a successful lawyer. He had a handsome wife, but no children. He and his wife entertained the town's smartest social life. There were dinner-parties at their house nearly every night, and they were the life of the golf-club set. On his fiftieth birthday Mr. Farnum walked out from it all. When next he was discovered, he was living in a musty top-floor room in town, dining on pink salmon out of a tin, and trying to get started as a writer. His property he had turned over to his wife. And believe it or not, this is what then happened to Mr. Farnum. He achieved a financially moderate but intellectually distinguished success as an author; then, having got a divorce, he married a lovely and prosperous young novelist twenty years his junior. They have now been married ten years, have two beautiful children, a pleasant little Bohemian

studio apartment, and an immense old country house. They are charming people; they have the most interesting friends; and peace and contentment beam from their hearth. Mr. Farnum is now sixty, but he does not look a day over forty.

But the strange thing about this fairy tale is this. Mr. Farnum's former wife was named Madeline. About three years after his own revolt he began to see in the papers notices about the distinguished woman, Madeline Farnum. She had an executive job. She was prominent in the Conservative party. She seemed to be in everything. People who met her said she was so brilliant. Could it be? It was—his former wife. And wryly and humorously, he thinks how in the days when she kept him whirling in that senseless expensive round of entertaining, drinking, chatting with nobodies, and seemed never to have a soul above clubs, she, too, was growing wings for a flight of her own!

Not all these middle-aged aberrations are so successful. Mr. Woodford, for example, was once a most happily married man. He and his wife had been lovers from their college days, and kept through a dozen years of marriage the fondest little observances. He always brought her a bunch of flowers on Sunday morning. He never forgot anniversaries and birthdays, and the day they became engaged they kept as a very special holiday—their own day away from home and the babies, sealed from year to year with an ever-growing love. During these twelve years they had five children. He loved his babies and provided for them earnestly. Then came a long illness. He was away from his wife in the hospital. When he came out, he was in love with his nurse. She was a clever, charming and determined lady of thirty-five. She intended to have her day, her man, and her babies, too, before she died. It was she who broke the news of impending divorce and remarriage to the first wife. Stunned, outraged, the wife simply bowed her head and took the blow. She got the custody of all the children and never saw him again.

He is married to the other lady now, and she is an efficient and attractive wife, mother of two children. He is staggering along under the financial load of two households, and a more quietly miserable man you never saw. For heart and soul, he is fixed in one dream—the memory of his first wife and his days with her. He plagues her friends for just a little news of her and the children. He has tried again and again to see her. When she had an operation in the hospital, he secretly went down there and sat waiting eight hours in the outer room till he knew she was safe. But she has never relented nor once turned her mind back to him.

There is an explanation of this tragedy which her intimate friends know. In those ardent years together she had had five children in ten years, and she did not want another. So, having no effective birth control, they had tried to live together in continence. It was this which, in his weakness, had thrown him into the arms of his nurse, and she, like a clever woman, had done the rest.

A more commonplace tragedy is that of the Calvitts. Doris Calvitt was a sweet little small-town girl who two decades ago won a beauty prize, and so attracted the attention of a prosperous business man who married her and set her up in high style. They had several children. He was a proud and devoted father and husband and showed his devotion in the only way he knew, by lavishing money on them. When the children were young, they got along very happily, but after the children reached the teen ages and began to go away to expensive boarding-schools and to coming-out parties, there started one of those long, bitter family rows about the children.

She was absorbed in the children's social career, and he was lonesome and jealous. Through the children's friends she came in contact with a much more sophisticated kind of social life, and was welcomed in smart circles as a rich and pretty woman. Here she ran into what she had never known in her simple country youth and sheltered domestic life—the irresponsible love-making of various middle-aged

men. Of course it was delightful to her, at her age, with all those children, to find herself still so charming.

When husband at home was angry and jealous, she could not but think how, if she were free, So-and-So or So-and-So would be delighted. So things went on, with the mildest indiscretions on her part, and the most complete misunderstanding on his, till they had worked up between them as sad a mess as ever was aired in a divorce court. Among her sophisticated friends she had found a clever lawyer who managed to catch her husband, during this stormy period, in sufficient derelictions to turn the tables on him, and get a considerable money settlement for her. Now she was free and all ready for her great social career.

But the career did not materialize. Her settlement was sufficient for comfort, but gave her nothing like her former position as the wife of a rich man, a pretty woman charming and desirable against the background of home and children and an admiring husband. Suddenly her fine friends found her flat and insipid. They began to avoid her. The men whom she thought would come rushing to lay their hearts at her feet politely stayed away. She made a few helpless, innocent attempts to win them all back to her, but her simple girlhood and wifehood was no training for their game. So she is now living, helpless and lonely, from one comfortable hotel to another, always ready to annex any sympathetic person and pour out anew the tale of her early happiness and her inexplicable wrongs.

One could go on for ever with such stories. Though the abdications and renunciations of middle age are usually associated with love-affairs, sex as the young person knows it is far from being an explanation of them. At that age an intelligent man who has hitherto led a responsible social existence cannot usually be intrigued by women as such—except in those cases when he has long suffered from sexual starvation.

The woman he chooses, and often fiercely clings to

through all scandal, usually represents some new kind of social situation to him. He values her accomplishments, her background, her arts, and her friends. She is his release into some kind of life for which he has secretly longed. He depends as much on her social equipment as on her female responsiveness.

The fat foreign lady who seduced the respectable Mr. Perkins, for example, obviously represented something his anæmic soul had been hungry for—the sensual warmth, the intellectual camaraderie, the frank thinking among these foreign Bohemians and revolutionaries.

Intelligent people who do these reckless things are usually making a break for a larger and freer life, one which more accurately meets needs of which they were not conscious in youth, but which have grown with their years. There is no reason why we should set a permanent life pattern for ourselves in the ignorant days of our youth. The marriage that was charming at thirty may begin to be a bore by forty, and become nothing but chains and slavery by fifty. Social life which entertained us years ago may now choke and smother us.

The Farnums started fair, in their earlier social career, and probably enjoyed the first years together. The only trouble with them was that secretly both of them were growing. But instead of admitting it, and changing their life together, each manfully tried to keep up the same old social swing around the circle, and each turned a false face to the other.

So with a man's work. No one is bound to keep to the same work all his life. Men go on happily enough for a few years in a given profession or business. But their tastes and their aptitudes change. With experience they develop new powers.

Here is an engineer who has abandoned his work, his former wife, and his circle of friends, and has set up happily in an entirely new kind of life with a new wife, as an artist and illustrator. Here is an advertising man who has become a famous impresario, but has kept in his

new life the beloved mate of his earlier days. The change of mate is far from necessary. It occurs only when the mate has been too firmly identified with a discarded way of life, and when the way into something new and better is opened by another lady.

Though men make the more spectacular breaks for freedom, women do their share of changing. Metropolitan circles are full of self-supporting ladies who for years were devoted small-town wives, and still have discarded husbands somewhere in the offing. But women, being the sexually repressed creatures they are, are more content to find freedom only in the career, and look upon any other mate as a return to slavery. So it has been with women hitherto. But the frank and ardent feminine generation that is coming along now will probably change all that.

It is better to break violently with the past and start again at forty-five, at fifty, at fifty-five, than to be slowly smothered to death in life-patterns we have outgrown. But in an intelligent life such a break, with its months of agony, its misunderstandings and scandals, and its real dangers, is far from necessary. Able people can grow out of one pattern into an utterly different one in their later years, and do it without crisis or strain and with the love of their youth secure at their sides.

Several autobiographies written by immigrants to America—the autobiography of Michael Pupin, the scientist; of Edward Bok, the editor, for example—show tremendous growth and change, involving the discarding of one civilization and the taking on of an entirely different one, and the achievement of an education and a competency in the new country against every kind of discouragement. But they accomplished this without any catastrophic crisis. These are all people who did not let themselves become set at any time, who grew all the time, a little every day.

One reason why these dramatic performances of middle age seem so disturbing is that we have inherited from the past the idea of far too short a life span. The oral tradition

assumes that one is old at forty-five, that sex is dead at fifty, that an old dog cannot learn new tricks at fifty-five. Performances which contradict this notion seem violent, exceptional, shocking. If we could adjust ourselves to the fact that, for superior people, final maturity probably comes in the fifties or sixties, and that everything before this is tentative and quite properly subject to change, we should stop being outraged by these late elopements, these middle-aged abdications, and should no longer stand pop-eyed before late-won success.

As for the many cases in which the search for some new pattern of life breaks up long and apparently happy marriages, there is one factor which should always be taken into consideration. That is the kind of birth control that is used. These lusty parents of several children who suddenly go on the rocks are usually people who want to stop replenishing the race, but do not know how to do it effectively. Warm and happy wives become very remote and evasive and violently interested in something else when they begin to think that the family exchequer and their own strength will not stand any more babies.

Many women can achieve absolute continence with no apparent temptation to weaken, but they do it at great loss of personal qualities. They are tense, intolerant, self-assertive, and thoroughly heartless and tactless in dealing with the men they once loved. They continue to have the greatest concern for their husband's welfare, as they understand it, but they are selfish and maternal and ready to offer him as well as themselves up on the altar of any god they have set in the place of the old love.

Most of the letters from men which come to the writer of such a book as this deal in one way or another with this problem—the evasion of sex by a once greatly loved wife, who expects to be supported in style and to have almost complete control of her brood of children. For husbands this seems a fruitless and barren proceeding, and the more the wife was loved, the harder it is. Women, when approached with the question, suddenly break down and

grow tense and hysterical, declaring that he is selfish and a baby, and if a woman can stand it, why can't he?

Because sex in such a woman is deeply hidden and carefully guarded, it is not the less alive. The denial of it is more subtly distorting in a woman than in a man. In the end the man strays away, seeking other comfort. Every attractive young business woman knows these husbands—and that remnant of pathetic spiritual faithfulness they keep to home and family through all their physical derelictions. And there are women on their own who deal with them helpfully and frankly, and do some wives far more service than they deserve.

Yet the wife is on the horns of a dilemma. Childbirth is nothing to play with. It is a year of illness, a risk of life, and twenty years of the most poignant responsibility to follow. There comes a time under modern circumstances when there simply cannot be any more children. It usually comes when the older ones get to the expensive age, and college or vocational training looms ahead. This is just the time when hitherto happy marriages begin to break up, and what was formerly happy accord in the care of the babies becomes one long wrangle over bills and procedures. It is the time when the boss takes the secretary out to lunch, and miserably and indirectly begins to talk about his troubles.

When the wife is not trying to avoid sex altogether or to curtail it to the point of thoroughly vitiating her own and his emotional life, the couple are struggling along with some villainous form of birth control. Some people are so generous, so self-controlled, perhaps so physically insensible, that they are able to survive these conjugal horrors. But most people cannot, and they ought not to. On the other hand, there are forms of birth control which are relatively unobnoxious, and, in careful hands, reliable. None of them can be used by men. The responsibility is the woman's, and she must take it.

Though the Catholic Church has, in the eyes of unbelievers, exceeded its rightful authority in attempting

to control civil legislation on the subject of birth control instead of limiting its efforts to its own membership, still it must frankly be admitted that it has done a great service to everyone by keeping steadily before the world the moral and social problems involved. One cannot take a careless and cheap attitude to something so intimately involved with the highest psychic life of women.

To turn a woman from her destiny of maternity is serious business, and requires a spiritual as well as a physical reorientation. The modern wife with a limited family cannot follow any of the rules laid down by the mothers of the race. She must break her own path. In proportion and emphasis all the ethical and social responsibilities of a woman with two children are different from those of a woman with twelve. She is a different person altogether —to her husband, to her children, and to the outside world. Her temptations are different. Her feelings may be quite different.

Excessive maternal possessiveness, which is so serious a matter to psychologists now, is not so easy with twelve children as with two. The mother image is likely to be a little weak when stamped on so many. On the other hand, the possibilities of erotic companionship between husband and wife, of widening and deepening and varying the personal drama, are greatly increased when one is released from the mass production of babies, and has a chance to shape the household life with some individual craftsmanship and art.

And if a woman is to justify her drastic crop-curtailment in her principal field of production, she must take on corresponding social and economic duties outside. The mother of twelve healthy children in a society still on the make and needing population is a grand work of nature. For the mother of two to make herself an equally grand work of art is pretty difficult.

The release of women from continuous child-bearing has been a great social release of men. Fathers of two and three children who think they are being bossed by the

family have no idea how really unimportant man can be. It would do such men good to take on an Indian zenana or Turkish harem with the production of young life going on in duplicate and triplicate, and mothers and nurses and grandams all over the place. Then they would find out which sex really rules the world! For men and women both, a limited family means a very great spiritual change, and unless some new wealth of feeling, of life, of personal relationship is built, we may well regret the passing of the biological bounty of the old days.

This is what makes the building up of the emotional and social life of the small family group, and the re-shaping of the relationship of man and wife in the later thirties and forties, such a challenge to-day.

The wise woman, keeping all the machinery of protection safe in her own hands, promptly puts her husband in the place of the vanishing babies, and as the milk-bottle fades from view, turns her released energy to social matters in which he may share, and to interests which keep her growing along with him and generally interested in life. Many women have to battle for this, because men are bound to many silly patterns, even to their own discomfort.

A man's love for a woman is involved with the most absurd idealisms, and the most cherished rigid little pictures of her. Here is not a very expressive but thoroughly enamoured husband who hates to see his wife doing the following things: reading a book, talking with a woman friend, concerning herself in any way about money, or doing anything to her adolescent children except admonish them sharply. He will sulk every time he catches her in any of these performances.

On the other hand, he loves to see her fussing about the kitchen or the house, sewing, playing the piano, or talking rather flirtatiously with another gentleman at a party—on which occasion he will always cut in, but with a kind of flattered pride in her. In many cases when a husband discards a wife along with a pattern of social or domestic life which he can no longer stand, he himself is

responsible for her exclusive association with this pattern. He has created the picture, and fitted her into it, and insisted on her staying there. It would sometimes do a man good to inquire whether the lady may not be just as tired of a given situation as he, and whether, when he makes a bolt for freedom, she would not be delighted to go along!

To this problem of growing along smoothly from earlier domestic and occupational patterns into later ones, both men and women have something special to contribute. Each sex would get along better if it would depend on the other, where that other is most strong. As she grows older—that is after about thirty-five—a woman greatly needs men's franker and more simple and sensual attitude to sex. Only when constantly revitalized by it does she keep her youth and a serene balance in her emotional attitudes; and only when taught and disciplined by it may she take on those more impersonal, and, in a sense, manly responsibilities to which she must turn when intensive maternity ends.

A woman graduates out of the exclusive feminine world into something like the man's world. With the release from maternity she has a great deal of energy still to use, and a certain discipline of character and social realism in using it. Middle-aged, sexless women in jobs and social life are most efficient. They are shrewd, able, hard, but often generous and just. But they may also be intense, shrill, and unlovely. They have enormous physical and nervous vitality.

As one physician says, after a certain age a woman is practically indestructible. If a woman is willing to grow out of the early maternal and wifely stage into close physical and emotional companionship with a man, sharing his interests, backing up his vitality with her own, profiting by his imagination, and resting on that pathetic, that incredible devotion which men do give women—Heaven knows why—she may after forty graduate into a social place in the world all her own—not competing with men,

but enlarging and fulfilling their lives. She may still be lovely; she may be interesting; and she may, as she grows older, come nearer than any other type of human person to being really wise. But to do this she needs daily and nightly comradeship with a simple, honest, demanding, and still pretty lustful man. For sex is the living spring of life in man or woman, and those who let go of it do so at their peril.

Just as man's sexual urgency and simplicity is an antidote to woman's capacity for devious and secret sexual distortion, so, in the modern world, woman's mental realism is an antidote for man's tendency to get set in old patterns of memory and imagination. The average woman has always believed that a man can't see a fact when it is right under his nose. In the past men have valued women's little flashes of knowledge. They have perceived, to their amazement, that things did turn out the way the lady said they would. They have credited her with a special and mysterious faculty, and called it intuition.

There is nothing mysterious about it. All that happens is that a woman looks around and sees what is really there, but a man goes along happily cherishing some bright picture in his imagination. As men grow older, it sometimes seems that, outside the narrow circle of their business, their powers of observation atrophy. Everything beyond the office is ruled by memory patterns. They don't half seem to see even the wife at home, but absent-mindedly mistake her for mother. They hardly know that the children are grown-up. They think of them still as babies. To social questions they haven't given a thought since their college days. Even in the business office, the secretary often thinks with exasperation that the boss is in a dream. "Can't he *see*——" she cries. Again and again women must stand by, and pitying and protesting, see some beloved man go on to his own destruction—financial, professional—following a dream.

Probably there was always this difference between men

and women from primitive days. A primitive hero might strut and posture and perform before imaginary gods, but a woman had no time for it. She had to look after the babies. It is bound up with man's one great and undoubted superiority to women—his fertility and achievement in the creative arts. But it is also responsible for an immense amount of failure among men growing older. They keep getting set in business and social patterns. They are inwardly adjusted to situations which have long ceased to be. While there are women who freeze into patterns, also, everything in a woman's life conspires to keep her much more aware of what is going on around her and to make her adjust herself to it. This was true even in feudal days when she got what she wanted by observing her lord and arranging her procedures accordingly.

A woman usually knows what a man is going to do, for the simple reason that she takes some trouble to find out. But a man says he never knows what the woman will do. She is a great mystery—by which he means only that he is unobservant. In the modern world women's advantage in social realism has been built up by many kinds of circumstance.

For the last fifty years every traditional detail of women's life has been subjected to continuous experiment and discussion. There are no fixed patterns for women now, outside of man's imagination. But he still trots out his sweet old pictures of grandma, and sets them up against the seething reality, and feels outraged when they don't fit. That generally brow-beaten and helpless condition of many a man in his own household is due largely to the masculine lag in social development.

No one has been paying any attention to men's patterns of life for a long time. No one seems to bother even now to educate the boys of the family to intelligent perception of social and personal matters. They just play football. Too many of the men who, at the dangerous age, go straying off on sexual and personal experiments are just boys helplessly and foolishly trying now to grow up.

Others are boys who never will grow up. Nor is the situation helped by the fact that many a man still cherishes the illusion of masculine superiority. Anything traditionally associated with men alone is *per se* important. When he does put his mind on something in the household or the social relations of the family, he thinks it is just a trifling woman's matter that he can settle with a reckless offhand decision helped out with a loud voice. He is outraged when he finds himself deftly outwitted and made a fool of.

Many men could ease off growing difficulty at home, and distress in the kind of life they are living, if they would lay their masculine pride aside, and admit that a few of the matters against which they rage or from which they quietly suffer are not so simple as they thought. A little attention and study of what they commonly leave to the woman, a little willingness to let their wives tell them all about it, a little withholding of judgment, a little trying to learn and change, a little willingness to take every memory of boyhood and mother and throw it straight out of the window, a little suspicion that the wife and the children and the neighbours are not just puppets to be fitted as a man pleases into a picture in his imagination, a little adjustment here and a little adjustment there—and eyes wide open all the time—these might help him to avoid tragedy, and even be of some use to him in his business.

One man who was feeling very low and disappointed in the career to which he had devoted twenty-five years and who felt out of date and as if getting old, was persuaded by his wife to go to one of those meetings into which women of a certain age are always sticking their noses. He went, feeling bored and superior. He met a man there, one of those balmy young friends of his wife's, and had quite a talk with this person, trying not to admit that the fellow really knew something. And to this contact he owes a whole new start, in a work he loves and for which all his previous and now discarded activity was a perfect preparation.

A man never can tell when he will pick up an idea.

And really intelligent men now begin to realize that for hints about what to do next, for help in sensing changes in style, for introduction to new ideas, it is a good plan to be around where the women are. All the change of modern life has centred in the changed status of women. They have been in the thick of all the modern battles. The winds of change blow among them continually. A man's success in the modern world is to be measured by the degree to which he is sympathetically aware of what his unsuccessful brethren loftily leave to the girls.

CHAPTER XVII

Facing the Lay-Off

THE age of fifty is the beginning of the Day of Judgment. It is the time when the sheep begin to be selected from the goats, and set on one side to go on and on in the greenest of life's pastures. But the poor goats get their rations cut, and are shut off first from one thing and then from another by the sign: *Wanted: Only Persons under forty-five.* For a minority in our civilization, the later years are immeasurably better and happier than the earlier ones.

In the recent investigation of the earnings and occupational status of the 20,000 women belonging to the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs of the United States, the small cluster of women of outstanding personal and financial success, with positions of prominence and many activities under their hands, and yearly earnings of from £1,800 to £5,000, were all women well over fifty.

This great and rapid expansion of life for a few people over fifty is matched in humbler circles by the enduring dominance of a very few in a community as they grow older. In every village or small town there are a few who did not seem half so remarkable in comparison with their fellows in early middle age as they do in old

age, not so generally prosperous, influential, and happy.

Here is old Doctor Dunn, for example, and his old wife, both in their early eighties. In middle life Doctor Dunn was still a modest, harassed little country doctor, in a rather unimportant little house, with an efficient but homely little wife, and some children. Forty years later, here he is—a distinguished white-haired old gentleman, living among his books and his music and the fine old mansion he was able to buy in his later years, admired and visited by persons from all over the country. His brother, who in middle life was as hard-working and commonplace as he, is Judge of the Court of Appeals. His three children have all made very fine marriages, and are leading interesting and distinguished lives, and bringing their bright children home for visits to grandpa. He isn't wealthy, but he has enough to maintain this pleasant, dignified *ménage* and live in perfect peace. And side by side with him is his old wife. People look at her with astonishment. Why, she was a plain girl—awkward, without one good feature! Can she be this lovely old woman with her creamy skin, her measured, cultivated speech, and her crown of white hair? Visitors often speak of her as a true *grande dame*. Such people seem born to be old. They do not develop their true personalities till after the age when others fade out. Release and happiness, money, general popularity and social position come to them after the peak of life is past.

Old age of this sort reaps the reward of virtues not very noticeable nor popular in the earlier years—thrift and hard work, quiet outward-looking activity which builds up many contacts and takes into the personality many forms of experience; temperate physical life; wholesome emotional adjustment; reading and thinking making for mental growth; social effort wearing off earlier handicaps and creating in old age a new personality that is truly one's own. Beautiful young people are accidents of Nature. But beautiful old people are works of art.

Probably at forty-five a great many more people have this capacity for continued development than actually

make use of it. Either they accept old age too readily, or they try too hard to remain young. They do not visualize what still remains to them, and go forth bravely and intelligently to meet it. They try to cling to jobs, social situations, and personal characteristics suitable for younger people. Wise people get out of youth's way before youth pushes them out. They have had enough of being young, and see something better ahead.

But the great majority do not make this push ahead. They stay where youth is, and are consequently at a disadvantage in competition. Lately the occupational discrimination against older people in many jobs had aroused much excitement. In an article in *The Forum* entitled "Death Begins at Forty" Channing Pollock heatedly protests against the plight of the great mass of workers who cannot get new jobs after forty. Mr. Pollock questioned various employment agencies, and found that no one wants clerical workers above forty, and few people want them over thirty-five. For women the age is even lower, being between twenty-three and twenty-five. He found that executives cannot usually get new jobs after forty, in many cases not after thirty-five.

The major reasons given by employers for insisting upon employees under forty, and for the most part under thirty-one, was that young persons are more adaptable and have greater endurance; that younger people will work for less money and become dissatisfied less easily, and that older employees are closer to the period of pensions, which makes employers prefer to engage men as far as possible ahead of the retirement age.

These remarks apply to the white-collar class. But a similar situation exists in industry. Many mills and factories, especially the so-called "speed industries", like the textile industry, will not engage persons above a given age, forty being the typical deadline. This condition is by no means universal. Henry Ford, himself an old man, protests that he likes older workers, that the age of the industrial worker has steadily risen during the last thirty

years along with the average age of the population and that many of his best employees are old men.

In the big cities department stores similarly discriminate against older persons as salesmen, although in some towns, the department stores favour their older employees. They have built a following. They are identified with the town and its tastes. To lose them would be to lose substantial customers with whom they are popular, and whom they understand.

When one totals up clerical jobs, factory jobs, executive jobs, and sales and advertising jobs, and finds them closed *en masse* to persons over forty, the situation does look appalling. Since more and more there is also an age limit at the other end, and all sorts of agencies from trades unions to employment offices are trying to set twenty-one, and in some cases twenty-five, as the lower level of employability, the working period of life appears to be narrowed to a very few years. Channing Pollock says the only sure age of general employability is between twenty-five and thirty-five.

Bad as this looks, however, it is not so bad as the gallons of salt tears that have been shed over the situation in the press would seem to imply. For what are these jobs that are being ruthlessly torn from the hands of the aged? They are mostly jobs that persons of any decent maturity of skill or judgment should be ashamed to want. Suppose the age when one can earn a sure wage by tending those fierce, racking machines in the textile mills is limited to ten years of youth? Who ought to give away more than ten years of life to such gruelling exercise? Distributed among the population, such work does comparatively little harm. One can survive ten years of it, and have health and strength enough for something else. But to bind certain people for life to this fiercely whirling wheel of labour, to expect them to live and breathe in the whir of the mill or the roar of the blast furnace would be the worst kind of servitude.

So with clerical work and the sales jobs behind counters.

We like to see young and pretty girls there, and we pay them little enough for their pleasant smiles and patience in standing long hours on their poor aching feet. But tell a girl of intelligence that she would have to stand there all her days, and grow grey there at only a little more than her present wage, and she would rather commit suicide. Nor does the stenographer want to grow fast to her chair, and be clicking out these same noises forty years hence, like an automatic machine which once set going will never stop till it runs down. She is, in her youth, only too happy to think that she may move out of this chair into something better, and another girl take her place.

With another class of jobs the cases are different. These are the executive, advertising, and outside sales jobs, and, to some extent, such jobs as publicity and journalism. The test of skill in these jobs is very personal. Either you can build a following or you cannot. No firm will refuse an executive who will swing along with him a number of new and lucrative customers or clients. No journalist will be thrown off a newspaper if there are numbers of families which automatically turn to his column the first thing, and who would feel lost without his daily opinion and probably cancel the subscription. No salesman of any age will lose his chance if he can sell. People never look gift horses in the mouth, and say "How old are you?" All the refusal to hire persons over forty for jobs which depend on following means is that you have had fifteen or twenty years to build a following, and if you haven't done it now, you probably won't. Some people learn and develop slowly, and it is quite possible that individuals may have their first success in these tasks in old age. But they are very independent and personal jobs at best, and nothing prevents the individual from trying on his own. Salesmanship jobs are never closed. You can always get some chance to sell something, if only pencils and shoe-laces. And if you can sell, you can build from there. In general a newspaper will engage no woman journalist except a bright young thing, unless she has already built a following. But

some of the most competent journalists among women have built their success in later life. It was reported to me that an old woman without previous newspaper experience had begun at seventy-nine a column which was catching on and being copied and syndicated. Apparently she had found a way of giving an old country woman's opinion of the social scene which readers were finding both instructive and diverting, and she was therefore selling her material as well at seventy-nine as she would have done at twenty-nine.

In a certain number of cases, the discrimination is a way of "kicking a good man upstairs". Some hard-working, rather humble people do not realize that they are actually fitted for much higher jobs than they hold, and for better earnings than they are getting. They have gone along for years accumulating experience, doing excellent work, often building a quiet reputation of which they are almost unaware. If through a merger or a financial failure they are thrown out of their secure position, they may sometimes only be jolted into seeking and getting something much more suited to their powers, something to which, without knowing it, they have now grown up.

A man of forty-six thrown out of his former work was looking at a government application for a position for which he was eminently suited. But he noted with sinking heart that the age limit was forty-five. He might have given up in despair, and classed himself with the others "too old", had not a friend who knew the service remarked: "Perhaps the job is too small for you. Look for the one of the same sort higher up." He did so, found that the age limit was fifty-three, that he was just as well fitted for this, and that it paid considerably more salary. And very happily he tried for it, and was ultimately appointed.

Very often the older person does not realize that all his past experience has been training him for a somewhat different kind of work, a kind which he never contemplated. The classical example of this is the way Irvin Cobb blossomed out as a Hollywood actor at £1,000 a week after

sixty, having never been on the stage in his life. All during his years as a humorist and a lecturer he had been training his marvellous face, and building himself a following which could be transferred, in toto, to a new career. So Will Rogers, the cowboy vaudeville performer, emerged in his later years as one of the shrewdest of newspaper commentators. His stage wisecracks had only to be set up neatly to be about the best things in the papers.

Apart from the unemployables, those who are likely to be thrown out of their accustomed work at forty-five fall into three classes: routine workers of no great originality but of mechanical capability who should be retained for other routine jobs in which age is an asset; persons of latent capacity or of some well-defined secondary experience and skill who can make a long step up to some better stage of activity and much higher earnings; and persons who have developed sufficient financial or social resources or personal following to branch out in independent business of their own. One or all of these goals should be held steadily before the workers in all the activities which indulge in an extensive lay-off of employees at forty or forty-five. So far as routine work is concerned, elder workers are just as valuable as young ones. They merely need to be shifted to a somewhat different niche.

The older worker has one asset which youth and early maturity cannot have. He has *memory*. In many kinds of work memory, reaching back over twenty-five or thirty years, and out through ramifications of observation and personal contact, is of the greatest value.

Such a business is banking. In established banks and old centres of business, the bank-tellers as well as the bank officials ought to number a very considerable proportion of older people. There are accumulations of details in their heads which may, in a crisis, be of the greatest value. In offices, filing clerks and record-keepers of all sorts ought to be older persons. Older persons adorn the post-office, especially in the smaller towns, where they come in time to know nearly everybody.

In our hasty, careless civilization we do not half use the continuity of observation and experience which an older person of no great ability, but earnest and steady, may lay up in his later years. He comes to have a kind of intuition which nothing short of genius in the young could equal. Moreover, some routine workers who are distinctly mediocre and humdrum in middle age have a great capacity for growth in a narrow, quiet sphere.

Mr. Hurdy, the old man in the bank in a Midland town which handles farmers' money over a wide area, is now worth his weight in gold. He has always worked for a small salary, and was never a person of much importance. But time has given him an uncanny sense for what is sound in his world, and what is suspicious. Twice he has spotted bank robbers and given warning. Several times he has had "his suspicions" about financial situations which later turned out to be dangerous.

For every older person who is sound and willing to work, but who does not feel capable of more than routine labour, there is still a niche, if he will look for it. Generally it is in the smaller town. It is the city and the big industrial city which are inimical to older workers. Smaller centres often love them. Wrinkles behind the counter still means stability and quiet prudence; and grey hair arouses an affection denied to the pert painted lips of youth. Those who at forty begin to suspect that they may be too old for their jobs by forty-five should look around for a smaller town where they can establish themselves before they seem old. They will probably be happier there. The big city grows less desirable as a place of residence every day, now that the car, the wireless, and the motion picture have robbed it of all its former advantages.

The principal difficulty with the lay-off is not that the job is so desirable in itself, but that people permit themselves, in their earlier years, to become too exclusively bound to one set of household or economic conditions. There is, for example, the hopeful way in which workers in industrial centres or in cities take on twenty-year

mortgages. By the time the house is paid for, it is obsolescent, and cannot be sold for much; the worker may lose his regular salary, and there he is—tied to a place where he is no longer useful. The American government is trying to remedy this situation in wholesale fashion through the various housing plans and the "green belt" and "homestead" centres within motoring distance of cities or industrial plants. Here a worker may build largely with his own hands in his off periods, or may obtain for very small carrying charges, a home with enough land attached for the growth of vegetables and fruits and for subsidiary employments, to fill the times when the factory or business lays him off, and to furnish a centre of security in his later years. One old man of seventy-six on such a project told me he had never been so comfortable in his life. He had a nice little house to tinker on and improve, shelves filled with vegetables for winter, and credit at the shop for the surplus he had turned in there.

All this limitation of the working life to ten years in industry or to certain kinds of business routines means is that large-scale capitalistic activity simply cannot guarantee a living for every man all his life. Its powers are limited. But men got along very happily before there was large-scale industrialism, and, if they will stop depending on it exclusively, they can get along happily still.

For those who can survive the lay-off or shift to independent activity the ten or fifteen years after sixty are often the period of highest earnings. This is true in all the professions except some kinds of teaching. It is true in business, especially in independent business owned in whole or in part by the worker.

The survey conducted among its 20,000 members by the Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs showed that "the less successful women at fifty or even sixty are earning decidedly more than the lower-paid women between twenty and thirty". So much for the alleged advantages of youth. So much for the fact that youth is supposed to be much more important to wage-earning

women than to men, there being so many jobs in which what is hired is not ability but a pretty face behind the cashier's register or above the waitress's tray.

For both men and women the highest earning comes after the period of greatest responsibility for dependents. After fifty the responsibility for children declines sharply and may be practically nil, but the earning climbs till sixty or sixty-five, and sometimes goes on increasing to the end of life. In some routine jobs it goes up very slowly, but these usually carry a pension at the end.

In the professions, especially in law and medicine, and in every kind of business, the increase in earning and apparently the increase in what the earner can do—the range of his activities, the weight of his responsibilities—may be enormous. This high period of the more stable and successful between fifty and sixty gives an opportunity to capitalize the rest of life, and earnings should be carefully used to that end.

The fundamental security is a debt-free home where one may live with dignity and receive the world against a background of one's own making, preferably one in a community where one has built many contacts, and with land and other means of happy tinkering in one's later years. Such homes are the cottages for older persons with their gardens. This provision is basic and is vastly safer than most forms of annuities and endowment insurance.

The crudest phase of our financial and industrial system has been the betrayal of old people. There is a well-grounded distrust of investment which it will take business a long time to live down. Some of the most pathetic cases of dependence in old age are those of dignified people who invested a considerable amount against their latest years, and were defrauded.

The living of one's later years is nothing to take chances with. Where perfectly safe investment can be found in our reckless, uncertain financial system is a question. How many charming and dignified old lives we have seen wrecked on the failure of bonds or the various industrial

stocks! So, proceeding as cautiously as possible in the search for an annuity, the person growing older can best secure himself by having in addition a home completely his own, however small, a bit of ground to work in, and some other craft of skill which he can follow till the day he dies. The older persons who achieve this, at any level are the happiest, brightest, most charming, and useful people. It is possible for practically everyone who will begin in the late forties to work for it.

The secure economic basis for the later years, in personal property and in the opportunity to work as independently of regular job-holding as possible, should be matched by other physical and social conditions which help the personality, in this greatest last period of living, really to come to its full bloom. After fifty, for the first time in all one's days, life should be really one's own. Personality, which was only a bright promise in youth, and after that seemed to suffer a long eclipse, now really matures. At last one really matters as an individual. The duty to family is paid; the long schooling of mature life is lived through; one has earned one's own plot of life and the right to stand on it.

In people who successfully pass out of middle age into the last period of life, this consciousness of one's self as something that matters—a self serene, poised, enlightened, finished—brings a return of physical beauty. Only young people and old people are really beautiful. It is with the human person as with so much of the loveliness of nature. The beauty of spring is never again equalled till autumn comes down the lane and touches all the trees to gold. There is a charm in the flowering fruit tree which never comes back till the fruit hangs red on the bough. So that clear, rosy complexion of youth vanishes in middle age, and has no match till age begins to blanch and refine the epidermis. So there is a soft delicacy in the curls of childhood which comes back in the silvery tendrils on the aged head. So there is a grace in the free, slender limbs of youth which has no match except in the dis-

tinguished, stylized, still bearing of really superior old age.

For a time in late middle age, wrinkles seem to multiply. The skin sags; the face loses its contour. Then magically a new face forms. The wrinkles begin to iron out, the features are newly moulded. The face becomes smooth and serene; and the eyes glow out with a new life. There are social clubs in the big towns, and sometimes churches where one sees numbers of such beautiful old faces.

These words are written at the end of an hour when I sat in a great gathering of people and watched a number of such grand old persons come in, and compared their faces with those who must have been ten or twenty years younger. How smooth the face of old age grows! How the wrinkles seem to melt away, and the eyes to recover the starry light that is in the gaze of a child.

Such an old face tells a long story of a life completely lived through, and at each stage finished. Early in middle life the last traces of childhood frustrations vanished, and with them envy and jealousy, the sense of inferiority, worry and uncertainty, vanity, and almost all anger. At fifty or thereabouts the tensions and efforts of middle age began to slacken, and its burdens fell off the back. Thereafter there was perhaps a period of wide and busy living, in which more and more the individual entered into his harvest, collected the belated payments for earlier years of work, saw devotion and self-sacrifice come back in love and friendship and admiration, and felt fame laid as a crown on years of efforts till then unrecognized—and beyond that, there is peace. There may still be work, but it is strictly on one's own terms. The struggles of life are past. One is on top of the Mount of Purgatory now, in the earthly Paradise, which, as Dante says, is a light, pleasant and open wood, with something in its fresh greenness that smells again of spring.

SOCIAL AGE TEST FOR THIRTY-FIVE TO FIFTY

Personality at its Best

1. How effectively and charmingly adult is my personality?
 - Nothing to be proud of 4
 - It does well enough 6
 - It is better than most 8
 - It is all that one could desire 10
2. My weight
 - Is not a pound over slim twenty-one 5
 - Shows no increase with the years 3
 - Is maintained where it should be by unremitting interest in calories 2

 (Note.—People whose weight stays where it is without any effort on their part probably don't deserve more than 8 on this question. It is quite likely that extra food is doing them some other damage instead of making fat. And besides, if they don't have to count calories, they don't know what real self-discipline is!)
3. My abounding health is maintained by
 - A yearly physical examination 2
 - A yearly dental examination 2
 - Diet as carefully planned as that for a young child 2
 - Rest and exercise ditto 2
 - Profound suspicion of alcohol and tobacco 2
4. I am not guilty of
 - Faded, dry, or falling hair 1
 - Dandruff or other scalp trouble 1
 - Frowns, wrinkles, or grimaces 1
 - Leathery neck 1
 - Double chin 1
 - Spare tire at the waist-line 1
 - A waddle instead of a walk 1

	Absent-mindedness	1
	Fidgeting with the hands or feet	1
	Other nervous gestures	1
5.	I am quite in the mode because	
	I like styles and think they get better and better	2
	I give two- and three-year-old clothes away to the poor	2
	I revise my hair-cut and general set-up every year	2
	I turn myself out for home or business as if I were sweet and twenty going on a party	2
	I get neater every year	2
6.	Popular young people cannot usually improve on the way I	
	Dance	1
	Play some outdoor game	1
	Swim	1
	Climb a mountain	1
	Am helpful and amusing at picnics	1
	Enthrall a member of the opposite sex	1
	Talk to my juniors	1
	Sing or play popular songs	1
	Play parlour games	1
	Perform in charades or amateur theatricals	1
7.	I belong to four out of the following:	
	A garden club	
	A discussion club or public forum group	
	A class in handicrafts	
	A musical club	
	An art class	
	A service club	
	A country club	
	A dancing class	
	A class at an adult education centre	
	A reading club	
	A woman's club	
	A professional man's club	
	A business man's club	

(If you belong to less than four organizations or classes, take off two and a half points for each one less than four. But belonging to more than four does not count, for after all, there should be a limit to just joining!)

8. I love and cherish the companionship with the opposite sex as the glory and drama of adult life.

For the Married

I periodically elope with my husband (or wife) 2
I dress and mind my manners for him (or her) 2
I remember and steadily improve on the old arts of courtship 2
I really do know what sex in marriage is all about 2
I know a contraceptive not ruinous to love or peace of mind 2

For the Unmarried

I do not accept the destiny of single blessedness 2
I avoid the exclusive company of my own sex in work and play 2
I cultivate the social arts 2
I give at least two evenings a week to the pursuit of love and friendship and fun with possible mates 2
My single state is bad luck and not my own fault 2

9. I
Never nag 1
Never fret 1
Seldom weep 1
Worry as little as possible 1
Forget myself most of the day in work or affection or curious interest in the social scene 1
Meet strangers without strain or suspicion 1
Keep my old friends, but add new ones each year 1
Work harder and expect less for it every year 1
Feel a little more serene each year 1
Wouldn't be a day younger 1

10. I keep on improving and growing
 I read self-improvement literature of all sorts 2
 I am not ashamed to make and follow schedules for improving everything from my complexion to complexes 2
 I don't think anything was better when I was young 2
 I am interested in all questions of social and public welfare and culture and religion 2
 I hope to know some day what life is all about, please God! 2

THE END